SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. VI. SEPTEMBER, 1889. No. 3.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

By Andrew Lang.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS is a writer, and his life is a topic, of which his devotees never weary. Indeed, one lifetime is not long enough wherein to tire of them. The long days and years of Hilpa and Shalum, in Addison—the antediluvian age, when a picnic lasted for half a century, and a courtship for two hundred years, might have sufficed for an exhaustive study of Dumas. No such study have I to offer, in the brief seasons of our perishable days. I own that I have not read, and do not, in the circumstances, expect to read, all of Dumas, nor even the greater part of his thousand volumes. We only dip a cup in that sparkling spring, and drink, and go on—we cannot hope to exhaust the fountain, nor to carry away with us the well itself. It is but a word of gratitude and delight that we can say to the heroic and indomitable master, only an *ave* of friendship that we can call across the bourne to the shade of the Porthos of fiction. That his works (his best works) should be even still more widely circulated than they are; that the young should read them, and learn frankness, kindness, generosity—should esteem the tender heart, and the gay, invincible wit; that the old should read them again, and find forgetfulness of trouble, and taste the anodyne of dreams, that is what we desire.

Dumas said of himself ("Mémoires," v., 13) that when he was young he tried several times to read forbidden books—books that are sold *sous le manteau*. But he never got farther than the tenth page, in the

> "scrofulous French novel
> On gray paper with blunt type;"

he never made his way so far as

> "the woful sixteenth print."

"I had, thank God, a natural sentiment of delicacy, and thus, out of my six hundred volumes (in 1852) there are not four which the most scrupulous mother may not give to her daughter." Much later, in 1864, when the *Censure* threatened one of his plays, he wrote to the emperor: "Of my twelve hundred volumes there is not one which a girl in our most modest quarter, the Faubourg Saint-Germain, may not be allowed to read." The mothers of the Faubourg, and mothers in general, may not take Dumas exactly at his word. There is a passage, for example, in the story of Miladi ("Les Trois Mousquetaires") which a parent or guardian may well think undesirable reading for youth. But compare it with the original passage in the "Mémoires" of D'Artagnan! It has passed through a medium, as Dumas himself declared, of natural delicacy and good taste. His enormous popularity, the widest in the world of letters, owes absolutely nothing to prurience or curiosity. The air which

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

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he breathes is a healthy air, is the open air, and that by his own choice, for he had every temptation to seek another kind of vogue, and every opportunity.*

Two anecdotes are told of Dumas' books, one by M. Edmond About, the other by his own son, which show, in brief space, why this novelist is so beloved, and why he deserves our affection and esteem. M. Villaud, a railway engineer who had lived much in Italy, Russia, and Spain, was the person whose enthusiasm finally secured a statue for Dumas. He felt so much gratitude to the unknown friend of lonely nights in long exiles, that he could not be happy till his gratitude found a permanent expression. On returning to France he went to consult M. Victor Borie, who told him this tale about George Sand. M. Borie chanced to visit the famous novelist just before her death, and found Dumas' novel, "Les Quarante Cinq" (one of the cycle about the Valois kings) lying on her table. He expressed his wonder that she was reading it for the first time.

"For the first time—why, this is the fifth or sixth time I have read 'Les Quarante Cinq,' and the others. When I am ill, anxious, melancholy, tired, discouraged, nothing helps me against moral or physical troubles like a book of Dumas." Again, M. About says that M. Sarcey was in the same class at school with a little Spanish boy. The child was homesick, he could not eat, he could not sleep; he was almost in a decline.

"You want to see your mother?" said young Sarcey.

"No, she is dead."

"Your father, then?"

"No, he used to beat me."

"Your brothers and sisters?"

"I have none."

"Then why are you so eager to be back in Spain?"

"To finish a book I began in the holidays."

"And what was its name?"

"'Los Tres Mosqueteros!'"

He was homesick for "The Three Musketeers," and they cured him easily.

That is what Dumas does. He gives courage and life to old age, he charms the half-conscious *nostalgie*, the *Heimweh*, of childhood. We are all homesick, in the dark days and black towns, for the land of blue skies and brave adventures in forests, and in lonely inns, on the battle-field, in the prison, on the desert isle. And then Dumas comes, and, like Argive Helen, in Homer, he casts a drug into the wine, the drug nepenthe, "that puts all evil out of mind." Does anyone suppose that when George Sand was old and tired and near her death, she would have found this anodyne, and this stimulant, in the novels of M. Tolstoi, M. Dostoiefsky, M. Zola, of any of the "scientific" observers whom we are actually requested to hail as the masters of a new art, the art of the future? Would they make her laugh, as Chicot does; make her forget, like Porthos, Athos, and Aramis; take her away from the heavy, familiar time, as the enchanter Dumas takes us? No, let it be enough for these new authors to be industrious, keen, accurate, *précieux*, pitiful, charitable, veracious, but give us high spirits now and then, a light heart, a sharp sword, a fair wench, a good horse, or even that old Gascon rouncy of D'Artagnan's. Like the good Lord James Douglas, we had liefer hear the lark sing over moor and down, with Chicot, than listen to the starved-mouse squeak in the *bouge* of Thérèse Raquin, with M. Zola. Not that there is not a place and an hour for him, and others like him, but they are not, if you please, to have the whole world to themselves, and all the time, and all the praise; they are not to turn the world into a dissecting-room, time into tedium, and the laurels of Scott and Dumas into crowns of nettles.

There is no complete life of Alexandre Dumas. The age has not produced the intellectual athlete who can gird himself up for that labor. One of the worst books that ever was written, if it can be said to be written, is, I think, the English attempt at a biography of Dumas. Style, grammar, taste, feeling, are all execrable. The author does not so much write a life as draw up an indictment. The spirit of his work is grudging, sneering, contemptuous, and pitifully peddling. The

* I am not writing for children, nor giving advice to parents and guardians. Their moral tests I have never understood.

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great charge is that Dumas was a humbug, that he was not the author of his own books, that his books were written by "collaborators;" above all, by M. Maquet. There is no doubt that Dumas had a regular system of collaboration, which he never concealed. But whereas Dumas could turn out books that *live*, whoever his assistants were, could any of his assistants write books that live without Dumas? Upon my word, one might as well call any barrister in good practice a thief and an impostor because he has juniors to "devil" for him, as make charges of this kind against Dumas. He once asked his son to help him; the younger Alexandre declined. "It is worth a thousand a year, and you have only to make objections," the sire urged, but the son was not to be tempted. Some excellent novelists of to-day would be much better if they employed a friend to make objections. But, as a rule, the collaborator did much more. Dumas' method, apparently, was first to talk the subject over with his *aide-de-camp*. This is an excellent practice, as ideas are knocked out, like sparks (an elderly illustration!), by the contact of minds. Then the young man probably made researches, put a rough sketch on paper, and supplied Dumas, as it were, with his "brief." Then Dumas took the "brief"—and wrote the novel. He gave it life, he gave it the spark, *l'étincelle;* and the story lived and moved.

It is true that he "took his own where he found it," like Molière, and that he took a good deal. In the gallery of an old country-house, on a wet day, I came once on the "Mémoires" of D'Artagnan, where they had lain since the family bought them in Queen Anne's time. There were our old friends the Musketeers, and there were many of their adventures, told at great length and breadth. But how much more vivacious they are in Dumas! M. About repeats a story of Dumas and his ways of work. He met the great man at Marseilles, where, indeed, Alexandre chanced to be "on with the new love" before being completely "off with the old." Dumas picked up M. About, literally lifted him in his embrace, and carried him off to see a play which he had written in three days. The play was a success, the supper was prolonged till three in the morning; M. About was almost asleep as he walked home, but Dumas was as fresh as if he had just got out of bed. "Go to sleep, old man," he said; "I, who am only fifty-five, have three *feuilletons* to write, which must be posted to-morrow. If I have time I shall knock up a little piece for Montigny—the idea is running in my head." So next morning M. About saw the three *feuilletons* made up for the post, and another packet addressed to M. Montigny; it was the play, *l'Invitation à la valse*, a chef-d'œuvre! Well, the material had been prepared for Dumas. M. About saw one of his novels at Marseilles in the chrysalis. It was a stout copy-book full of paper, composed by a practised hand, on the master's design. Dumas copied out each little leaf on a big leaf of paper, *en y semant l'esprit à pleines mains*. This was his method. As a rule, in collaboration, one man does the work, while the other looks on. Is it likely that Dumas looked on? That was not the manner of Dumas. "Mirecourt and others," M. About says, "have wept crocodile tears for the collaborators, the victims of his glory and his talent. But it is difficult to lament over the survivors (1884). The master neither took their money, for they are rich, nor their fame, for they are celebrated, nor their merit, for they had and still have plenty. And they never bewailed their fate; the reverse! The proudest congratulate themselves on having been at so good a school, and M. Auguste Maquet, the chief of them, speaks with real reverence and affection of his great friend." And M. About writes "as one who had taken the master red-handed, and in the act of collaboration." Dumas has a curious note on collaboration in his "Souvenirs dramatiques." Of the two men at work together, "one is always the dupe, and *he* is the man of talent."

There is no biography of Dumas, but the small change of a biography exists in abundance. There are the many volumes of his "Mémoires," there are all the tomes he wrote on his travels and adventures in Africa, Spain, Italy, Russia; the book he wrote on his beasts; the ro-

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mance of Ange Pitou, partly autobiographical; and there are plenty of little studies by people who knew him. As to his "Mémoires," as to all he wrote about himself, of course his imagination entered into the narrative. Like Scott, when he had a good story he liked to dress it up with a cocked hat and a sword. Did he perform all those astonishing and innumerable feats of strength, skill, courage, address, in revolutions, in voyages, in love, in war, in cookery? The narrative need not be taken "at the foot of the letter;" great as was his force and his courage, his fancy was greater still. There is no room for a biography of him here. His descent was noble on one side, with or without the bend sinister, which he said he would never have disclaimed, had it been his, but which he did not happen to inherit. On the other side he *may* have descended from kings; but, as in the case of "The Fair Cuban," he must have added, "African, unfortunately." Did his father perform these mythical feats of strength; did he lift up a horse between his legs, while clutching a rafter with his hands; did he throw his regiment before him over a wall, as Guy Heavistone threw the mare which refused the leap ("Mémoires," i., 122)? No doubt Dumas believed what he heard about this ancestor, in whom, perhaps, one may see a hint of the giant Porthos. In the Revolution and in the wars his father won the names of Monsieur de l'Humanité, because he made a bonfire of a guillotine; and of Horatius Cocles, because he held a pass as bravely as the Roman "in the brave days of old."

This was a father to be proud of; and pluck, tenderness, generosity, strength, remained the favorite virtues of Dumas. These he preached and practised. They say he was generous, before he was just; it is to be feared this was true, but he gave even more freely than he received. A regiment of seedy people sponged on him always; he could not listen to a tale of misery but he gave what he had, and sometimes left himself short of a dinner. He could not even turn a dog out of doors. At his Abbotsford, "Monte Cristo," the gates were open to everybody but bailiffs. His dog asked other dogs to come and stay; twelve came, making thirteen in all. The old butler wanted to turn them adrift, and Dumas consented, and repented.

"Michel," he said, "there are some expenses which a man's social position and the character which he has had the ill-luck to receive from heaven force upon him. I don't believe these dogs ruin me. Let them bide! But, in the interests of their own good-luck, see they are not thirteen, an unfortunate number!"

"Monsieur, I'll drive one of them away."

"No, no, Michel; let a fourteenth come. These dogs cost me some three pounds a month," said Dumas. "A dinner to five or six friends would cost thrice as much, and, when they went home, they would say my wine was good, perhaps, but certainly that my books were bad." In this fashion Dumas fared royally "to the dogs," and his Abbotsford ruined him as certainly as that other unhappy palace ruined Sir Walter. He, too, had his miscellaneous kennel; he, too, gave while he had anything to give, and, when he had nothing else, gave the work of his pen. Dumas tells how his big dog Mouton once flew at him, and bit one of his hands, while the other held the throat of the brute. "Luckily my hand, though small, is powerful; what it once holds it holds long—money excepted." He could not "haud a guid grip o' the gear." Neither Scott nor Dumas could shut his ears to a prayer or his pockets to a beggar, or his doors on whoever knocked at them.

"I might at least have asked him to dinner," Scott was heard murmuring, when some insufferable bore at last left Abbotsford, after wasting his time and nearly wearing out his patience. Neither man *preached* socialism; both practised it on the Aristotelian principle: the goods of friends are common, and men are our friends.

The death of Dumas' father, while the son was a child, left Madame Dumas in great poverty at Villers Cotterets. Dumas' education was sadly to seek. Like most children destined to be bookish, he taught himself to read very young; in Buffon, the Bible, and books of mythology. He knew all about Jupiter

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—like David Copperfield's Tom Jones, "a child's Jupiter, an innocent creature"—all about every god, goddess, fawn, dryad, nymph—and he never forgot this useful information. Dear Lemprière, thou art superseded; but how much more delightful thou art than the fastidious Smith or the learned Preller! He had one volume of the "Arabian Nights," with Aladdin's lamp therein, the sacred lamp which he was to keep burning with a flame so brilliant and so steady. It is pleasant to know that, in his boyhood, this great romancer loved Virgil. "Little as is my Latin, I have ever adored Virgil; his tenderness for exiles, his melancholy vision of death, his foreboding of an unknown God, have always moved me; the melody of his verses charmed me most, and they lull me still between asleep and awake." School-days did not last long; Madame Dumas got a little post—a license to sell tobacco—and at fifteen Dumas entered a notary's office, like his great Scotch forerunner. He was ignorant of his vocation for the stage—Racine and Corneille fatigued him prodigiously—till he saw *Hamlet: Hamlet* diluted by Ducis. He had never heard of Shakespeare, but here was something he could appreciate. Here was "a profound impression, full of inexplicable emotion, vague desires, fleeting lights, that, so far, lit up only a chaos."

Oddly enough, his earliest literary essay was the translation of Bürger's "Lenore." Here, again, he encounters Scott, but Scott translated the ballad, and Dumas failed. *Les morts vont vite!* the same refrain woke poetry in both the Frenchman and the Scotchman.

> "Ha! ha! the Dead can ride with speed,
> Dost fear to ride with me?"

So Dumas' literary career began with a defeat, but it was always a beginning. He had just failed with "Lenore," when Leuven asked him to collaborate in a play. He was utterly ignorant, he says, he had not succeeded in gallant efforts to read through "Gil Blas" and "Don Quixote." "To my shame," he writes, "the man has not been more fortunate with those masterpieces than the boy." How many of the readers who take up this magazine have been more fortunate than Dumas? He had not yet heard of Scott, Cooper, Goethe; he had only heard of Shakespeare as a barbarian. Other plays the boy wrote—failures, of course; and then Dumas poached his way to Paris, shooting partridges on the road, and paying the hotel expenses by his success in the chase. He was introduced to the great Talma; what a moment for Talma, had he known it! He saw the theatres. He went home, but returned to Paris, drew a small prize in a lottery, and sat next a gentleman at the play, a gentleman who read the rarest of Elzevirs, "Le Pastissier français," and gave him a little lecture on Elzevirs in general. Soon this gentleman began to hiss the piece, and was turned out. He was Charles Nodier, and one of the anonymous authors of the play he was hissing! I own that this amusing chapter lacks verisimilitude. It reads as if Dumas had chanced to "get up" the subject of Elzevirs, and had fashioned his new knowledge into a little story. He could make a story out of anything, he "turned all to favor and to prettiness." Could I translate the whole passage, and print it here, it would be longer than this article; but, ah, how much more entertaining! For whatever Dumas did he did with such life, spirit, wit, he told it with such vivacity, that his whole career is one long romance of the highest quality. Lassagne told him he must read —must read Goethe, Scott, Cooper, Froissart, Joinville, Brantôme. He read them to some purpose. He entered the service of the Duc d'Orléans as a clerk, for he wrote a clear hand, and, happily, wrote at astonishing speed. He is said to have written a short play in a cottage where he went to rest for an hour or two after shooting all the morning. The practice in a notary's office stood him, as it stood Scott, in good stead. When the dog bit his hand he managed to write a volume without using his thumb. I have tried it, but forbear—in mercy to the printers. He performed wild feats of rapid caligraphy when a clerk under the Duke of Orleans, and he wrote his plays in one "hand," his novels in another. The "hand" used in his dramas he acquired when, in days of poverty, he used to write in bed. To this habit

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he also attributed the *brutalité* of his earlier pieces, but there seems to be no good reason why a man should write like a brute because it is in bed that he writes.

In those days of small things he fought his first duel, and made a study of Fear and Courage. His earliest impulse was to rush at danger; if he had to wait, he felt his courage oozing out at the tips of his fingers, like Bob Acres, but in the moment of peril he was himself again. In dreams he was a coward, because, as he argues, the natural man *is* a poltroon, and conscience, honor, all the spiritual and commanding part of our nature, goes to sleep in dreams. The animal terror asserts itself unchecked. It is a theory not without exceptions. In dreams one has plenty of conscience (at least that is my experience), though it usually takes the form of remorse. And in dreams one often affronts dangers which, in waking hours, one might probably avoid if one could.

Dumas' first play, an unimportant vaudeville, was acted in 1825. His first novels were also published then; he took part of the risk, and only four copies were sold. He afterward used the ideas in more mature works, as Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu employed three or four times (with perfect candor and fairness) the most curious incident in "Uncle Silas." Like Mr. Arthur Pendennis, Dumas at this time wrote poetry "up to" pictures and illustrations. It is easy, but seldom lucrative work. He translated a play of Schiller's into French verse, chiefly to gain command of that vehicle, for his heart was fixed on dramatic success. Then came the visit of Kean and other English actors to Paris. He saw the true *Hamlet*, and, for the first time on any stage, "the play of real passions." Emulation woke in him, a casual work of art led him to the story of Christina of Sweden, he wrote his play "Christine" (afterward reconstructed); he read it to Baron Taylor, who applauded; the Comédie Française accepted it, but a series of intrigues disappointed him, after all. His energy at this moment was extraordinary, for he was very poor, his mother had a stroke of paralysis, his bureau was always bullying and interfering with him. But nothing could snub this "force of nature," and he immediately produced his "Henri Trois," the first romantic drama of France. This had an instant and noisy success, and the first night of the play he spent at the theatre, and at the bedside of his unconscious mother. The poor lady could not even understand whence the flowers came that he laid on her couch, the flowers thrown to the young man—yesterday unknown, and to-day the most famous of contemporary names. All this tale of triumph, checkered by enmities and diversified by duels, Dumas tells with the vigor and wit of his novels. He is his own hero, and loses nothing in the process; but the other characters, Taylor, Nodier, the Duke of Orleans, the spiteful press men, the crabbed old officials, all live like the best of the persons in his tales. They call Dumas vain; he had reason to be vain, and no candid or generous reader will be shocked by his pleasant, frank, and artless enjoyment of himself and of his adventures. Oddly enough, they are small-minded and small-hearted people who are most shocked by what they call "vanity" in the great. Dumas' delight in himself and his doings is only the flower of his vigorous existence, and in his "Mémoires," at least, it is as happy and encouraging as his laugh, or the laugh of Porthos; it is a kind of radiance, in which others, too, may bask and enjoy themselves. And yet it is resented by tiny scribblers, frozen in their own chill self-conceit.

There is nothing incredible (if modern researches are accurate) in the stories he tells of his own success in Hypnotism, as it is called now, Mesmerism or Magnetism, as it was called then. Who was likely to possess these powers, if not this good-humored natural force? "I believe that, by aid of magnetism, a bad man might do much mischief. I doubt whether, by help of magnetism, a good man can do the slightest good," he says, probably with perfect justice. His dramatic success fired Victor Hugo, and very pleasant it is to read Dumas' warm-hearted praise of that great poet. Dumas had no jealousy, no more than Scott. As he believed in no success without talent, so he disbelieved in

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genius which wins no success. "Je ne crois pas au talent ignoré, au génie inconnu, moi." Genius he saluted wherever he met it, but he was incredulous about invisible and inaudible genius, and I own to sharing his scepticism. People who complain of Dumas' vanity may be requested to observe that he seems just as "vain" of Hugo's successes, or of Scribe's, as of his own, and just as much delighted by them.

He was now struck, as he walked on the boulevard one day, by the first idea of "Antony," an idea which, to be fair, seems rather absurd than tragic, to some tastes. "A lover, caught with a married woman, kills her to save her character, and dies on the scaffold." Here is indeed a part to tear a cat in!

The performances of M. Dumas during the Revolution of 1830, are they not written in the Book of the Chronicles of Alexandre the Great? But they were not literary excellences which he then displayed, and we may leave this kingmaker to hover, "like an eagle, above the storms of anarchy."

Even to sketch his later biography is beyond our province. In 1830 he had forty years to run, and he filled the cup of the Hours to the brim with activity and adventure. His career was one of unparalleled production, punctuated by revolutions, voyages, exiles, and other intervals of repose. The tales he tells of his prowess in 1830, and with Garibaldi, seem credible to me, and are borne out, so far, by the narrative of M. Maxime Ducamp, who met him at Naples, in the Garibaldian camp. Like Mr. Jingle, in "Pickwick," he "banged the field-piece, twanged the lyre," and was potting at the foes of the republic with a double-barrelled gun, when he was not composing plays, romances, memoirs, criticisms. He has told the tale of his adventures with the Comédie Française, where the actors laughed at his "Antony" and where Madame Mars and he quarrelled and made it up again. His plays often won an extravagant success; his novels, his great novels that is, made all Europe his friend. He gained large sums of money, which flowed out of his fingers, though it is said by some that his Abbotsford, Monte Cristo, was no more a palace than the villa which a retired tradesman builds to shelter his old age. But the money disappeared as fast as if Monte Cristo had really been palatial, and worthy of the fantasy of a Nero. He got into debt, fled to Belgium, returned, founded the *Mousquetaire*, a literary paper of the strangest and most shiftless kind. In "Alexandre Dumas à la Maison d'Or," M. Philibert Audebrand tells the tale of this Micawber of newspapers. Everything went into it, good or bad, and the name of Dumas was expected to make all current coin. For Dumas, unluckily, was as prodigal of his name as of his gold, and no reputation could bear the draughts he made on his celebrity. His son says, in the preface to "Le fils naturel:" "Tragedy, dramas, history, romance, comedy, travel, you cast all of them in the furnace and the mould of your brain, and you peopled the world of fiction with new creations. The newspaper, the book, the theatre, burst asunder, too narrow for your puissant shoulders; you fed France, Europe, America with your works; you made the wealth of publishers, translators, plagiarists; printers and copyists toiled after you in vain. In the fever of production you did not always try and prove the metal which you employed, and sometimes you tossed into the furnace whatever came to your hand. The fire made the selection, what was your own is bronze, what was not yours vanished in smoke."

The simile is noble and worthy of the Cyclopean craftsman, Dumas. His great works endured, the plays which renewed the youth of the French stage, the novels which Thackeray loved to praise, these remain, and we trust they may always remain, to the delight of mankind and for the sorrow of prigs.

So much has been written of Dumas' novels that criticism can hardly hope to say more that is both new and true about them. It is acknowledged that, in such a character as Henri III. Dumas made history live, as magically as Scott revived the past in his Louis XI., or Balfour of Burley. It is admitted that Dumas' good tales are told with a vigor and life which rejoice the heart, that his

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narrative is never dull, never stands still, but moves with a freedom of adventure which perhaps has no parallel. He may fall short of the humor, the kindly wisdom, the genial greatness of Sir Walter at his best, and he has not that supernatural touch, that tragic grandeur which Scott inherits from Homer and from Shakespeare. In another Homeric quality, χάρμη, as Homer himself calls it, in the "delight of battle" and the spirit of the fray, Scott and Dumas are alike masters. Their fights and the fights in the Icelandic sagas are the best that have ever been drawn by mortal man. When swords are aloft, in siege or on the green sward, or in the midnight chamber where an ambush is laid, Scott and Dumas are indeed themselves. The steel rings, the bucklers clash, the parry and lunge pass and answer too swift for the sight. If Dumas has not, as he certainly has not, the noble philosophy and kindly knowledge of the heart which are Scott's, he is far more swift, more witty, more diverting. He is not prolix, his style is not involved, his dialogue is as rapid and keen as an assault at arms. His favorite virtues and graces, we repeat it, are loyalty, friendship, gayety, generosity, courage, beauty, and strength. He is himself the friend of the big, stupid, excellent Porthos; of Athos, the noble and melancholy swordsman of sorrow; of D'Artagnan, the indomitable, the trusty, the inexhaustible in resource, but his heart is never on the side of the shifty Aramis, with all his beauty, dexterity, bravery, and brilliance. Le brave Bussy, and the chivalrous, the doomed La Mole are more dear to him, and if he embellishes their characters, giving them charms and virtues that never were theirs, history loses nothing, and romance and we are the gainers. In all he does, at his best, as in the "Chevalier d'Harmenthal," he has movement, kindness, courage, and gayety. His philosophy of life is that old philosophy of the sagas, and of Homer. Let us enjoy the movement of the fray, the faces of fair women, the taste of good wine; let us welcome life like a mistress, let us welcome death like a friend, and with a jest —if death comes with honor.

Dumas is no pessimist. "Heaven has made but one drama for man—the world," he writes, "and during these three thousand years mankind has been hissing it." It is certain that, if a moral censorship could have prevented it, this great drama of mortal passions would never have been licensed at all, never performed. But Dumas, for one, will not hiss it, but applauds with all his might, a charmed spectator, a fortunate actor in the eternal piece, where all the men and women are only players. You hear his manly laughter, you hear his mighty hands approving, you see the tears he sheds when he had "slain Porthos," great tears like those of Pantagruel.

His may not be the best, nor the ultimate philosophy, but it *is* a philosophy and one of which we may some day feel the want. I read the stilted criticisms, the pedantic carpings of some modern men who cannot write their own language, and I gather that Dumas is out of date. There is a new philosophy of doubts and delicacies, of dallyings and refinements, of half-hearted lookers-on, desiring and fearing some new order of the world. Dumas does not dally nor doubt, he takes his side, he rushes into the smoke, he strikes his foe, but there is never an unkind word on his lip, nor a grudging thought in his heart.

It may be said that Dumas is not a master of words and phrases, that he is not a *raffiné* of expression, nor a jeweller of style. When I read the maunderings, the stilted and staggering sentences, the hesitating phrases, the far-sought and dear-bought and worthless word-juggles; the sham scientific verbiage, the native pedantries of many modern so-called "stylists," I rejoice that Dumas was not one of these. He told a plain tale, in the language suited to a plain tale, with abundance of wit and gayety, as in the reflections of his Chicot, as in all his dialogues. But he did not gnaw the end of his pen in search of some word that nobody had ever used in this or that connection before. The right word came to him, the simple straightforward phrase. Epithet-hunting may be a pretty sport, and the bag of the epithet-hunter may contain some agreeable epigrams and rare specimens of style, but a plain tale of adventure,

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of love and war, needs none of this industry, and is even spoiled by inopportune diligence. Speed, directness, lucidity are the characteristics of Dumas' style, and they are exactly the characteristics which his novels required. Scott often failed, his most loyal admirers may admit, in these essentials, but it is rarely that Dumas fails, when he is himself and at his best.

In spite of his heedless education, Dumas had true critical qualities, and most admired the best things. We have already seen how he writes about Shakespeare, Virgil, Goethe, Scott. But it may be less familiarly known that this burly man-of-all-work, ignorant as he was of Greek, had a true and keen appreciation of Homer. Dumas declares that he only thrice criticised his contemporaries in an unfavorable sense, and as one wishful to find fault. The victims were Casimir Delavigne, Scribe, and Ponsard. On each occasion Dumas declares that, after reflecting, he saw that he was moved by a little personal pique, not by a disinterested love of art. He makes his confession with a rare nobility of candor, and yet his review of Ponsard is worthy of him. M. Ponsard, who, like Dumas, was no scholar, wrote a play styled "Ulysse," and borrowed from the Odyssey. Dumas follows Ponsard, Odyssey in hand, and while he proves that the dramatist failed to understand Homer, proves that he himself was, in essentials, a capable Homeric critic. Dumas understands that far-off heroic age. He lives in its life and sympathizes with its temper. Homer and he are congenial; across the great gulf of time they exchange smiles and a salute.

"Oh! ancient Homer, dear and good and noble, I am minded now and again to leave all and translate thee—I, who have never a word of Greek—so empty and so dismal are the versions men make of thee, in verse or in prose."

How Dumas came to divine Homer, as it were, through a language he knew not, who shall say? He *did* divine him by a natural sympathy of excellence, and his chapters on the "Ulysse" of Ponsard are worth a wilderness of notes by learned and most un-Homeric men. For, indeed, who can be less like the heroic minstrel than the academic philologist?

This universality deserves note. The Homeric student who takes up a volume of Dumas at random finds that he is not only Homeric naturally, but that he really knows his Homer. What did he *not* know? His rapidity in reading must have been as remarkable as his pace with the pen. As M. Blaze de Bury says: "Instinct, experience, memory were all his; he sees at a glance, he compares in a flash, he understands without conscious effort, he forgets nothing that he has read." The past and present are photographed imperishably on his brain, he knows the manners of all ages and all countries, the names of all the arms that men have used, all the garments they have worn, all the dishes they have tasted, all the terms of all professions, from swordsmanship to coach-building. Other authors have to wait, and hunt for facts; nothing stops Dumas; he knows and remembers everything. Hence his rapidity, his facility, his positive delight in labor: hence it comes that he might be heard, like Dickens, laughing while he worked.

This is rather an eulogy than a criticism of Dumas. His faults are on the surface, visible to all men. He was not only rapid, he was hasty; he was inconsistent; his need of money as well as his love of work made him put his hand to dozens of perishable things. A beginner, entering the forest of Dumas' books, may fail to see the trees for the wood. He may be counselled to select, first the cycle of d'Artagnan, the "Musketeers," "Twenty Years After," and the "Vicomte de Bragelonne." Mr. Stevenson's delightful essay on the last may have sent many readers to it; I confess to preferring the youth of the "Musketeers" to their old age. Then there is the cycle of the Valois, whereof the "Dame de Monsereau" is the best: perhaps the best thing Dumas ever wrote. The "Tulipe Noire" is a novel girls may read, as Thackeray said, with confidence. The "Chevalier d'Harmenthal" is nearly (not quite) as good as

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Figure of d'Artagnan, from the Monument to Alexandre Dumas, by Gustave Doré, in the Place Malesherbes, Paris.

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"Quentin Durward." "Monte Cristo" has the best beginning—and loses itself in the sands. The novels on the Revolution are not among the most alluring: the famed device "L. P. D." (*lilia pedibus destrue*) has the bad luck to suggest "London Parcels Delivery." That is an accident, but the Revolution is in itself too terrible and pitiful, and too near us (on both sides!) for fiction.

On Dumas' faults it has been no pleasure to dwell. In a recent work I find the Jesuit De Moyne quoted, saying about "Charles V.:" "What need that future ages should be made acquainted so religious an Emperor was not always chast." The same reticence allures one in regard to so delightful an author as Dumas. He who had enriched so many died poor; he who had told of conquering France, died during the Terrible Year. But he could forgive, could appreciate the valor of an enemy. Of the Scotch at Waterloo he writes: "It was not enough to kill them: we had to push them down." Dead, they still stood "shoulder to shoulder." In the same generous temper an English cavalry officer wrote home, after Waterloo, that he would gladly have given the rest of his life to have served, on that day, in our infantry or in the French cavalry. These are the spirits that warm the heart, that make us all friends; and to the great, the brave, the generous Dumas we cry, across the years and across the tomb, our *Ave atque vale!*

TO THE DANDELION.

By Zoe Dana Underhill.

Pretty spendthrift! So to throw
Gold away upon the grass;
And set thy shining gems so low
Thieves may steal them as they pass!

There's no rose among them all
With its bounties half so free,
No haughty lily, white and tall,
In lavish giving equals thee.

But upon this foolish earth
The wealth beyond our reach we prize;
And ingrates count thee little worth,
Since at their feet thy fortune lies.

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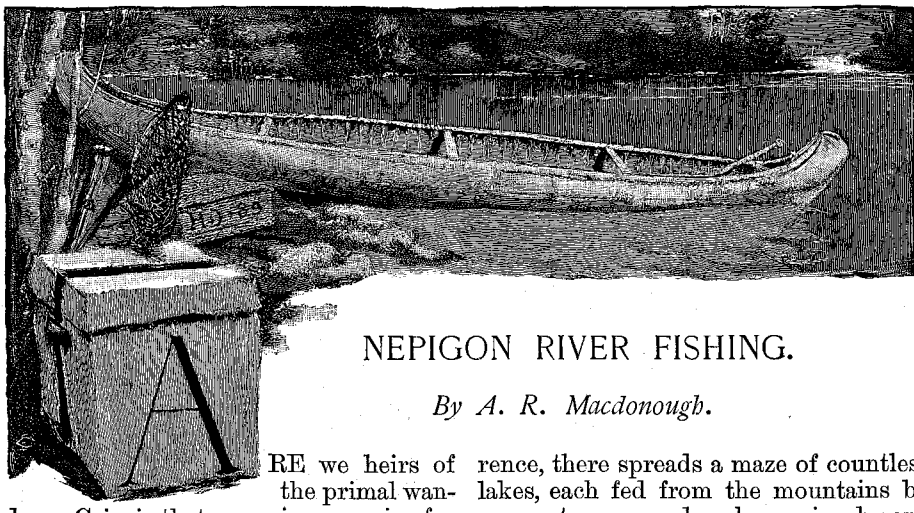

NEPIGON RIVER FISHING.

By A. R. Macdonough.

ARE we heirs of the primal wanderer, Cain, in that recurring yearning for wildwood freedom, urging us at seasons to break away from clipped and formal routine? Do ancient instincts of the chase, wrought in the blood by some shadowy forester among our ten thousand ancestors, chafe on the curb of civilization? Even the Roman poet, man of the world if there ever was one, wanting only a touch of fisherman's nature to be completely human and modern, rejoices in spring for the kiss of southerly winds, and the launching of the boats.

The world has measurably filled up since Cain's time; but there are still left some spaces of open air, in which one may escape a crowd.

Canada is now the goal for American sportsmen, as for cashiers. The Adirondacks are populous with inns. Tanners and lumbermen have swept the sheltering forests from the shrinking waters of Pennsylvania. The fountains leaping from the Catskills are prisoned in tame preserves long before they braid together the stately Delaware. A thousand miles eastward, where St. Lawrence meets the sea, lie the placid pools around Chaleur Bay, and the wild glens, alive with salmon, furrowing the northern shore. A thousand miles westward, where its sources spring, a tangle of lakelets and their outlets teems with trout.

Between the Huronian rock-spine of Canada and those five unsalted seas looped in a girdle binding rather than parting the Dominion and the Republic, as well as north of the lower St. Lawrence, there spreads a maze of countless lakes, each fed from the mountains by many streams, and each pouring by one river into the greater waters. Of those distinguished by a name, the chief ones, tracing them westward, are the St. John, the Sturgeon, Simcoe, Muskoka, Nipissing, and Nepigon. They form a series of filtering basins, catching the highland drainage, often through channels hundreds of miles long, holding its sediment, and delivering a clear flood to swell the limpid volume in which they lose themselves.

Each of these young rivers is washed after it is born, before it hurries to be married to the greater one. Luckily all are rebaptized, too, with names more Christian than those of their sources. Saguenay, before leaving Lake St. John, might call itself Ouiatchouan; St. Maurice runs away from its birth-name of Nabescoutianel; Nipissing, beginning as Tamangamingue, ends in the French River, and Nepigon issues smooth and pronounceable out of a cradle woven by fifteen distinct rivers, from which an easy selection presents the pleasing puzzles of Kawabatongwa, Pagitchigano, Katchangatinawi, and Pickitigouching.

Urged by that "zeal of propagandism and the fur-trade," which the historian calls the vital forces of New France, the region about Lake Superior was early penetrated by both the converting and the bartering nomads, the pursuit of souls being sometimes combined with that of peltries. At the Sault, through which the lake discharges, the faith was preached in 1641 to two thousand assembled Chippewas, and this mission, as well as another at the western end of

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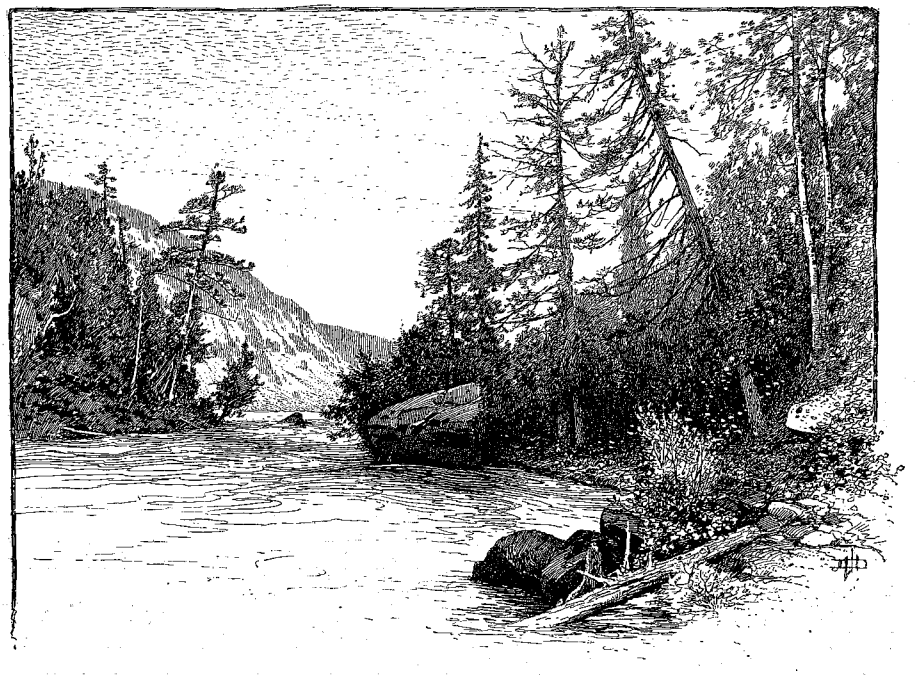
the lake, is spoken of by Marquette as being in existence in 1670, though it was afterward abandoned. The religious establishments on this river, however, are much more recent. The mission on



Split Rock Carry.

Lake Helen was founded by the Jesuit Fathers about 1870, and that on Lake Nepigon some eight years ago by the Church of England.

The Hudson's Bay Company, and its predecessor, the Northwest Company, have been established in the Nepigon region more than a hundred and twenty years. Both the spiritual and the trafficking influence persist among the present scattered Chippewas. Order and authority are represented for them by the Hudson's Bay Company, while they retain the traditions planted with their missions by the Jesuits. There is not, however, that utter subjection to the priests that enslaves the poorer and duller habitans of Lower Canada, threatening an insoluble problem for us, if the question of its incorporation with the Union ever becomes a living one.

It is unlikely that Nepigon Lake will always miss the settlement invited by its breadths of fertile shore, its mountains of ore, and its exhaustless fisheries. Already prospecting approaches it; and nothing forbids building to it from the Canadian Pacific a branch less than one-fourth the length of the route from Quebec to Lake St. John, and presenting, on a grade of ten feet to the mile, no graver difficulties than those the main line has grandly overcome.

Lake Nepigon is two-thirds as large as Lake Ontario, very deep in parts, thickly sprinkled with picturesque islands, and strangely irregular in outline. Indented by deep bays, it stretches southward a fringe of long tentacles, as if feeling for a descent. This it touches in a depressed ridge of trap-rock crossing its course, and over this it issues with a fall of thirty feet.

The cataract of Virgin Falls is striking for the grace and flow of its curves, both vertical and cross-sweeping; for the snowy dazzle flashing out of solid blue, just as it leaves the lip, into a storm of tossing pearls; for the mass of water rushing in across from the western verge, beating half the main flood aside; and

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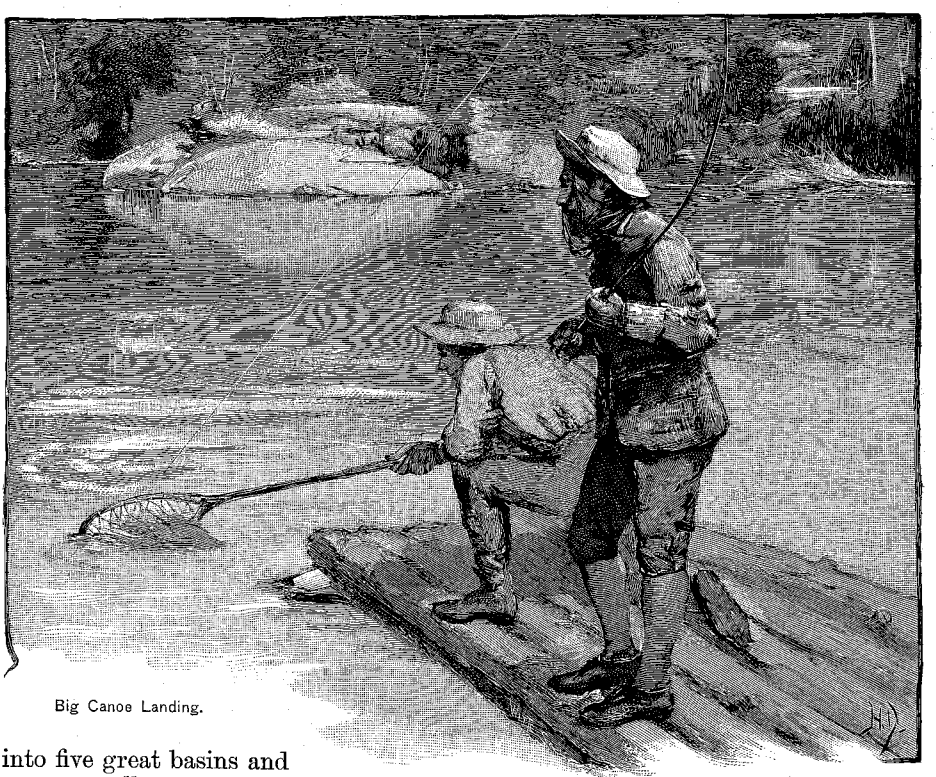
for the lessening surges cresting the blended torrents as they seethe away for half a mile through a broad basin rimmed with green, and proportioned in nature's nicest measure to the height of the fall. In this font of fretted ivory and jewelled spray the river Nepigon receives its baptism.

From its leap out of the lake the river runs nearly due south thirty-two miles, with a fall of three hundred and thirteen feet, to Lake Superior. It pours a full, strong current—in many places sixty feet deep and two hundred wide—clean up to its shores, without swamp or snag or drift. Roughly estimated, one-third of its course is varied by lakes, and another third broken by rapids. Widening into five great basins and many smaller expanses, it forms a chain of tarns, with long, linking reaches of inlet and outflow. These five daughters of the wilderness are prettily named Blanche, Emma, Maria, Jessie, and Helen. Tradition fails to tell precisely what ladies of the lakes lent to these lakes of the ladies their dainty distinction.

Some of the chutes of the Nepigon, as those that perpetually weave and tear to pieces Cameron's and Hamilton's Pools, and the thundering outrush of Lake Emma, are unapproachable by keels risking either upward or downward progress. Others, like the great rapid at Camp Minor, pulsing convulsed with the last water-spasm of Virgin Falls, a mile above it, may safely sweep the birch as it leaps skirting down one edge, taking dashes of foam inboard; but they roll with a weight and power that bar return. Right through the mighty sluice in the middle of some of them the canoe may drive at a mile a minute without dimpling the liquid mirror, but must creep back by hand-grips of poles close to shore. At other reaches, the river, just doubting whether it shall burst into a rapid, courses bold and strong in curling ripples, all on the point of dashing into foam, four or five feet deep across its whole breadth, over an even bottom of stones, more than pebbles and less than bowlders, whirling



Big Canoe Landing.

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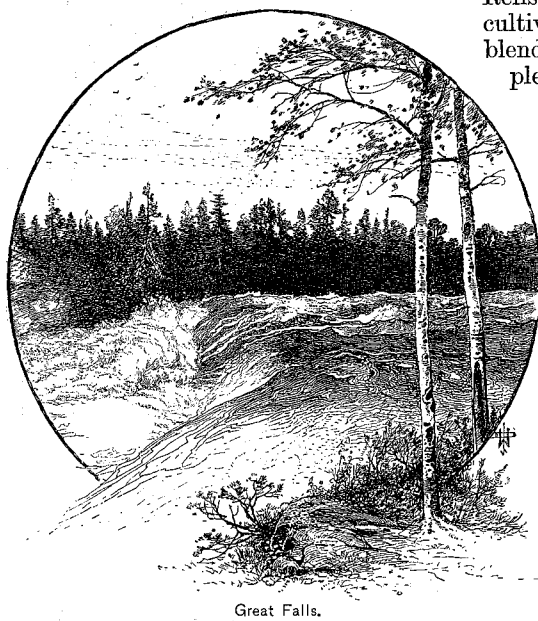
the canoe smoothly a mile or more on level keel.

The note of the Nepigon is speed and might and brightness. It is the young St. Lawrence, rehearsing its majestic flow and supreme Niagara. Here "Arethusa arose from her couch of snows," preparing to meet, hundreds of leagues away, as she nears the sea, dark "Alpheus bold, from his glacier cold," rushing to her embrace through the chasm of grim Saguenay.

To these tempting waters anglers of every grade and from all regions throng. At the Mission, nestled in a nook of green, carved out among the rocks on the lower edge of Lake Helen, parties of Indians, catching a wind right aft, pile squaws, pappooses, and numberless dogs into rickety birches, to skim along under a dirty blanket sail, pursuing for food the snaky pickerel and coarse Mackinaw trout of the lake. The young novice, too eager to delay, drops his first fly and lifts his first two-pound fish



Great Falls.

even under the shadow of the railway bridge. The expert, trained for many years in many waters, and epicure of the best, his canoe trimly packed with a month's supplies in rubber bags and light boxes, manned by a steersman and a sturdy oarsman, presses steadily on his three days' course for the upper river. He will overtake a flotilla, bearing some millionnaire and his household goods, feigning to rough it with actually a complete cooking stove and a huge negro cook aboard. Or at the head of a portage he will come upon some noisy breakfasting party of ten or twelve from one of the inland cities, enlivening these calm solitudes with the clamor of the sociable West. Camps dot the shore ahead of him, and camps astern—some charming with the gay colors and bright presence of women, some loud and dirty with pot-hunters on a picnic.

Why should anyone fancy, as so many will, that he may enter easily at middle age into the angler's full enjoyment without growing to his skill by practice, any more than he could change untrained into the ripe critic or painter? Fishing is an art; a mechanical one at its lower extreme, with nets and worms, but rising to the finish of a fine one. Relish of nature comes as a fruit of cultivated perceptions. Art and nature blend to produce the angler's exquisite pleasure. Yet one will step from a broker's office or a counter into a tackle-shop, equip himself with the latest costly devices, and hurry to the water, to learn with surprise and disappointment that he has not bought faculty with his fittings. The years lie behind him wasted for this purpose, unless as a boy he paddled in the burns of Agawam or Sullivan or Pike, fleshing his maiden hook in finer prey than dace or suckers, with his senses freshly open to inflowing waves of touch from sound and color and form.

A sketch of such a personage is caught, uncaricatured, from nature. His burly body planted in a real chair, two guides steer him down, then laboriously row him up, to and fro, in the stiff current that shoots through the long reach below Pine Portage, abounding in fish. Either pudgy hand thrusts out a short pole, loaded with a great glittering spoon. Of the few demented trout that strike he clumsily hauls in three or four, and over the lost ones discharges a vol-

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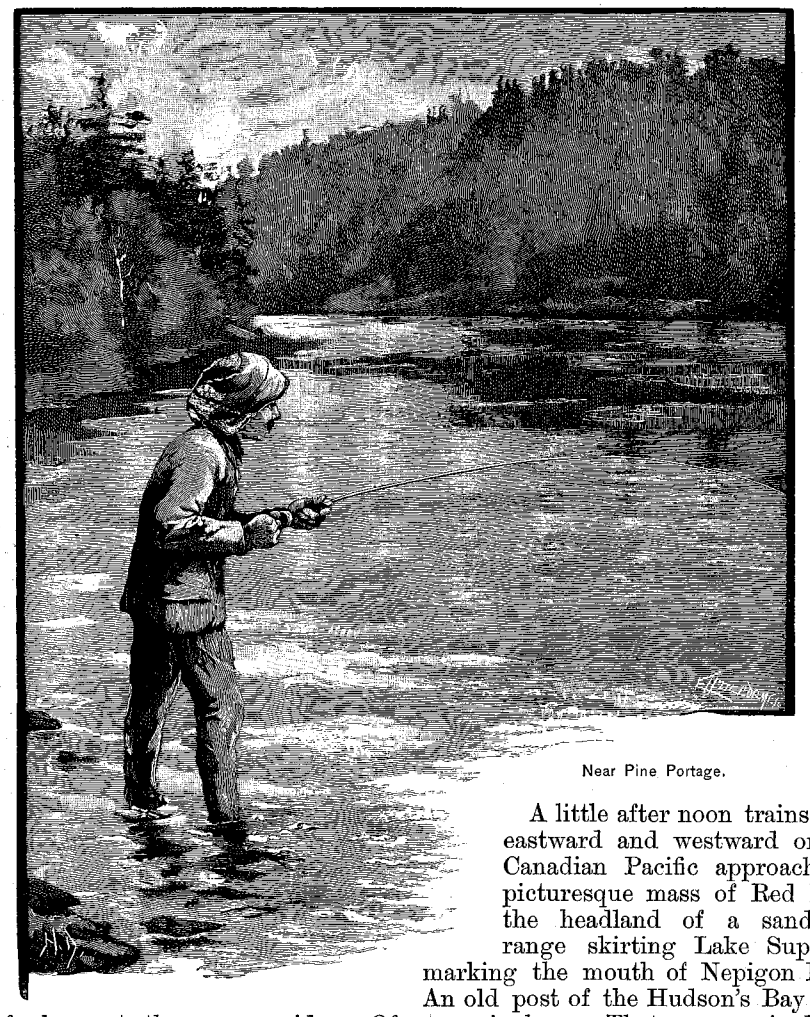

Near Pine Portage.

ley of abuse at the poor guides. Of course he wonders how anyone can like fishing, and of course, as his yacht steams away to some lake town, of which he is doubtless a harmless citizen of credit and renown, he swears that never again will he visit that Nepigon ; and all the guides in chorus swear that never again, with their aid or service, shall he.

The presence of such pseudo-sportsmen proves that access to these solitudes has been made of late years too easy. But taking the good with the evil, we follow the too-much beaten track for a thousand miles, either directly westward from Montreal, or by noble steamers worthy to traverse Lake Superior, as far as Port Arthur, and then eastward a hundred miles by rail.

A little after noon trains both eastward and westward on the Canadian Pacific approach the picturesque mass of Red Rock, the headland of a sandstone range skirting Lake Superior, marking the mouth of Nepigon River. An old post of the Hudson's Bay Company is here. That company's discretion must be praised, if any among the picked men it employs surpass its present agent at Red Rock in shrewdness, tact, and courtesy. His attention, directed by correspondence that can hardly be opened too early in the season, will have prepared everything as to guides and their provisions ; and the canoe will wait, already loaded, for the voyageur to step into it.

Guides are usually to be had in plenty and of great variety. It is safer to engage good ones beforehand, rather than run the risk in July or early August of finding that they are all up the river, and waiting a couple of days for a returning party. At that season there are often thirty anglers at once scattered in camps

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along the stream, each pair of whom, if properly equipped, have at least two men to pilot them. The calling has its leaders and its learners. They differ greatly in skill, endurance, and appetite, and, above all, in temper, as might be expected from their mingled strain of Scotch, French, and Indian blood. The worst of them are pure Indians, slothful, dirty, sullen, and insubordinate. It fares ill with the novice who falls into the hands of such a pair. He will be pulled lazily along in a wet boat, portaged with exasperating slowness and long and frequent halts for gossip with friends, or greedy forays on provisions, dumped into old camps reeking with the summer's refuse, his tent pitched awry, the cooking nauseous unless he turns *chef* himself, and his stores spoiled and wasted. Then these fellows have a true talent for sickness. They may give out at any moment, insist on being sent home to die, or lie groaning and guzzling until it suits their humor to go to work awhile.

At the other extreme, the best of the guides are like the picked men of any business anywhere. Alert, cheerful, expert afloat and neat ashore, they make their employer's comfort a duty, and his success their pleasure. They are companionable too, with their native shrewdness, their original notions, and quick sense for the queer ways of the many people they have had to do with. Each of five or six of such men who might be named, and are well known wherever the river is known, is as complete a valet of the woods as could be desired.

Certain natural landmarks divide the thirty-two miles of the river's flow into three stretches. Alexander Bay, about ten miles up, limits the first, and in and about it the fishing is so fine that many visitors do not care to ascend farther. The upper end of Pine Portage marks about the close of a second stage in the course, the ten or twelve miles below it containing some of the choicest pools and reaches, and detaining most of the anglers who visit the river. Between this point and the Falls large fish have their haunts, and the rocky walls and blue waters reach their height of blended beauty and wildness. The loss of five days spent in ascending and running down the full length of the river is well repaid by the comparative solitude gained.

The afternoon's voyage only clears the fringe of Indian settlement, skirting the river for some miles. Passing beneath the fine railroad bridge, built on the American side and shipped in sections to be put up here, the course turns into Lake Helen, bending to its eastward shore, where, under the shadow of the Mission church, lies a village of huts. If tenting here for the night is once tried, it will not be repeated until visiting friends and howling dogs are forgotten. The final cause of these sneaking and yelping packs, all shabbily alike, can only be guessed when the deep snows of this region make their life a burden in the work of sledging. It is wiser to stop long enough to cut a stiff birch mast, and then cross the lake under the evening breeze to the mouth of the river, entering through fields of rushes. It is here over one hundred yards across, running deep and strong, but smooth. Natives are fishing or smoking in wigwams along the flat banks. At some places Lake Superior fishing boats are tied up. They are both stanch and trim, a cross between a whale-boat and pilot craft, two-masted and half-decked, with a centre-board, three to eight tons in burden, and used for deep-water fishing in the great lake. At the better shanties, now and then built on some cleared half-acre yielding a handful of potatoes or hay, the canoe turns in with an inquiry for eggs, the Indian name of them sounding precisely like the ancient ὠόν of the Greeks. The almost certain answer is that the dogs have eaten the fowls. Dispensing then, with the "omne vivum ab ovo," we make supper without them, pitching the tent among the hay, both bed and board being managed in a very improvised fashion while *en route*. Next day, after a couple of hours' ascent against a strengthening current, a long line of white-caps racing across the broadened river defines the upper edge of Alexander Bay, where we first take the shore for a portage.

There are but two portages of any length along the course of the river, one the Long Portage, a path leaving the stream below its majestic curve, as it

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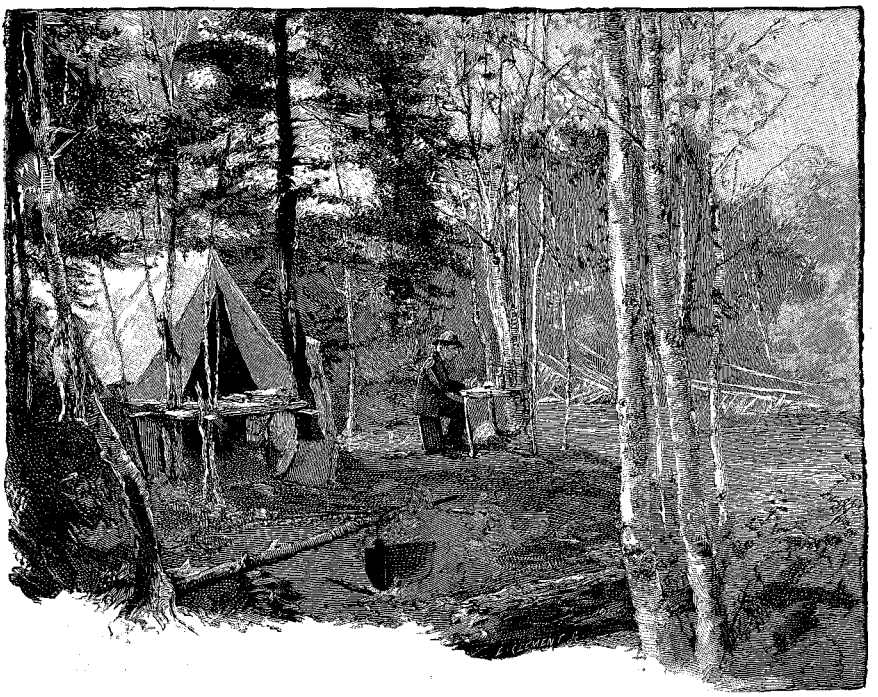

Camp on the Nepigon.

rounds with a tumbling torrent into this bay, and bending away westward, receding from the almost inaccessible depths that feed and frame Cameron's Pool, till it drops to the outlet of Lake Jessie. Its easy walk of about three miles is divided by a brook, the only tributary to the river, shortening the return portage by so much of waterway. Above this, and again about the distance of one-third the length of the river, Pine Portage sweeps back westward over a rather more rough and wooded track of a mile, quitting the bank by a steep, grassy slope at the great rapids roaring out of Hamilton's Pool outlet, and regaining it not far below the outlet of Lake Emma. Between these occur short carries, one avoiding the swift broken water racing around the base of Split Rock, and one across an islet circled by two cascades. Every carry, however short, requires the complete unloading to her very ribs of the birch, and careful restowing when she takes the water again. The canoe, too great a burden for one man to poise inverted on his head, as they portage the lighter ones, is steadied on the shoulders of both guides, who trot away under it among the rough stones with a sure and quick step. All this work they do with surprising care and patience and expedition.

These portages are the social exchanges of the river. If no one there meets the voyager, scraps of newspaper or marks on wrappers disclose what natives of what town lately crossed the trail. More often occupied by flying camps at either end, and always convenient baiting points after the toil of reaching them, the guides here meet their friends, and the angler makes acquaintances. New-comers produce the mails and latest papers for those who care for them; descending parties bring notes of the sport promised or failing. Fly-books are compared, scores sometimes confided, cocktails, cigars, and addresses exchanged, and after an hour's joint lunch each goes on his way, wishing the other good-speed. The guides, all mutually well known, bear each other's burdens, helping good-naturedly in portaging, sharing generously their provisions, and their masters', and lingering a great deal more sociably than

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is sometimes convenient for the latter. Often a flotilla debarks, bound to or from the Hudson's Bay Company's Nepigon House on the Lake. Their trim canoes, neat men, heaped provision-sacks, with groups of squaws and beady-eyed children, give the place an air of settlement and discipline. The next hour all has vanished with the beat of oars dying away beyond the bend below.

As these trails have been trodden for at least a hundred years, their condition is singular in two ways—that it is no worse and no better. Long stretches of portage are level, and on these it would be easy to lay and keep in order rough tramways of timber, over which trolleys with burdens might be rolled with less labor than carries now exact. In winter the snow gives a smooth track, and it may be that summer is too short to make it worth while, or that the natives are waiting for a branch-line up the valley.

The time used in crossing Long Portage, with its double transshipment, will not reasonably be less than six or seven hours under fair-weather conditions. But into each life some rain must fall, rather more on the Nepigon than at home. When, under a thunderstorm breaking over the trail, the bushes drip, and the stones slip, and all the guides' care can hardly save the sacks dry, it may be a day's work to reach the grassy slope at its upper end. Then, after a drenching like a water-cure, comes at night a wet camp and a sitzbath. Then one knows how much more beautiful sunshine is in the wilderness than in the town. If it is fair, after a leisurely dinner the boat can be easily pushed on a mile or two farther, and hauled up at nightfall on one of the islets just inside Lake Jessie for a clean camping spot needing no clearing.

The third day begins with a stiff bit of poling through Bashewana Rapids, the belt joining Lake Jessie with her upper sister Lake Maria. This water is well filled with fish, though seldom over three pounds, and having the peculiarity of very yellow flesh. Rounded knobs of reddish granite here meet the river, covered with dense berry-bushes and débris of burnt forest. Square blocks of basalt, the steep talus splintered by frost from lofty walls, again edge the river above, where it rolls wedged between the cliffs of Split Rock. It comes down to this pass by a double leap, a mile above, through two channels of dashing cascades, prisoning between them a narrow ledge, giving safe foothold for climbing from the eddy below to the eddy above.

The hard work of three carries, including the laborious Pine Portage, brings the day well on, and after an upward mile or so of smooth but strong water, the guides gladly land for the night at the broad, flat rocks on the lower edge of the Great White Chute. Here the most picturesque rapid on the river forms, by the drop at a right angle of Lake Emma over a low but rugged trap ridge. The water bounds in great billows straight across the river, striking square at a cliff on the east shore, and shooting a powerful recoiling current both upward and downward. Two or three great fish, but not more, may be taken at night and morning, leaping out of the boiling white among the blocks in the corners, where the surges bear away from the shore.

There is no need of battling for the last half-day against the mighty sweep of the shallowing river over broad Victoria Rapids, when a chain of side waters with a little easy land transit leads up to Camp Minor, within sight of the Great Falls. This point commands a number of smaller pools and quick runs, and as it is within easy reach too of the Falls, no better place can be chosen for a permanent camp. Here the quality of guides is put to the test. The lazy one pitches wherever he finds a space cleared, however dirty. Our faithful workers after careful inspection pick out some point, dry, shelving but not steep, well shaded and as free from rocks as this stony region affords—with an easy landing-place, and a bit of gravel or stone basin for the bath. A few trees are felled, none being more than a foot through, stumps left or stakes driven for due order of tent-ropes and bedposts, and the canvas house set firm and square as a home for a fortnight. The next duty is to give the canoes a thorough overhauling, after the strain of their amphibious journey.

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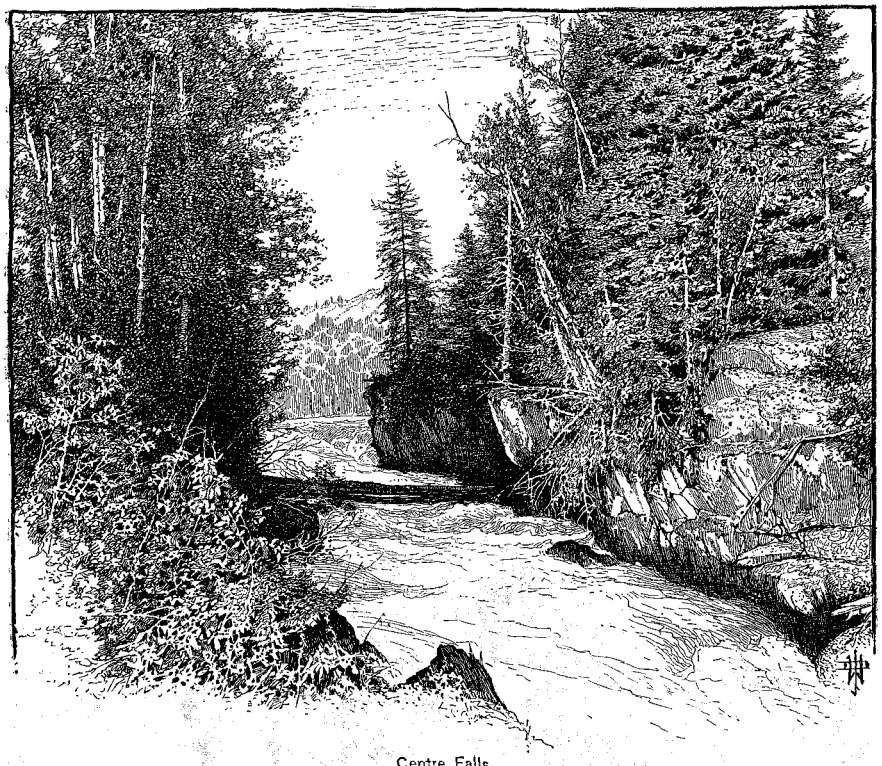

Centre Falls.

The canoes used on the Nepigon are a larger variety of the fairy craft paddled by the Micmacs and Montaignais of the lower river. They are nearly double the size of the latter, the largest being over thirty-five feet long and five feet wide, deeper and more heavily ribbed, showing the contrast between a pleasure carriage and a burden wagon. Like an evolution from the lonely voyageur's skiff into a vessel for trade and war, each carried, two centuries ago, a score of scalping Hurons, and can today float three tons of fur-packs or provisions. Naval estimates at the Post fix their cost at from seventy-five to a hundred and twenty dollars, the bark used in building coming from the Ottawa or Saguenay country, as the birches in this region are all small. The river is too deep for much use of setting poles, and its long lake spaces are oftener crossed with the monotonous sweep of oars than by the deft and graceful impulse of the paddle. With a birch-pole jury-mast and improvised rigging they can carry canvas enough under a following or quartering breeze to make slow way against the current. Their weight—from three to four hundred pounds—makes them harder to handle in swift water than the shells of the lower river, and the guides are therefore shy of nearing the heads of the heavier rapids, where the finest fish often lie. There, while they hold in an eddy, the angler can step into the rushing shallows along the shore, wading as far as he may venture not over ankle-deep, for a long cast into the whirling foam. As to bringing in a great fish against that tearing torrent, he must reckon oftener on losing than landing him.

Besides being a shipwright, a good guide with his axe and a pound of nails makes a fair cabinet-maker for the woods. Abundant birch supplies the material out of which he builds along one side of the tent a bedstead, lifting its stretched sacking out of damp on stout crotches, and along the other a double shelf, shaped of light poles resting on forked stumps, useful to air the clothes and stores; while outside, where boughs

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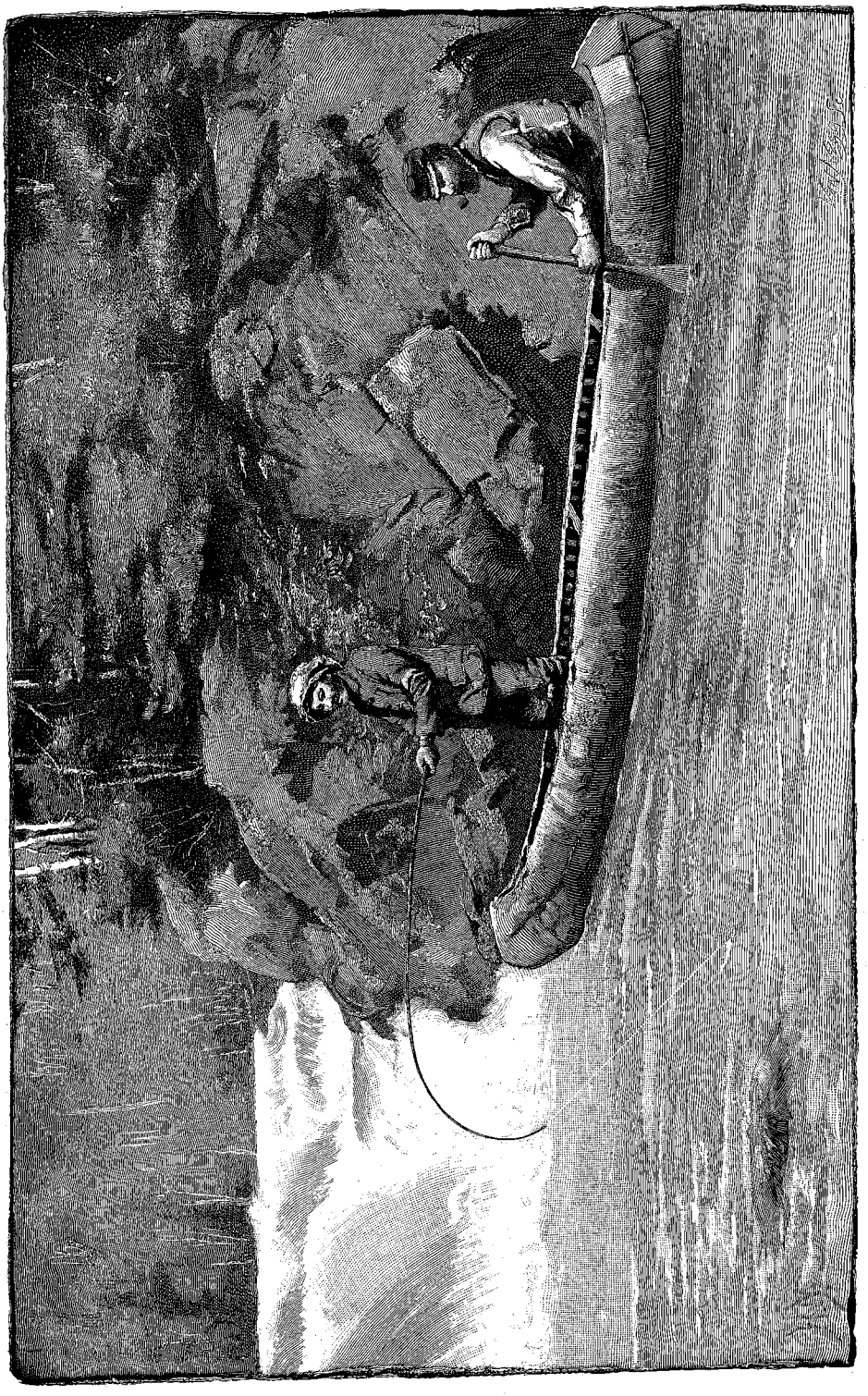

West Falls.

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overhang the bank, stand the table and chair of logs. Spruce sprays enough are plucked to carpet every nook of the tent, elastic under a rubber sheet.

The furnishing finished, an hour or two remain for catching and cooking dinner. Some boat's-lengths above camp the eddy under a rock between two little rapids shooting away from the main stream has always given up after a few casts a three-and-a-half-pound fish. Four or five more, none under two pounds, suffice for the table to-night and a supply for breakfast, plumped into the water-pen built of great stones. An ember from the light kitchen fire—in August a blaze is seldom needed here for warmth—kindles the after-dinner pipe for comfort, and then a cigar for luxury. As the stars come out, the hours bring cooler air, hinting at a change to thick night-dress and blankets. One of the charms of this woods-life is its simple carelessness as to costume. We delight in remembering the sub-curse, omitted in Eden, but muttered surely by every man since, upon Eve, for inventing or occasioning clothes. A trifle of *boucane* under the tent may be advisable against the first night's flies—and then the sleep of the just for the tired, lulled by flowing waters.

There are two kinds of flies on the Nepigon—those that the angler uses and those that use him. The latter enjoy vaseline, suspect pennyroyal, and hate tar; but only retire baffled from veils and gloves. At morning they spread in a gray mist that gives the look to distant bays of reedy marshes. At evening their clusters hang in smoke-like clouds above the tips of pointed trees. And they are always feeding, assisted by swarms of common house-flies.

Of the other kind of flies, the white-fish, very delicately, standing on his tail, asks for a small dark one. Trout are omnivorous, with less preference for red. A fly usually more welcome than others to the Nepigon trout, composed on the river after several years' experiments, till now unnamed, and that might be called the Nepigon, is built after this fashion: On a thick body of light blue, well tinselled, or peacock's herl, it wears wings of English blue-jay, mixed with orange from cock-of-the-rock, and a hackle dyed by picric acid to clear permanent yellow. The blending produces green—yet a pure green fly is less successful. This fly has taken braces of six and three and a half pounds, and four and a half and three—the latter being cleverly scooped by the guide both at one sweep with two landing-nets that chanced to be aboard. The maker of his own flies needs to bring but few, with the material, which he finds ample leisure to work up.

As to the relative merits of fly-fishing and bait-fishing, it may be fairly concluded—spurning always the spoon, for it is as barbarous to kill a trout so, as to eat him with one—that some people prefer poetry and some prose. To read anything, or to fish at all, is better than doing without either.

The fish of the Nepigon are not less various than abundant. To one using a minnow, the pike becomes a nuisance. Now and then in deep still waters a sturgeon pokes up a foot or two of straight black snout, looking like a fence-post, and sinks slowly back. Whitefish give a pleasant change to the menu. They frequent quiet bays or bends, where bubbles mark the haunt of their sporting schools, and require careful handling. The Mackinaw, or lake trout, are coarse and heavy. Tempted only by glaring flies out of their lurking-places in swiftest water, they waste time and strain tackle till the angler is more vexed than pleased with his victim. For many sportsmen there is the like objection to fishing in Hamilton's Pool or Victoria Rapids, two points usually greatly favored. In the first, there rages a tumult of torrents, interrupted by occasional eruptions into the air of pebbles, fish, and foam. In the other, a vehement lashing swell lends to a two-pound trout the pretence of thrice his weight. And in neither haunt are large fish oftener taken than in the quieter up-stream pools.

Of such pools fairly a dozen are within ten minutes' pull from the home camp. At the head of rapids, large or small; on either smooth side, just before the break; in eddies refluent along their torrent; at the tail, where the displaced water rushes back upward past both banks; upon the reef usually formed beyond

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the foot, and along the shores below, where the river regains quiet among rocks in six or eight feet depth; in some or all of such places, and at some or all times, fish are to be found. Passing from one to another of these, two or three hours' leisurely fishing a day will yield, after rejecting all under two pounds, an ample supply for the three tenants of the camp.

What to do with the hours not given to fishing? Sometimes the weather solves, or dissolves, that question, in an all-day downpour. All night the lightning may glare doubly intense through the white canvas, while the wakeful inmate speculates, under the roaring gale, which way the ridgepole may fall. Nepigon answers to Superior, and Superior re-echoes in rolling thunder and black drifts of fog. Such enforced leisure may be given to making flies, or to reading the novels, of which the expert has been careful to bring a stock of the best, ranging from Shorthouse to Guy de Maupassant. No newspapers—for one constant pleasure of the wilderness is the sense that the mind is purged from the miasma of the morning journal.

In brighter days there may be, for those whose taste inclines that way, the resources of photography or sketching. Yet, while these white and whirling expanses baffle the camera, the general tone of color disappoints the painter. The rocks gleam with the cold dead gray of basalt, only sparsely mottled by lichens, with rare breaks where reddish-white granite shows a pale change. They are little relieved by the trees, partly sombre spruce, but principally dense curtains of spindling birch, chalky white in bark, and with whitish-green thin foliage, accented here and there by a pallid group of poplars. Willows are rare, even if they wore any solid coloring in their feathery fulness. Now and then a swift breeze, lifting the under-surface of these leafy hill-side masses, strikes a sudden note of ashen gray, like a discord, into the landscape. If he turns to the water it offers still less to invite the brush. It flashes a tint of steely blue, shot with foamy streaks and sparkles, and even where in quiet deeps it wins a hue of turquoise green, there always lacks the rich brown and raisin-red color-gamut of eastern rivers flowing out of spruce-forests. Momentary effects may be caught among these blues and grays—but they are bodiless and elusive—a fluid flame like the molten beryl that slips over the lip of Horse-shoe Fall, or the wavering gleam of swinging dulse under the waters along Florida coral-reefs—or the phosphorescent flicker before a storm that beacons the rocky headlands of seaward St. Lawrence under the beating surf.

Unless for the sake of amusing an idle hour in practising at a mark, it is not worth the sportsman's while to burden his boat with a rifle. There is little game or bird life on the river. From some high limb near camp may be heard the staccato minor song of the white-throated swallow, called by the Indians a lark—*alouette* being their general name for all singing things. Ducks seek the wild-rice swamps, spreading out for leagues at a considerable distance east and west from the lake. The guides delight in the chase after a few brace of partridges, knocked down with sticks, or twitched by a pole and noose out of their stupid roost in the trees. A covey once actually sauntered into the tent, and was caught by quietly dropping the flap. Those troublesome vermin, the minks, are too shy for a shot, and the guides always neglect trapping them until after some morning has found the corral-pool empty of the best reserved fish.

Man may not live by fish alone; but not until the potato, rice, and flour sacks nearly reach bottom are the canoes overhauled with the last touches, and pointed southward. Few care to keep up with the river's speed, drifting in two days through its rocky cañons and placid lakes. There are favorite casts to be repeated, pools neglected on the way up that invite trial, and more than once the tent is pitched and folded, prolonging the regretful farewell.

Americans on either side the border concern themselves little about coming generations. Yet interest, if not duty, should prompt them to take some care that this superb river shall not lose its pre-eminence as the finest trouting water of the world. It is no longer possible, as it was reported to be twenty-five years

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ago, to take in one day a barrel of trout averaging four pounds, nor can the angler now quickly fill his basket within sight of Red Rock Landing. But that the fish are there, neither few nor small, is certain, from this record of one rod for two hours each day, wielded not to make a score, but merely to supply the wants of three men.

	Average weight each day. lbs.	Average weight of whole catch. lbs.	oz.	Number taken of over three lbs.
1886.....	16	2	2	22
1887.....	11	2	0	14
1888.....	10	2	4	14

The earlier accounts describe the condition of the river when it was fished only by the Indians—who do not harm the fishing—and rarely visited by casual sportsmen. The later record denotes its productiveness since it has become famous and accessible by new railroads. One hundred and fifty-five visitors camped on the river last year, with the usual proportion of careful and accomplished anglers to ignorant or greedy fishermen. The activity of so many enemies, even if they are all Izaac Waltons, must effectively scatter the trout into remoter haunts, and teach them to be shy wherever found. That they should disappear from the broad basins and inaccessible chasms of this grand river is not conceivable; nor that they will fail to be recruited from the far-reaching tributaries of the magnificent lake which feeds it. But they must decrease in number and size unless some reasonable restriction is imposed on their pursuers.

It was once proposed to lease the river; and such a club of one hundred members, contributing fifty dollars yearly, as might readily be made up among the complete anglers from Canada and the States who frequent these waters, would protect the fish, yield a revenue to the Government, defray the cost of guardians, and profit the country by more than it now gains from outlay for guides and supplies. Or, if "common of piscary" must prevail, the authorities should at least extend the range of the sixth commandment to the finny tribe, and severely punish the use of all cruel and unfair devices in their capture. Unless it is cherished the glory of the Nepigon may fade, and the story of its marvellous attractions may become a tradition of the past.

LOST.

By Charles Henry Lüders.

Above the wind and the rain
I hear the tremulous roar
Of the city—a human main
That breaks on an iron shore.

Listen!—was that a shout
Inborne on the tempest's breath?
Or the cry of a soul dragged out
To drown in the depths of death?

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IN THE VALLEY.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER I.

"THE FRENCH ARE IN THE VALLEY!"

IT may easily be that, during the many years which have come and gone since the eventful time of my childhood, Memory has played tricks upon me to the prejudice of Truth. I am indeed admonished of this by study of my son, for whose children in turn this tale is indited, and who is now able to remember many incidents of his youth—chiefly beatings and like parental cruelties—which I know very well never happened at all. He is good enough to forgive me these mythical stripes and buffetings, but he nurses their memory with ostentatious and increasingly succinct recollection, whereas for my own part, and for his mother's, our enduring fear was lest we had spoiled him through weak fondness. By good fortune the reverse has been true. He is grown into a man of whom any parents might be proud—tall, well-featured, strong, tolerably learned, honorable, and of influence among his fellows. His affection for us, too, is very great. Yet in the fashion of this new generation, which speaks without waiting to be addressed, and does not scruple to instruct on all subjects its elders, he will have it that he feared me when a lad—and with cause! If fancy can so distort impressions within such short span, it does not become me to be too set about events which come back slowly through the mist and darkness of nearly threescore years.

Yet they return to me so full of color, and cut in such precision and keenness of outline, that at no point can I bring myself to say, "Perhaps I am in error concerning this," or to ask, "Has this perchance been confused with other matters?" Moreover, there are few now remaining who of their own memory could contravert or correct me. And if they essay to do so, why should not my word be at least as weighty as theirs? And so to the story:

I was in my eighth year, and there was snow on the ground.

The day is recorded in history as November 13, A.D. 1757, but I am afraid that I did not know much about years then, and certainly the month seems now to have been one of midwinter. The Mohawk, a larger stream then by far than in these days, was not yet frozen over, but its frothy flood ran very dark and chill between the white banks, and the muskrats and the beavers were all snug in their winter holes. Although no big fragments of ice floated on the current, there had already been a prodigious scattering of the bateaux and canoes which through all the open season made a thriving thoroughfare of the river. This meant that the trading was over, and that the trappers and hunters, white and red, were either getting ready to go, or had gone northward into the wilderness, where might be had during the winter the skins of dangerous animals—bears, wolves, catamounts, and lynx—and where moose and deer could

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"A moment later there was a great hammering on the oak door."

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be chased and yarded over the crust, not to refer to smaller furred beasts to be taken in traps.

I was not at all saddened by the departure of these rude, foul men, of whom those of Caucasian race were not always the least savage, for they did not fail to lay hands upon traps or nets left by the heedless within their reach, and even were not beyond making off with our boats, cursing and beating children who came unprotected in their path, and putting the women in terror of their very lives. The cold weather was welcome not only for clearing us of these pests, but for driving off the black flies, mosquitoes and gnats which at that time, with the great forests so close behind us, often rendered existence a burden, particularly just after rains.

Other changes were less grateful to the mind. It was true I would no longer be held near the house by the task of keeping alight the smoking kettles of dried fungus, designed to ward off the insects, but at the same time had disappeared many of the enticements which in summer oft made this duty irksome. The partridges were almost the sole birds remaining in the bleak woods, and, much as their curious ways of hiding in the snow, and the resounding thunder of their strange drumming, mystified and attracted me, I was not alert enough to catch them. All my devices of horse-hair and deer-hide snares were foolishness in their sharp eyes. The water-fowl, too—the geese, ducks, cranes, pokes, fish-hawks, and others—had flown, sometimes darkening the sky over our clearing by the density of their flocks, and filling the air with clamor. The owls, indeed, remained, but I hated them.

The very night before the day of which I speak I was awakened by one of these stupid, perverse birds, which must have been in the cedars on the knoll close behind the house, and which disturbed my very soul by his ceaseless and melancholy hooting. For some reason it affected me more than commonly, and I lay for a long time nearly on the point of tears with vexation—and, it is likely, some of that terror with which uncanny noises inspire children in the darkness. I was warm enough under my fox-robe, snuggled into the husks, but I was very wretched. I could hear, between the intervals of the owl's sinister cries, the distant yelping of the timber wolves, first from the Schoharie side of the river, and then from our own woods. Once there rose, awfully near the log wall against which I nestled, a panther's shrill scream, followed by a long silence, as if the lesser wild things outside shared for the time my fright. I remember that I held my breath.

It was during this hush, and while I lay striving, poor little fellow, to dispel my alarm by fixing my thoughts resolutely on a rabbit-trap I had set under some running hemlock out on the side hill, that there rose the noise of a horse being ridden swiftly down the frosty highway outside. The hoof-beats came pounding up close to our gate. A moment later there was a great hammering on the oak door, as with a cudgel or pistol handle, and I heard a voice call out in German—its echoes ring still in my old ears :

"The French are in the Valley!"

I drew my head down under the fox-skin as if it had been smitten sharply, and quaked in solitude. I desired to hear no more.

Although so very young a boy, I knew quite well who the French were, and what their visitations portended. Even at that age one has recollections. I could recall my father, peaceful man of God though he was, taking down his gun some years before at the rumor of a French approach, and my mother clinging to his coat as he stood in the door-way, successfully pleading with him not to go forth. I had more than once seen Mrs. Markell, of Minden, with her black-knit cap worn to conceal the absence of her scalp, which had been taken only the previous summer by the Indians, who sold it to the French for ten livres, along with the scalps of her murdered husband and babe. So it seemed that adults sometimes parted with this portion of their heads without losing also their lives. I wondered if small boys were ever equally fortunate. I felt softly of my hair and wept.

How the crowding thoughts of that dismal hour return to me! I recall considering in my mind the idea of be-

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queathing my tame squirrel to Hendrick Getman, and the works of an old clock, with their delightful mystery of wooden cogs and turned wheels, which was my chief treasure, to my negro friend Tulp —and then reflecting that they too would share my fate, and would thus be precluded from enjoying my legacies. The whimsical aspect of the task of getting hold upon Tulp's close, woolly scalp was momentarily apparent to me, but I did not laugh. Instead, the very suggestion of humor converted my tears into vehement sobbings.

When at last I ventured to lift my head and listen again, it was to hear another voice, an English-speaking voice which I knew very well, saying gravely from within the door:

"It is well to warn, but not to terrify! There are many leagues between us and danger, and many good fighting men. When you have told your tidings to Sir William, add that I have heard it all, and have gone back to bed."

Then the door was closed and barred, and the hoof-beats died away down the Valley.

These few words had sufficed to shame me heartily of my cowardice. I ought to have remembered that we were almost within hail of Fort Johnson and its great owner the General; that there was a long line of forts between us and the usual point of invasion, with many soldiers; and—most important of all—that I was in the house of Mr. Stewart.

If these seem over-mature reflections for one of my age, it should be explained that while a veritable child in matters of heart and impulse, I was in education and association much advanced beyond my years. The master of the house, Mr. Thomas Stewart, whose kind favor had provided me with a home after my father's sad demise, had diverted his leisure with my instruction, and given me the great advantage of daily conversation both in English and Dutch with him. I was known to Sir William and to Mr. Butler and other gentlemen, and was often privileged to listen when they conversed with Mr. Stewart. Thus I had grown wise in certain respects, while remaining extremely childish in others. Thus it was that I trembled first at the common hooting of an owl, and then cried as if to die at hearing the French were coming, and lastly recovered all my spirits at the reassuring sound of Mr. Stewart's voice, and the knowledge that he was content to return to his sleep.

I went soundly to sleep myself, presently, and cannot remember to have dreamed at all.

CHAPTER II.

SETTING FORTH HOW THE GIRL CHILD WAS BROUGHT TO US.

When I came out of my nest next morning—my bed was on the floor of a small recess back of the great fireplace, made I suspect because the original builders lacked either the skill or the inclination, whichever it might be, to more neatly skirt the chimney with the logs—it was quite late. Some meat and corn-bread were laid for me on the table in Mr. Stewart's room, which was the chief chamber of the house. Despite the big fire roaring on the hearth, it was so cold that the grease had hardened white about the meat in the pan, and it had to be warmed again before I could sop my bread.

During the solitary meal it occurred to me to question my aunt, the housekeeper, as to the alarm of the night, which lay heavily once more upon my mind. But I could hear her humming to herself in the back-room, which did not indicate acquaintance with any danger. Moreover, it might as well be stated here that my aunt, good soul though she was, did not command especial admiration for the clearness of her wits, having been cruelly stricken with the small-pox many years before, and owing her employment, be it confessed, much more to Mr. Stewart's excellence of heart than to her own abilities. She was probably the last person in the Valley whose judgment upon the question of a French invasion, or indeed any other large matter, I would have valued.

Having donned my coon-skin cap, and drawn on my thick pelisse over my apron, I put another beech-knot on the fire and went outside. The stinging air bit my nostrils and drove my hands into

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"Five red-coated soldiers on horseback, with another cloaked to the eyes. . . . Clustering about these a motley score of poor people, young and old."

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my pockets. Mr. Stewart was at the work which had occupied him for some weeks previously—hewing out logs on the side hill. His axe-strokes rang through the frosty atmosphere now with a sharp reverberation which made it seem much colder, and yet more cheerful. Winter had come, indeed, but I began to feel that I liked it. I almost skipped as I went along the hard, narrow path to join him.

He was up among the cedars, under a close-woven net of boughs which, themselves heavily capped with snow, had kept the ground free. He nodded pleasantly to me when I wished him good-morning, then returned to his labor. Although I placed myself in front of him, in the hope that he would speak, and thus possibly put me in the way to learn something about this French business, he said nothing, but continued whacking at the deeply notched trunk. The temptation to begin the talk myself came near mastering me, so oppressed with curiosity was I, and finally, to resist it the better, I walked away, and stood on the brow of the knoll, whence one could look up and down the Valley.

It was the only world I knew—this expanse of flatts, broken by wedges of forest stretching down from the hills on the horizon to the very water's edge. Straight, glistening lines of thin ice ran out here and there from the banks of the stream this morning, formed on the breast of the flood through the cold night.

To the left, in the direction of the sun, lay, at the distance of a mile or so, Mount Johnson, or Fort Johnson, as one chose to call it. It could not be seen for the intervening hills, but so important was the fact of its presence to me that I never looked eastward without seeming to behold its gray stone walls with their windows and loopholes, its stockade of logs, its two little houses on either side, its barracks for the guard up on the ridge back of the grist-mill, and its accustomed groups of grinning black slaves, all eyeballs and white teeth, of saturnine Indians in blankets, and of bold-faced fur-traders. Beyond this place I had never been, but I knew vaguely that Schenectady was in that direction, where the French once wrought such misery, and beyond that Albany, the great town of our parts, and then the big ocean which separated us from England and Holland. Civilization lay that way, and all the luxurious things which, being shown or talked of by travellers, made our own rough life seem ruder still by contrast.

Turning to the right I looked on the skirts of savagery. Some few adventurous villages of poor Palatine-German farmers and traders there were up along the stream, I knew, hidden in the embrace of the wilderness, and with them were forts and soldiers. But these latter did not prevent houses being sacked and their inmates tomahawked every now and then.

It astonished me that for the sake of mere furs and ginseng and potash, men should be moved to settle in these perilous wilds, and subject their wives and families to such dangers, when they might live in peace at Albany, or, for that matter, in the old countries whence they came. For my part, I thought I would much rather be oppressed by the Grand Duke's tax-collectors, or even be caned now and again by the Grand Duke himself, than undergo these privations and panics in a savage land. I was too little then to understand the grandeur of the motives which impelled men to expatriate themselves and suffer all things rather than submit to religious persecution or civil tyranny. Sometimes even now, in my old age, I feel that I do not wholly comprehend it. But that it was a grand thing, I trust there can be no doubt.

When I still stood on the brow of the hill, my young head filled with these musings, and my heart weighed down almost to crushing by the sense of vast loneliness and peril which the spectacle of naked marsh-lands and dark threatening forests inspired, the sound of the chopping ceased, and there followed, a few seconds later, a great swish and crash down the hill.

As I looked to note where the tree had fallen, I saw Mr. Stewart lay down his axe, and take into his hands the gun which stood near by. He motioned to me to preserve silence, and himself stood in an attitude of deep attention. Then my slow ears caught the noise he had already heard—a mixed babel of groans,

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curses, and cries of fear, on the road to the westward of us, and growing louder momentarily.

After a minute or two of listening he said to me, "It is nothing. The cries are German, but the oaths are all English—as they generally are."

All the same he put his gun over his arm as he walked down to the stockade, and out through the gate upon the road, to discover the cause of the commotion.

Five red-coated soldiers on horseback, with another cloaked to the eyes and bearing himself proudly, riding at their heels; a negro beside him, also mounted, with a huge bundle in his arms before him, and a shivering yellow-haired lad of about my own age on a pillion behind him; clustering about these a motley score of poor people, young and old, some bearing household goods, and all frightened out of their five senses—this is what we saw on the highway.

What we heard it would be beyond my power to recount. From the chaos of terrified exclamations in German, and angry cursing in English, I gathered generally that the scared mob of Palatines were all for flying the Valley, or at the least crowding into Fort Johnson, and that the troopers were somewhat vigorously endeavoring to reassure and dissuade them.

Mr. Stewart stepped forward—I following close in his rear—and began phrasing in German to these poor souls the words of the soldiers, leaving out the blasphemies with which they were laden. How much he had known before I cannot guess, but the confidence with which he told them that the French and Indian marauders had come no further than the Palatine Village above Fort Kouarie, that they were but a small force, and that Honikol Herkimer had already started out to drive them back, seemed to his simple auditors born of knowledge. They at all events listened to him, which they had not done to the soldiers, and plied him with anxious queries, which he in turn referred to the mounted men and then translated their sulky answers. This was done to such good purpose that before long the wiser of the Palatines were agreed to return to their homes up the Valley, and the others had become calm.

As the clamor ceased, the soldier whom I took to be an officer removed his cloak a little from his face and called out gruffly:

"Tell this fellow to fetch me some brandy, or whatever cordial is to be had in this God-forgotten country, and stir his bones about it, too!"

To speak to Mr. Thomas Stewart in this fashion! I looked at my protector in pained wrath and apprehension, knowing his fiery temper.

With a swift movement he pushed his way between the sleepy soldiers straight to the officer. I trembled in every joint, expecting to see him cut down where he stood, here in front of his own house!

He plucked the officer's cloak down from his face with a laugh, and then put his hands on his hips, his gun under his arm, looked the other square in the face, and laughed again.

All this was done so quickly that the soldiers, being drowsy with their all-night ride, scarcely understood what was going forward. The officer himself strove to unwrap the muffled cloak that he might grasp his sword, puffing out his cheeks with amazement and indignation meanwhile, and staring down fiercely at Mr. Stewart. The fair-haired boy on the horse with the negro was almost as greatly excited, and cried out, "Kill him, some one! Strike him down!" in a stout voice. At this some of the soldiers wheeled about, prepared to take part in the trouble when they should comprehend it, while their horses plunged and reared into the others.

The only cool one was Mr. Stewart, who still stood at his ease, smiling at the red-faced, blustering officer, to whom he now said:

"When you are free of your cloak, Tony Cross, dismount and let us embrace."

The gentleman thus addressed peered at the speaker, gave an exclamation or two of impatience, then looked again still more closely. All at once his face brightened, and he slapped his round, tight thigh with a noise like the rending of an ice-gorge.

"Tom Lynch!" he shouted. "Saints' breeches! 'tis he!" and off his horse came the officer, and into Mr. Stewart's arms before I could catch my breath.

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It seemed that the twain were old comrades, and had been like brothers in foreign wars, now long past. They walked affectionately, hand in hand, to the house. The negro followed, bringing the two horses into the stockade, and then coming inside with the bundle and the boy, the soldiers being despatched onward to the fort.

While my aunt, Dame Kronk, busied herself in bringing bottles and glasses, and swinging the kettle over the fire, the two gentlemen could not keep eyes off each other, and had more to say than there were words for. It was eleven years since they had met, and, although Mr. Stewart had learned (from Sir William) of the other's presence in the Valley, Major Cross had long since supposed his friend to be dead. Conceive, then, the warmth of their greeting, the fondness of their glances, the fervor of the reminiscences into which they straightway launched, sitting wide-kneed by the roaring hearth, steaming glass in hand!

The Major sat massively upright on the bench, letting his thick cloak fall backward from his broad shoulders to the floor, for, though the heat of the flames might wellnigh singe one's eyebrows, it would be cold behind. I looked upon his great girth of chest, upon his strong hands, which yet showed delicately fair when they were ungloved, and upon his round, full-colored, amiable face with much satisfaction. I seemed to swell with pride when he unbuckled his sword, belt and all, and handed it to me, I being nearest, to put aside for him. It was a ponderous, severe-looking weapon, and I bore it to the bed with awe, asking myself how many people it was likely to have killed in its day. I had before this handled other swords—including Sir William's—but never such a one as this. Nor had I ever before seen a soldier who seemed to my boyish eyes so like what a warrior should be.

It was not our habit to expend much liking upon English officers or troopers, who were indeed quite content to go on without our friendship, and treated us Dutch and Palatines in turn with contumacy and roughness, as being no better than their inferiors. But no one could help liking Major Anthony Cross —at least when they saw him under his old friend's roof-tree, expanding with genial pleasure.

For the yellow-haired boy, who was the Major's son, I cared much less. I believe truly that I disliked him from the very first moment out on the frosty road, and that when I saw him shivering there with the cold, I was not a whit sorry. This may be imagination, but it is certain that he did not get into my favor after we came inside.

Under this Master Philip's commands the negro squatted on his haunches and unrolled the blankets from the bundle I had seen him carrying. Out of this bundle, to my considerable amazement, was revealed a little child, perhaps between three and four years of age!

This tiny girl blinked in the light thus suddenly surrounding her, and looked about the room piteously, with her little lips trembling and her eyes filled with tears. She was very small for her years, and had long, tumbled hair. Her dress was a homespun frock in a single piece, and her feet were wrapped for warmth in wool stockings of a grown woman's measure. She looked about the room, I say, until she saw me. No doubt my Dutch face was of the sort she was accustomed to, for she stretched out her hands to me. Thereupon I went and took her in my arms, the negro smiling upon us both.

I had thought to bear her to the fireplace, where Master Philip was already toasting himself, standing between Mr. Stewart's knees, and boldly spreading his hands over the heat. But when he espied me bringing forward the child he darted to us and sharply bade me leave the girl alone.

"Is she not to be warmed, then?" I asked, puzzled alike at his rude behavior and at his words.

"I will do it myself," he answered shortly, and made to take the child.

He alarmed her with his imperious gesture, and she turned from him, clinging to my neck. I was vexed now, and, much as I feared discourtesy to one of Mr. Stewart's guests, felt like holding my own. Keeping the little girl tight in my arms I pushed past him toward the fire. To my great wrath he began pulling at her shawl as I went, shouting that he would have her, while to make

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matters worse the babe herself set up a loud wail. Thus you may imagine I was in a fine state of confusion and temper when I stood finally at the side of the hearth, and felt Mr. Stewart's eyes upon me. But I had the girl.

"What is this tumult?" he demanded, in a vexed tone. "What are you doing, Douw, and what child is this?"

"It is my child, sir!" young Philip spoke up, panting from his exertions, and red with color.

The two men broke out in loud laughter at this, so long sustained that Philip himself joined it, and grinned reluctantly. I was too angry to even feel relieved that the altercation was to have no serious consequences for me—much less to laugh myself. I opened the shawl that the little one might feel the heat, and said nothing.

"Well, the lad is right in a way," finally chuckled the Major. "It's as much his child as it is anybody's this side of heaven."

The phrase checked his mirth, and he went on more seriously:

"She is the child of a young couple who had come to the Palatine Village only a few weeks before. The man was a cooper or wheelwright, one or the other, and his name was Peet or Peek, or some such Dutch name. When Bellêtre fell upon the town at night, the man was killed in the first attack. The woman with her child ran with the others to the ford. There in the darkness and panic she was crushed under and drowned; but strange enough—who can tell how these matters are ordered?—the infant was in some way got across the river safe, and fetched to the Fort. But there, so great is the throng, both of those who escaped and those who now, alarmed for their lives, flock in from the farms round about, that no one had time to care for a mere infant. Her parents were new-comers, and had no friends. Besides, everyone up there is distracted with mourning, or frantic with preparation for the morrow. The child stood about among the cattle, trying to get warm in the straw, when we came out last night to start. She looked so beseechingly at us, and so like my own little Cordelia, by God! I couldn't bear it! I cursed a trifle about their brutality, and one of 'em offered at that to take her in, but my boy here said, "Let's bring her with us, father," and up she came on to Bob's saddle, and off we started. At Herkimer's I found blankets for her, and one of the girls gave us some hose, big enough for Bob, which we bundled her in."

"There! said I not truly she was mine?" broke in the boy, shaking his yellow hair proudly, and looking Mr. Stewart confidently in the eye.

"Rightly enough," replied Mr. Stewart, kindly. "And so you are my old friend Anthony Cross's son, eh? A good, hearty lad, seeing the world young. Can you realize easily, Master Philip, looking at us two old people, that we were once as small as you and played together then on the Galway hills, never knowing there could be such a place as America? And that later we slept together in the same tent, and thanked our stars for not being bundled together into the same trench, years upon years?"

"Yes, and I know who you are, what's more!" said the pert boy, unabashed.

"Why, that's wisdom itself!" said Mr. Stewart, pleasantly.

"You are Tom Lynch, and your grandfather was a king——"

"No more!" interposed Mr. Stewart, frowning and lifting his finger. "That folly is dead and in its grave. Not even so fair a youth as you must give it resurrection."

"Here, Bob!" said the Major, with sudden alacrity. "Go outside with these children, and help them to some games!"

CHAPTER III.

MASTER PHILIP MAKES HIS BOW—AND BEHAVES BADLY.

My protector and chief friend was at this time, as near as may be, fifty years of age; yet he bore these years so sturdily that, if one should see him side by side with his gossip and neighbor, Sir William Johnson, there would be great doubt which was the elder—and the Baronet was not above forty-two. Mr. Stewart was not tall, and seemed of

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somewhat slight frame, yet he had not only grace of movement but prodigious strength of wrist and shoulders. For walking he was not much, but he rode like a knight. He was of strictest neatness and method concerning his clothes, not so much, let me explain, as to their original texture, for they were always plain, ordinary garments, but regarding their cleanliness and order. He had a swift and ready temper, and could not brook to be disputed by his equals, much less by his inferiors, yet had a most perfect and winning politeness when agreed with.

All these, I had come to know, were traits of a soldier, yet he had many other qualities which puzzled me, not being observable in other troopers. He swore very rarely; he was abstemious with wines and spirits; and he loved books better than food itself. Of not even Sir William, great warrior and excellent scholar though he was, could all these things be said. Mr. Stewart had often related to me, during the long winter days and evenings spent of necessity by the fire, stories drawn from his campaigns in the Netherlands and France and Scotland, speaking freely and most instructively. But he had never helped me to unravel the mystery why he, so unlike other soldiers in habits and tastes, should have chosen the profession of arms.

A ray of light was thrown upon the question this very day by the forward prattle of the boy Philip. In after years the full illumination came, and I understood it all. It is as well, perhaps, to outline the story here, although at the time I was in ignorance of it.

In Ireland, nearly eighty years before, that is to say in 1679, there had been born a boy to whom was given the name of James Lynch. His mother was the smooth-faced, light-hearted daughter of a broken Irish gentleman, who loved her boy after a gusty fashion, and bore a fierce life of scorn and sneers on his behalf. His father was—who? There were no proofs in court, of course, but it seems never to have been doubted by anyone that the father was no other than the same worthless Prince to wear whose titles the two chief towns of my State were despoiled of their honest Dutch names—I mean the Duke of York and Albany.

Little James Lynch, unlike so many of his luckier brothers and cousins, got neither a peerage nor a gentle breeding. Instead he was reared meagrely, if not harshly, under the maternal roof and name, until he grew old enough to realize that he was on an island where bad birth is not forgiven, even if the taint be royal. Then he ran away, reached the coast of France, and made his way to the French court, where his father was now, and, properly enough, an exile. He was a fine youth, with a prompt tongue and clever head, and some attention was finally shown him. They gave him a sword and a company, and he went with the French through all the wars of Marlborough, gaining distinction, and, what is more, a fat purse.

With his money he returned to Ireland, wedded a maid of whom he had dreamed during all his exile, and settled down there to beggar himself in a life of bibulous ease, gaming, fox-hunting, and wastefulness generally. After some years the wife died, and James Lynch drifted naturally into the conspiracy which led to the first rising for the Pretender, involving himself as deeply as possible, and, at its collapse, flying once more to France, never to return.

He bore with him this time a son of eight years—my Mr. Stewart. This boy, called Thomas, was reared on the skirts of the vicious French court, now in a Jesuit school, now a poor relation in a palace, always reflecting in the vicissitudes of his condition the phases of his sire's vagrant existence. Sometimes this father would be moneyed and prodigal, anon destitute and mean, but always selfish at the core, and merrily regardless alike of canons and of consequences. He died, did this adventurous gentleman, in the very year which took off the first George, in Hanover, and left his son a very little money, a mountain of debts, and an injunction of loyalty to the Stewarts.

Young Thomas, then nearly twenty, thought much for a time of becoming a priest, and was always a favorite with the British Jesuits about Versailles, but this in the end came to nothing. He

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abandoned the religious vocation, though not the scholar's tastes, and became a soldier, for the sake of a beautiful face which he saw once, when on a secret visit to England. He fell greatly in love, and ventured to believe that the emotion was reciprocated. As Isaac served Laban for his daughter, so did Tom Lynch serve the Pretender's cause for the hope of some day returning, honored and powerful, to ask the hand of that sweet daughter of the Jacobite gentleman.

One day there came to him at Paris, to offer his sword to the Stewarts, a young Irish gentleman who had been Tom's playmate in childhood—Anthony Cross. This gallant, fresh-faced, handsome youth was all ablaze with ardor; he burned to achieve impossible deeds, to attain glory at a stroke. He confessed to Tom over their dinner, or the wine afterward perhaps, that his needs were great because Love drove. He was partly betrothed to the daughter of an English Jacobite—yet she would marry none but one who had gained his spurs under his rightful king. They drank to the health of this exacting, loyal maiden, and Cross gave her name. Then Tom Lynch rose from the table, sick at heart, and went away in silence.

Cross never knew of the hopes and joys he had unwittingly crushed. The two young men became friends, intimates, brothers, serving in half the lands of Europe side by side. The maiden, an orphan now, and of substance and degree, came over at last to France, and Lynch stood by, calm-faced, and saw her married to his friend. She only pleasantly remembered him; he never forgot her till his death.

Finally, in 1745, when both men were nearing middle age, the time for striking the great blow was thought to have arrived. The memory of Lynch's lineage was much stronger with the romantic young Pretender of his generation than had been the rightfully closer tie between their more selfish fathers, and princely favor gave him a prominent position among those who arranged that brilliant melodrama of Glenfinnan and Edinburgh and Preston Pans, which was to be so swiftly succeeded by the tragedy of Culloden. The two friends were together through it all—in its triumph, its disaster, its rout—but they became separated afterward in the Highlands, when they were hiding for their lives. Cross, it seems, was able to lie secure until his wife's relatives, through some Whig influence, I know not what, obtained for him amnesty first, then leave to live in England, and finally a commission under the very sovereign he had fought. His comrade, less fortunate, at least contrived to make way to Ireland and then to France. There, angered and chagrined at unjust and peevish rebukes offered him, he renounced the bad cause, took the name of Stewart, and set sail to the New World.

This was my patron's story, as I gathered it in later years, and which perhaps I have erred in bringing forward here among my childish recollections. But it seems to belong in truth much more to this day on which, for the first and last time, I beheld Major Cross, than to the succeeding period when his son became an actor in the drama of my life.

The sun was now well up in the sky and the snow was melting. While I still moodily eyed my young enemy, and wondered how I should go about to acquit myself of the task laid upon me—to play with him—he solved the question by kicking into the moist snow with his boots and calling out cheerfully:

"Aha! we can build a fort with this, and have a fine attack. Bob, make me a fort!"

Seeing that he bore no malice, my temper softened toward him a little, and I set to helping the negro in his work. There was a great pile of logs in the clearing, close to the house, and on the sunny side near this the little girl was placed, in a warm, dry spot, and here we two, with sticks and balls of snow, soon reared a mock block-house. The English boy did no work, but stood by and directed us with enthusiasm. When the structure was to his mind he said:

"Now we will make up some snowballs, and have an attack. I will be the Englishman and defend the fort; you must be the Frenchman, and come to drive me out. You can have Bob with you for a savage if you like, only he must throw no balls, but stop back in

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the woods and whoop. But first we must have some hard balls made, so that I may hit you good when you come up. Bob, help this boy make some balls for me!"

Thus outlined, the game did not attract me. I did not so much mind doing his work for him, since he was company, so to speak, but it did go against my grain to have to manufacture the missiles for my own hurt.

"Why should I be the Frenchman?" I said, grumblingly. "I am no more a Frenchman than you are yourself."

"You're a Dutchman then, and it's all the same," he replied. "All foreigners are the same."

"It is you who are the foreigner," I retorted with heat. "How can I be a foreigner in my own country, here where I was born?"

He did not take umbrage at this, but replied with argument: "Why, of course, you're a foreigner. You wear an apron, and you are not able to even speak English properly."

This reflection upon my speech pained even more than it nettled me. Mr. Stewart had been at great pains to teach me English, and I had begun to hope that he felt rewarded by my proficiency. Years afterward he was wont to laughingly tell me that I never would live long enough to use English correctly, and that as a boy I spoke it abominably, which I daresay was true enough. But just then my childish pride was grievously piqued by Philip's criticism.

"Very well, I'll be on the outside then," I said. "I won't be a Frenchman, but I'll come all the same, and do you look out for yourself when I *do* come"—or words to that purport.

We had a good, long contest over the snow wall. I seem to remember it all better than I remember any other struggle of my life, although there were some to come in which existence itself was at stake, but boys' mimic fights are not subjects upon which a writer may profitably dwell. It is enough to say that he defended himself very stoutly, hurling the balls which Bob had made for him with great swiftness and accuracy, so that my head was sore for a week. But my blood was up, and at last over the wall I forced my way, pushing a good deal of it down as I went, and, grappling him by the waist, wrestled with and finally threw him. We were both down, with our faces in the snow, and I held him tight. I expected that he would be angry, and hot to turn the play into a real fight, but he said instead, mumbling with his mouth full of snow:

"Now you must pretend to scalp me, you know."

My aunt called us at this, and we all trooped into the house again. The little girl had crowed and clapped her hands during our struggle, all unconscious of the dreadful event of which it was a juvenile travesty. We two boys admired her as she was borne in on the negro's shoulder, and Philip said:

"I am going to take her to England, for a playmate. Papa has said I may. My brother Digby has no sport in him, and he is much bigger than me, besides. So I shall have her all for my own. Only I wish she weren't Dutch."

When we entered the house the two gentlemen were seated at the table, eating their dinner, and my aunt had spread for us, in the chimney corner, a like repast. She took the little girl off to her own room, the kitchen, and we fell like famished wolves upon the smoking venison and onions.

The talk of our elders was mainly about a personage of whom I could not know anything then, but whom I now see to have been the Young Pretender. They spoke of him as "he," and as leading a painfully worthless and disreputable life. This Mr. Stewart, who was twelve years the Chevalier's senior, and, as I learned later, had been greatly attached to his person, deplored with affectionate regret. But Major Cross, who related incidents of debauchery and selfishness which, being in Europe, had come to his knowledge about the Prince, did not seem particularly cast down.

"It's but what might have been looked for," he said lightly, in answer to some sad words of my patron's. "Five generations of honest men have trusted to their sorrow in the breed, and given their heads or their estates or their peace for not so much as a single promise kept, or a single smile without speculation in it. Let them rot out, I say, and be damned to them!"

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"But he was such a goodly lad, Tony; think of him as we knew him—and now!"

"No, I'll *not* think, Tom!" broke in the officer, "for when I do then I too get soft-hearted. And I'll waste no more feeling or faith on any of 'em—on any of 'em, save the only true man of the lot, who's had the wit to put the ocean 'twixt him and them. And you're content here, Tom?"

"Oh, ay! Why not?" said Mr. Stewart. "It is a rude life in some ways, no doubt, but it's free, and it's honest. I have my own roof, such as it is, and no one to gainsay me under it. I hunt, I fish, I work, I study, I think—precisely what pleases me best."

"Ay, but the loneliness of it!"

"Why, no! I see much of Johnson, and there are others round about to talk with, when I'm driven to it. And then there's my young Dutchman—Douw, yonder—who bears me company, and fits me so well that he's like a second self."

The Major looked over toward my corner with a benevolent glance, but without comment. Presently he said, while he took more meat upon his plate:

"You've no thought of marrying, I suppose?"

"None!" said my patron, gravely and with emphasis.

The Major nodded his handsome head meditatively. "Well, there's a deal to be said on that side," he remarked. "Still, children about the hearth help one to grow old pleasantly. And you always had a weakness for brats."

Mr. Stewart said again: "I have my young Dutchman."

Once more the soldier looked at me, and, I'll be bound, saw me blushing furiously. He smiled and said:

"He seems an honest chap. He has something of your mouth, methinks."

My patron pushed his dish back with a gesture of vexation.

"No!" he said sharply. "There's none of that. His father was a Dominie over the river; his mother, a good, hard-working lady, left a widow, struggles to put bread in a dozen mouths by teaching a little home-school for infants. I have the boy here because I like him—because I want him. We shall live together—he and I. As he gets older this hut will doubtless grow into a house fit for gentlemen. Indeed, already I have the logs cut out in part for an addition, on the other side of the chimney."

The Major rose at this, smiling again, and frankly put out his hand.

"I meant no harm, you know, Tom, by my barracks jest. Faith! I envy the lad the privilege of living here with you. The happiest days of my life, dear friend, were those we spent together while I was waiting for my bride."

Mr. Stewart returned his smile rather sadly, and took his hand.

The time for parting had come. The two men stood hand in hand, with moistened eyes and slow-coming words, meeting, for perhaps the last time in this life, for the Major was to stop but an hour at Fort Johnson, and thence hasten on to New York and to England, bearing with him weighty despatches.

While they still stood, and the negro was tying Master Philip's hat over his ears, my aunt entered the room, bearing in her arms the poor little waif from the massacre. The child had been washed and warmed, and wore over her dress and feet a sort of mantle, which the good woman had hastily and somewhat rudely fashioned meantime.

"Oh, we came near forgetting her!" cried Philip. "Wrap her snug and warm, Bob, for the journey."

The Major looked blank at sight of the child, who nestled in my aunt's arms. "What am I to do with her?" he said to my patron.

"Why, papa, you know she is going to England with us," said the boy.

"Tut! lad!" spoke the Major, peremptorily. Then, to Mr. Stewart: "Could Sir William place her, think you, or does that half-breed swarm of his fill the house? It seemed right enough to bring her out from the Palatine country, but now that she's out, damme! I almost wish she was back again. What a fool not to leave her at Herkimer's!"

I do not know if I had any clear idea of what was springing up in Mr. Stewart's mind, but it seems to me that I must have looked at him pleadingly and with great hope in my eyes, during the moment of silence which followed. Mr.

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Stewart in turn regarded the child attentively.

"Would it please you to keep her here, Dame Kronk?" he asked at last.

As my aunt made glad assent, I could scarcely refrain from dancing. I walked over to the little girl, and took her hand in mine, filled with deep joy.

"You render me very grateful, Tom," said Major Cross, heartily. "It's a load off my mind. Come, Philip, make your farewells! We must be off!"

"And isn't the child to be mine—to go with us?" the boy asked, vehemently.

"Why be childish, Philip?" demanded the Major. "Of course it's out of the question."

The English lad, muffled up now for the ride, with his large, flat hat pressed down comically at the sides by the great knitted comforter which Bob had tied under his chin, scowled in a savage fashion, bit his lips, and started for the door, too angry to say good-by. When he passed me, red-faced and wrathful, I could not keep from smiling; but truly rather at his swaddled appearance than at his discomfiture. He had sneered at my apron, besides.

With a cry of rage he whirled around and struck me full in the face, knocking me head over heels into the ashes on the hearth. Then he burst into a fit of violent weeping, or rather convulsions more befitting a wild cat than a human being, stamping furiously with his feet, and screaming that he *would* have the child.

I picked myself out of the ashes, where my hair had been singed a trifle by the embers, in time to see the Major soundly cuff his offspring, and then lead him by the arm, still screaming, out of the door. There Bob enveloped him in his arms, struggling and kicking, and put him on the horse.

Major Cross, returning for a final farewell word, gave me a shilling as a salve for my hurts, physical and mental, and said:

"I am sorry to have so ill-tempered a son. He cannot brook denial, when once he fixes his heart on a thing. However, he'll get that beaten out of him before he's done with the world. And so, Tom, dear, dear old comrade, a last good-by. God bless you Tom! Farewell!"

"God bless you—and yours, *mon frère!*"

We stood, Mr. Stewart and I, at the outer gate, and watched them down the river road, until the jutting headland intervened. As we walked slowly back toward the house, my guardian said, as if talking partly to himself:

"There is nothing clearer in natural law than that sons inherit from their mothers. I know of only two cases in all history where an able man had a father superior in brain and energy to the mother—Martin Luther and the present King of Prussia. Perhaps it was all for the best."

To this I of course offered no answer, but trudged along through the melting snow by his side.

Presently, as we reached the house, he stopped and looked the log structure critically over.

"You heard what I said, Douw, upon your belonging henceforth to this house—to me?"

"Yes, Mr. Stewart."

"And now, lo and behold, I have a daughter as well! To-morrow we must plan out still another room for our abode."

Thus ended the day on which my story properly and prophetically begins—the day when I first met Master Philip Cross.

(To be continued.)

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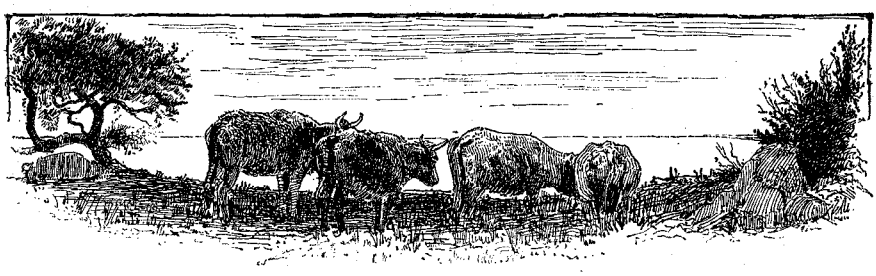

YOUTH AND TIME.

By Duncan Campbell Scott.

Move not so lightly, Time, away,
  Grant us a breathing-space of tender ruth;
Deal not so harshly with the flying day,
  Leave us the charm of spring, the touch of youth.

Leave us the lilacs wet with dew,
  Leave us the balsams odorous with rain,
Leave us of frail hepaticas a few,
  Let the red osier sprout for us again.

Leave us the hazel thickets set
  Along the hills, leave us a month that yields
The fragile bloodroot and the violet,
  Leave us the sorrage shimmering on the fields.

You offer us largess of power,
  You offer fame, we ask not these in sooth,
These comfort age upon his failing hour,
  But oh, the touch of spring, the charm of youth!

THE PLACE OF THE FITTING-SCHOOL IN AMERICAN EDUCATION.

By George Trumbull Ladd.

THERE can be no doubt that the present generation is experiencing a marked disturbance of opinion and practice in the matter of education. Other periods of sharp and sudden revolutionary action have occurred in this, as in all human affairs. But the reasons for the marked character of the present disturbance are not difficult of statement. We must indeed recognize a current wide-spreading dissatisfaction with everything belonging to the existing order, which, since its sources are somewhat hidden, we may attribute to the *Zeitgeist*—the inexplicable or unexplained mental drift of the age. But the enormous recent growths of all the sciences, the strong practical tendencies which urge the cry for what bears visible fruit in education, and the extremely varied interests represented in modern culture, are the more obvious causes of the prevalent disturbance.

Thus far it has been the schools of the

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higher and the highest learning which have chiefly felt the pressure of the oncoming of the so-called "new education." Under this pressure these schools have largely changed the nature, increased the amount, and developed in variety the studies of their *curricula*. But the signs are only too plainly manifest that similar demands will be made upon the schools which lie lower down in the stratum of the secondary education.

Indeed, as it seems to me, upon no other stage of education is the burden of making all things "new" destined to fall more heavily than upon the fitting-schools of the country. By "fitting-schools" I mean such as *fit* pupils for the colleges and first-class scientific schools; and any educational institution or more private enterprise, in so far as it undertakes such preparatory work, is entitled to be called by this name. The intermediate position which every such school is, by its very nature, compelled to occupy cannot fail to confront it in the near future with a number of most serious problems. Back of the fitting-school, or rather at its base, lies the primary education, with all its many flaws, accumulated follies, and marked deficiencies. In this earlier stage we can expect little yielding to the pressure of the new ideas of compass, variety, and choice in education. The limits of change possible in such matters for the primary schools of the country will remain comparatively small. No variety of elective courses, and very little attempt at increased breadth, can enter here. Whatever improvement is made at this stage must simply be in the way of securing more thorough and genial training of the child in the few subjects with which all education begins, and which every pupil is alike required to know. These schools, then, may be spoken of as the nether-stones of our mill of education; they will stand immovable on the lower side of the instruction of the preparatory schools. Or, to change the figure of speech, they will entail upon the preparatory schools all the deficiencies, follies, and weaknesses, of which they are themselves seized.

I have just spoken of the primary schools, with their imperfect but very stable work of laying the foundations of a common education, as the nether millstone on which the fitting-schools have to lie. But on the other side are the colleges and higher scientific schools; these have for years been steadily increasing the gross amount of their demands upon the fitting-schools, and now, under the influence of the new ideas of education, they seem likely to impose yet heavier burdens by a corresponding increase in the *variety* of these demands. The higher institutions may then, not inaptly, be compared to the upper millstone in the educational mill. What is to prevent the preparatory schools from being ground fine between the nether and the upper stones? And yet *between* the two is the natural and only place for these schools. Their difficulty is also greatly increased by the fact that they can scarcely hold most of their pupils long enough to do a thoroughly good work with them. The fact that the pupils come crude and unformed to such schools, even in all matters of the most elementary training, is coupled with the greatest haste on the part of the same pupils to pass through the intermediate stage of education, into the freer, larger, and more varied intellectual (and social and athletic (?)) activity of the college.

And now let us consider separately each one of the three kinds into which the general grade of schools called "preparatory" may be divided. The case of the public high-school as a fitting-school is, under the present circumstances, exceedingly peculiar. Indeed, the very existence in the future of the public high-school in this country, not only as a fitting-school, but also in any shape whatever, cannot be predicted with much confidence. But at present the attitude and relations of the different schools of this grade toward the colleges vary greatly. In a few public schools the preparation given for college or for the scientific school is as good as can be obtained anywhere; in a somewhat larger number the influences are on the whole in favor of a truly liberal education. But in a very large and, I fear, increasing number of cases, especially in the West, the influence of the public schools is decidedly adverse to a truly liberal education. In some places the teachers of the public schools con-

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stitute as a body a kind of organized monopoly, secretly or actively employed in keeping out of all vacated positions every college-bred man, and exercising all possible influence to depreciate a college education. I have personally been cognizant of a system of public education, inaugurated in a large city, where, in the higher grade of instruction the pupils were taught at the public expense to dissect cats, to accept *in toto* Bain's psychology, and to despise the Christian religion; but not one of them could learn a word of Greek without the expense of a private tutor.

With the present uncertainty touching the ultimate fate of the high-school before my mind, I have only two remarks to make upon its use as a fitting-school. First: The tax-payers and voters are not likely to consent much further to multiply the variety of optional courses to be taught in the high-schools at the public expense. Second: If they are not forced by political influences greatly to restrict the amount and variety of instruction which they at present aim to impart, the high-schools of the better quality in the larger places will probably see the propriety of continuing instruction in the classical languages.

In speaking of the public high-school as a fitting-school, it is not necessary to espouse either of two tenable theories as to the basis on which our system of public education rests. If this system rests solely on the principle of self-preservation, one must hold that the high-schools of the country, as at present constituted, have no right to existence whatever. It may be argued that the preservation of the state requires that every citizen should have an elementary education; but it cannot be shown that to impart a little algebra, and a little chemistry, and a little music, and a little drawing, etc., is a measure of public safety.

But suppose one to hold (as I have little hesitation in holding) that states, like noble individuals, and like God himself, should not be satisfied with doing what is necessary to the bare preservation of existence. Let our theory be, that states, in the long run and wide extent of their being, should strive by collective action to nurture intelligence, intellectual variety, and beauty of multiform and high development, in as many as may be of their citizens. This they should do, both because it pays and because it is intrinsically noble. Let the theory of public education be a generous paternal theory. But even with this theory the work of expensive specialization of education at the public cost cannot be carried beyond a certain limit. That limit, it is the opinion of most thoughtful and observing persons, has been already reached, and perhaps passed. Still, it is my contention that if the generous theory is to triumph, and the highly specialized high-school is to stay, no other of its courses have any better right to remain than those in the classical languages. There is no good reason why a high-school should teach its pupils to dissect cats, to accept Bain's or any other psychology, to read music and draw a little, etc., and at the same time banish Greek and Latin from its curriculum.

The case of the largest and best-equipped academies needs, in the prospect of largely increased demands that they shall furnish a more extended and varied preparation for college, scarcely any detailed consideration. Such schools will probably in time succeed in meeting well whatsoever demands are made upon them. If it should become necessary, they may perhaps develop into miniature colleges with curricula composed of several score of different courses, among which the youths who frequent them, of ages from twelve to eighteen, may exercise their option. That they would in this way really lay more satisfactorily the foundations of a truly liberal education, or even of one likely to fit men for success in the different businesses and professions, I cannot believe. And surely the burden of meeting these new demands would be very great—too great for more than a very few of the more fortunate fitting-schools to succeed in carrying it.

The case of those more private enterprises which have hitherto furnished some of the best candidates for admission to our colleges requires even less of detailed consideration. This class of fitting-schools simply cannot comply with the conditions required by the full and consistent development of the "new

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education." The demand for instruction in German or French staggers a school of this kind; the demand for a curriculum including various percentages of physics, chemistry, more advanced mathematics, etc., would destroy it.

In general it is pretty obvious that the evolution of the new education, if it goes on in the directions in which its present indications are pointing, will bring upon the fitting-schools of the country such a severe application of the laws of natural selection that only a few of the fittest to survive will really succeed in surviving. At the same time, if they all survived, and were ultimately found reorganized in a form best to exhibit the type followed by this process, the result would, in my judgment, be far from satisfactory. For *the true principle of the secondary education does not call for the offer of a great variety of studies, either prescribed or elective, but for a thorough and long-continued discipline in a very few judiciously selected and representative studies.*

The relief which the fitting-schools require, in order to attain their true place in the system of American higher education, must come mainly from the accomplishment of two results. The first of these is the careful organization of our entire system of education, upon the basis of an improved primary education, and in accordance with the principle of a natural twofold division of courses of prescribed studies in the secondary education. The second is a closer and more intelligent alliance between the two parts of the secondary education.

One thing greatly to be desired and striven after, as affording needed relief to the preparatory schools, is an improvement in the primary education. No one acquainted with the facts needs to be told how faulty is the knowledge of the most elementary subjects possessed by the average child of twelve or fourteen, whether he has been trained in a public or a private school. How blundering is his use, in speech, reading, or writing, of his mother-tongue! With how little real notion of what our good planet is, in structure and aspect, has he learned long lists of unpronounceable names of mountains, rivers, and cities—not to say hamlets and villages! For how many years has he struggled with the fundamental mysteries of number, and spent his time wearisomely in doing "sums," the like of which are not to be found in real life upon this earth, and, as we trust, not in the heavens above! And yet how often does he stand stupid before the first demand to answer any practical question in arithmetic that requires a new combination of the "rules!"

As touching the general interest of the people, and the salvation of the nation—so far as its education tends to its salvation—nothing is more important than the proper and efficient conduct of the primary education; and, as well, in the particular interest of the preparatory schools, few things are more important.

It is, however, to a systematic arrangement of all the courses of instruction taught in the years of the secondary education that I look with most confidence for lessening the difficulties and enlarging the success of the fitting-school. At present there appears to be no little danger of bringing the same trials and defects upon all the work of our academies and high-schools as those under which fell the orthodox college curriculum of some years since. But are there no principles which may enable us to classify the bewildering number of possible studies, and thus to select a few which shall alone serve to form the staple of a sound secondary education? I believe that such principles exist.

There are four classes of subjects about which the human mind strives to obtain, and a wise system of education aims to impart, a truly scientific knowledge. These are—first, the world of "nature," so called in the restricted meaning of the term; next, language, as the vehicle of the mind, and that product of choice thought and language, which is literature; third, man as mind, with his ethical, religious, æsthetical, social, and political being all included; and fourth, human history, as the complex resultant of all the interacting forces involved in the first three classes of subjects. Now the secondary educa-

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tion should impart a goodly amount of clear knowledge of each of these four great subjects; and, of course, also of the peculiar mental discipline derived from the pursuit of each.

It should be at once admitted, however, that the aptitudes and tastes of human beings differ, and that some of their differences are very persistent, radical, and sure perpetually to recur among great multitudes of individuals. It can perhaps scarcely be claimed that men are born with an aptitude and a taste for geology, for astronomy, or for psychology and ethics. But it seems likely, if not certain, that some men do more naturally incline to those pursuits which require objective observation, to the studies of external nature, and others to the studies of the mind as known in self-consciousness or as expressing itself in language. This fact suggests, at least, the necessity for a bifurcation of the prescribed studies of the secondary stage of education. Not far from the beginning of this stage, therefore, I would have an opportunity provided for a division in the courses of prescribed study. On the one hand, I would have the emphasis laid upon the study of language and of the so-called humanities; on the other hand, the emphasis should be laid upon mathematics and the natural and physical sciences.

But one thing more of this same general kind is sadly needed. Perhaps the most serious defect of the system of liberal education now prevalent in this country is its lack of a truly progressive character. It is full of fits and starts. It is too disjointed and fragmentary. This is partly because there are no settled principles of procedure, fixing the order and amounts of the studies; and partly because there is no power which can secure teachers that know precisely what they are expected, fitted, and permitted to teach. The consequence is that the different years of school-life too much resemble the different successive sessions of our legislatures. Milton somewhere describes the process of legislation as "hatching a lie with the heat of jurisdiction." Fortunately, the process also consists in killing the brood of lies already hatched by previous legislation. Now the process of education in this country is by no means so bad in this regard as the process of legislation; but in certain respects the former too much resembles the latter.

Let it now be supposed that we have so far made progress toward the millennium as to have some of these evils largely remedied. And surely this is not an extravagant or hopeless supposition. The preparatory schools would then receive their pupils, thoroughly well instructed in certain elementary branches, at the average age of twelve or thirteen years; that is to say, their pupils would already read, write, and spell in the English language easily and correctly; they would have finished arithmetic; they would have learned the principal facts touching the structure and position of the earth as a planet, and touching the natural and political divisions of its surface; they would be familiar with the outlines of the history of their own country. The instruction of the preparatory school should then extend over a period of about six years more; that is, from about the age of twelve to about the age of eighteen. It should be thoroughly organized, not with a view to furnish a large number of courses, whether prescribed or elective, but with a view to impart a thorough and progressive training in a few great and representative subjects. It should be bifurcated so as to prepare men with a general scientific culture which places the emphasis either upon a knowledge of language and the humanities, or upon a knowledge of mathematics and the facts and laws of nature.

In the foregoing way it would be possible, I contend, for the fitting-schools of the country to accomplish much more and better work than is now possible. Indeed, if the results reasonable to hope for in the future were secured, these schools could send out their pupils as well educated at eighteen as they are now at twenty, that is, after being two years in college. Thus at least two entire years could be saved in the secondary education.

The valid objection to our present system of education, that it compels young men to wait too long before entering upon their more strictly university or professional studies, would be

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obviated in this way. The study of theology, law, and medicine, or that free pursuit of science which accords with the university idea, could thus begin at the average age of twenty, instead of twenty-two or twenty-four, as the case now is. But the university and professional education would then rest on a much better basis than is now laid at a later age. Moreover, the two or more years of time which would be saved could go where they ought to go—namely, into university and professional studies. This would give us far better equipped teachers, physicians, lawyers, and clergymen.

There is one other matter of practical importance which needs much careful attention in order to lessen the burdens and increase the efficiency of the fitting-schools of the country. A closer and more intelligent alliance must somehow be effected between the earlier and the later parts of the secondary education. As the case now stands, this is equivalent to saying that the colleges and advanced scientific schools on the one hand, and the preparatory schools on the other hand, must enter into a closer and more intelligent alliance. The connections existing in reality between the instruction of the last years of the preparatory school and the instruction of the first years of college are much more intimate than those existing between any other parts of our entire system of education. As the courses of instruction in almost all our colleges are now arranged, and as they probably will be arranged for a long time to come, the youth passes from the preparatory school to the college with no break whatever in the character of his education. He continues the study of the same subjects, in about the same way, for two years or more longer. His staple daily tasks in the earlier part of the secondary education were the classical languages and mathematics; they are the same now that he has achieved the distinction of passing under the college curriculum.

And indeed there is no good reason why the character of the instruction should be greatly changed when the youth enters college. There is nothing magical about the age of eighteen, or about the fact that the youth has got into a school called by a different name from the one he has left. The real determining factors in the question of the subjects and the method of his study are the amount of his maturity and of his general scientific training.

The details of an orderly and progressive arrangement of the entire course of study during the years of the secondary education might fitly occupy the attention of a committee of experts. Such a committee should be chosen in part from the colleges, and in part from those fitting-schools that are most influential and most interested in the improvement of classical and scientific study. Any plan proposed by such a committee would be an incitement, though not a mandate, to better things. Moreover, it would be likely in time to commend itself to other colleges and fitting-schools not participating at first in the plan. It might result in affording great relief to the fitting-schools, and in largely increasing the efficiency of their instruction.

In conclusion, it is well to notice that some such plan as has just been proposed seems to afford the only rational relief obtainable from the growing evils of that system of "cramming" which everywhere prevails in modern education. A "bitter cry" is being raised on all sides, not of the "outcast" but of those who are gathered into our elaborate, hard-working educational institutions. Parents, teachers, pupils, all join in the cry. The excessive specialization of modern life has invaded the schools of the land from lowest to highest. There is no doubt of the existence of a certain evil, and of more or less suffering under it. But whence is the remedy to come? Not from fewer hours of study per day, or months per year, or years spent during the entire process of education. Certainly not from attempting to impart a yet more shallow knowledge of the great number of studies already entering into the courses of instruction in all our schools. The remedy must be sought in the removal of such of those causes of the evil as admit of removal; and these are mainly two—the variety of subjects unnecessarily crowded into the few years devoted to education, and the poor character of the instruction.

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That much of the school-time of youth is now wasted through excessive variety and injudicious arrangement of the studies, and on account of unskilful teaching, is proved—alas! only too well by the experience of every intelligent observer. An illustration or two may not be out of place at this point. Not long since, an educated man made the attempt to assist his son in the preparation of the daily lesson in English Grammar. For some time the boy, who was twelve years of age, and nearly ready for the high-school, had been settling into a condition of despair over this particular study. Meanwhile the boy's use of the English language had been, under the influence of the public school, steadily deteriorating. After rummaging a big text-book for more than an hour the father succeeded in discovering among the so-called "exceptions" what he considered the probably correct answers to most of the questions composing the lesson of the following day. These questions were afterward taken to a distinguished scholar, a student and teacher of language and philology. He could not answer them in any terms which would have satisfied the teacher of the boy or the author of the text-book on Grammar. They were then shown to the very highest authority on such subjects to be found in this country, to a gentleman whose attainments in the science of language are celebrated by the world of scholars. *His* answer to these questions was a strain of unmixed invective against teacher, text-book, and school-system which could tolerate such wasteful folly in instruction.

But such waste is by no means confined to the primary stage of education. Some years ago a professor of Greek in an Eastern institution visited the recitation-room of a Western college, where a class of Sophomores were reading a play of Aristophanes. Only one of the class —and this one a young lady from Massachusetts—made any serious attempt at a correct translation of the short lesson for the day. The teacher was evidently much embarrassed by the presence of the visitor, and at a loss as to what should be done with his pupils or their lesson. After considerable floundering he seemed to gather his classical learning for a supreme effort. This resulted in his propounding with due solemnity the following question: "Is the change from the stem *math* to the stem *manth* a phonetic or a dynamic change?" The class stared, but remained silent; the teacher looked even more embarrassed than before; the Eastern professor broke into a cold sweat through fear that the question might be referred to him—for he could not have answered it. The same question was asked a second time with deliberateness appropriate to so grave an inquiry; the result was unchanged. Then, after another long pause, this episode terminated with a solemn asseveration from the teacher: "It is uncertain." And so the hour dragged on. In all probability, no member of this class had been so trained as to recognize infallibly the simplest grammatical construction, or to translate at sight the simplest passages with a fair degree of accuracy.

Finally: we have no right to flatter ourselves that there is anything peculiar in the quality of the American boy which will enable him to dispense with that long and patient training in prescribed studies which does so much for the German student in the secondary stage of his education. Indeed, there is so much flexibility and versatility in the present character of the American boy, and so much lack of stable institutions which have to do with education, that it is not possible to pronounce with confidence upon the question what his typical national characteristics will prove to be. At present it may be said that if the average pupil in this country is bright, enterprising, and inquiring, and is ready with a commendable reliance upon his own resources to skip from branch to branch on the tree of learning, and to pluck at an incredible variety of the flowers of knowledge in a short space of time, we are not so sure that he possesses certain other equally desirable qualities. These are the staying qualities—the patience, endurance, and steady industry on which scholarship depends.

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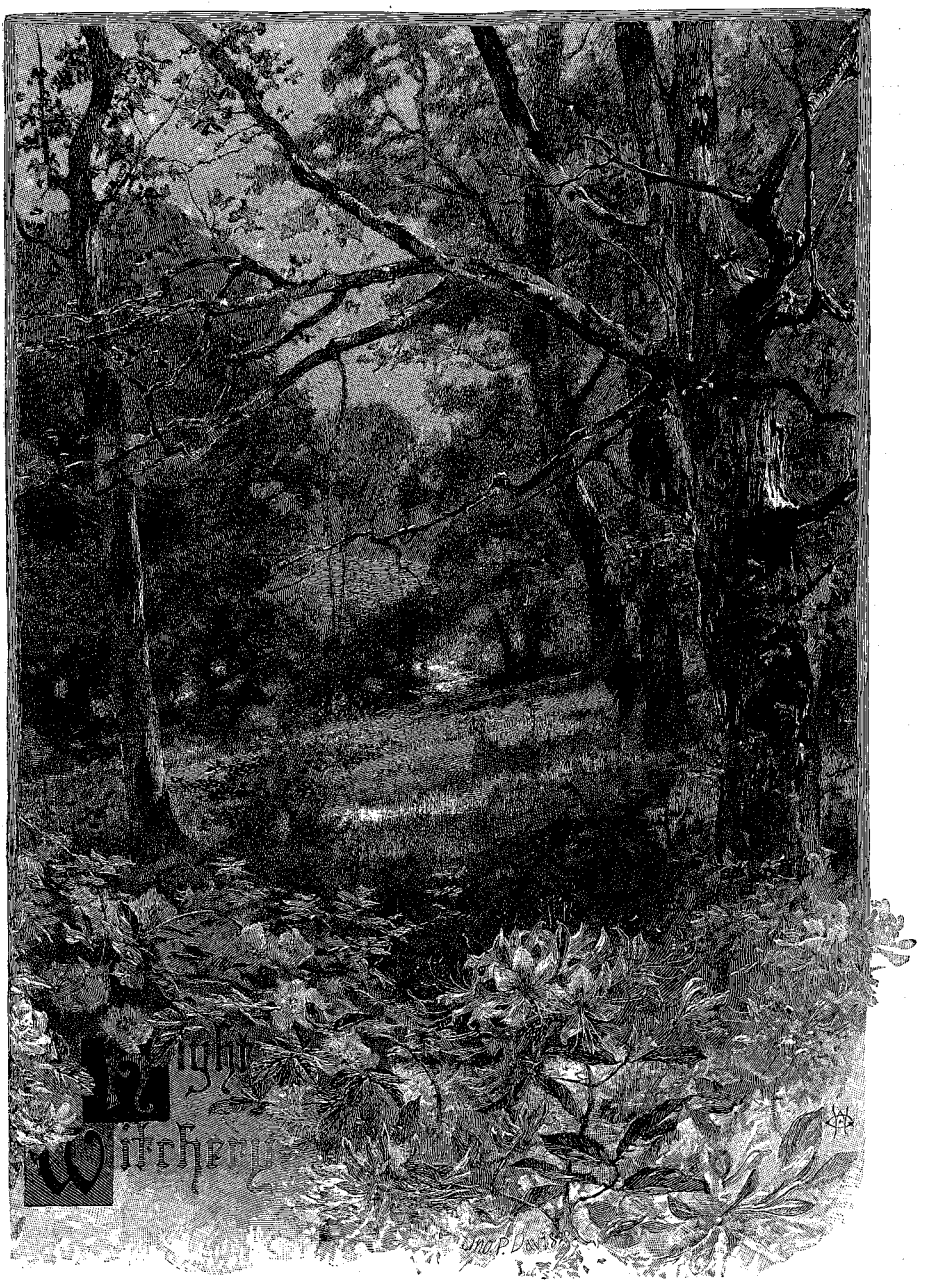

By W. Hamilton Gibson.

HOW are the senses piqued and sharpened in the total darkness of the woods! For though the midnight path surprised beneath the lantern's glare reveals an unknown world among the freaks of dewy vegetation—the nodding somnolence of leaf and blossom; the twinkling earth-stars bursting into bloom beneath the brooding galaxy for soft-winged nestling moths and poising murmurers—nevertheless, with all its strange surprises, for a full appreciation of the night's witchery one must become a sympathetic element of its mysteries, and see the darkness unalloyed. With the light extinguished you now become a harmonious instead of a disturbing element. You are

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taken into confidence, and experience a new joy of sensation not found in your illuminated path, that speculative

Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.
I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,

"The Redolent Processional."

charm which Keats found in the haunt of the nightingale:

"Tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves."

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In the total darkness the eager pupils are restless, and the eyes roll in "fine frenzy" at the new importance of their companion faculties. Their occupation is gone. The ear and the nostril now take the watch, seeming possessed of a retina of their own, picturing facts and surrounding events which the jealous eye strives in vain to prove. In the dark woods you are conscious as never before of tension and muscular movement in your ears; they loom up in importance, as it were, and are pricked forward and backward like those of other alert but humbler beings. Unaided by the sight, they carry on a subtle analysis of sound which seems independent of your reason—a slight augmented rustle among the wind-stirred leaves! the creaking of a limb! the soft burst of applause among the aspen leaves! a capricious patter of falling dew from the tree tops; a snap of twig not precisely timed to your footfall, or a few inches too far removed therefrom; a falling object from the tree—an acorn perhaps, were it not that for an inanimate thing it has rolled a foot too far upon the leaves! What events!

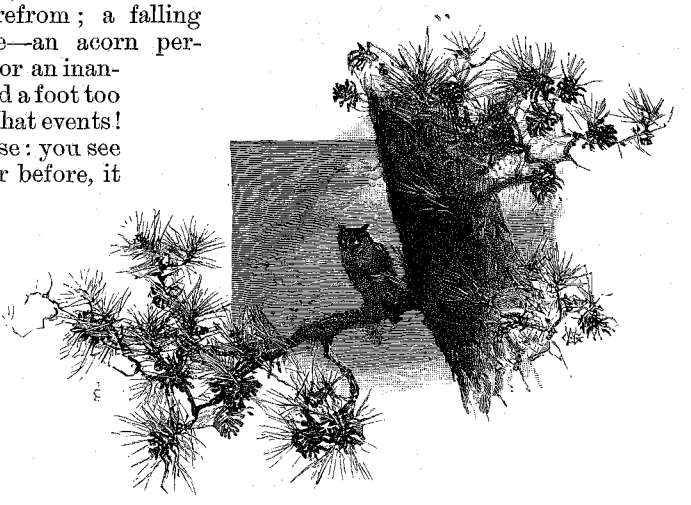
And so with your nose: you see with it. Now, if never before, it warrants its conspicuous position in your physiognomy, and becomes a member of utility as well as a luxurious ornament. You follow your nose now like a hound. It pilots the senses. Could this eclipsed eye ever have pictured more vividly the pungent copse of spice wood through which you have just pressed, or that drooping branch of aromatic hickory which touched your shoulder, or that plume of tansy that now brushes against your elbow? Does our midnight poet affirm,

"I cannot see what flowers are at my feet?"

And why not, pray? This mint at your foot? is it spearmint, or peppermint, or horsemint, or pennyroyal? Your nose will tell you at a glance. The texture of the vaporous vault of the still midnight woods seems to the hungry, desperate eye marbled or party-colored with floating incense of odors.

"Where hast thou wandered, gentle gale, to find
The perfumes thou dost bring?
. . . . . .
O'er the pale blossoms of the sassafras
And o'er the spice-bush spray,
Among the opening buds, thy breathings pass
And come embalmed away."

You may sit in the ambrosial current upon some jutting rock or log, and take your fragrant quaffs as they glide by, each in its season—a whiff of arbutus, perhaps? how pink it smells! or an odorous yellow hint of primrose soft and luscious—in the dark it seems to the nostril what melting marshmallow is to the tongue—or a spicy glimpse of coltsfoot or wild ginger. And so the redolent procession passes, now a visible aroma of sweet fern, followed by a perfumed vision of sweet-pyrolas, ground-nut, or smilacena, or a cool phosphorescent scent of toadstool or soggy wood, or the brown smell of mouldy loam. A misty messenger from the swamp without the woods now finds its way thither, borne on the pink breath of sweet azalea, or visioned in the fragrant hint of clethra. And now it is the sweet-fern again. Yes,



"Poor Maligned Feathered Grimalkin."

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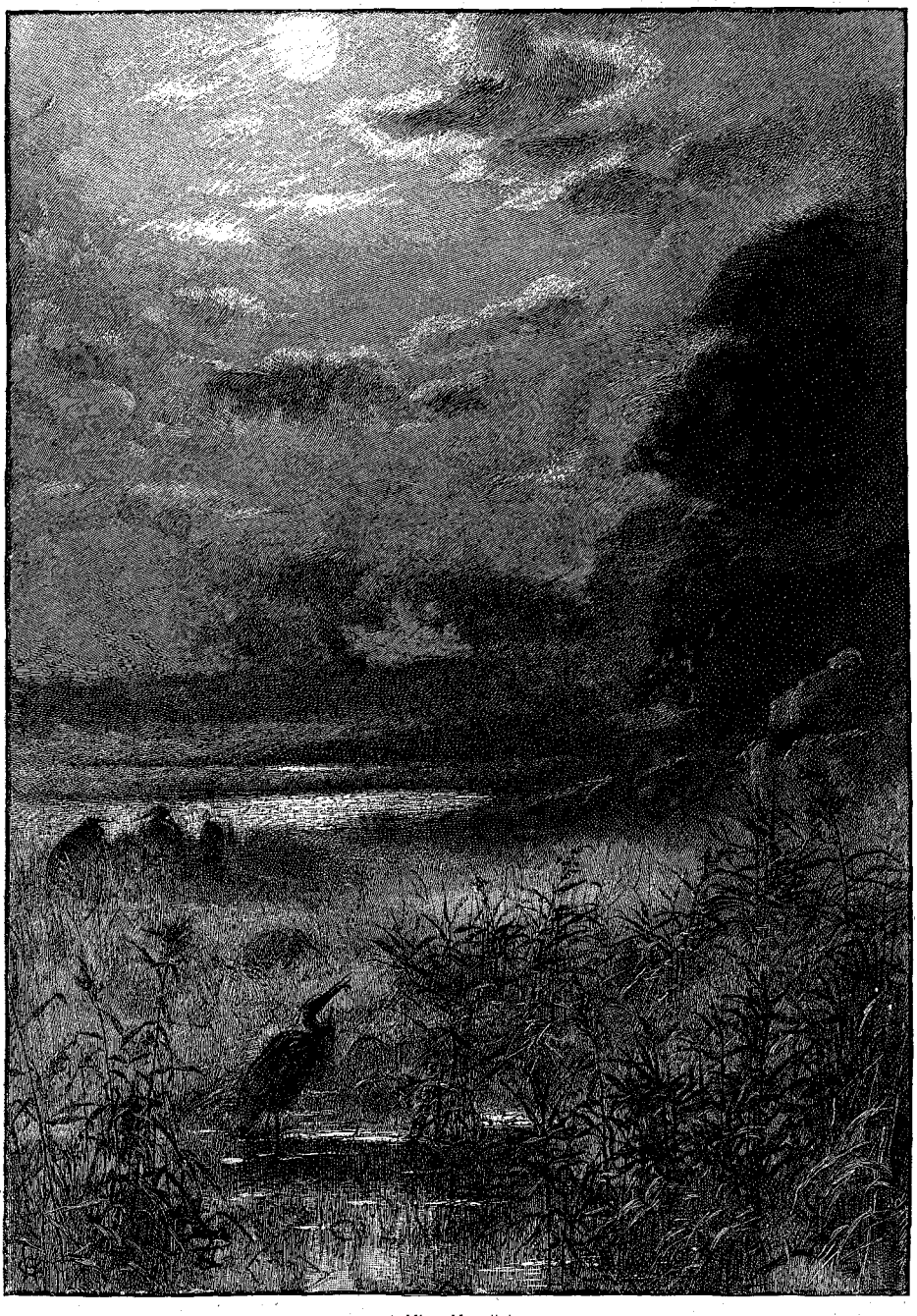

A Misty Moonlight.

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sweet-fern tinctured with a faint gamy scent that makes us feel for our gun, while we search the gloom for two beads of animated fox-fire, for Reynard has recently passed this way, or is even now threading through the fragrant underwood.

The odor of the fox is readily detected by a keen nostril, especially at night. The noisomeness of the warren is distinctly perceptible where unperceived by day, and the taint is carried abroad in the ambling fur, the contaminated wake held in equilibrium, as it were, in the heavy mist. Even the tiny emerald lace-wing-fly or the caddis will sometimes thus leave its malodorous trail threading the maze of redolence in the mist; and the bronzy scented beetle will challenge your nostril as you loiter in the woods, perhaps within the course of its recent droning flight, or in the neighborhood of its haunt upon oozy tree trunk near by. Often have I trailed him like a hound, and captured him in his concealment in the fissured bark.

The fastidious convivialist welcomes a certain well-known nectar which is said to be of the gods, wherein the several tempting ingredients are so deftly decanted as to lie unblended in their fragrant equipoise for a full minute; how much longer is not known, it rarely having been permitted to reveal.

Something of the same phenomenon is naturally demonstrated in the scented distillations of the dew.

In the sheltered lowlands, when the night is still, the motley ingredients of this odorous tangle seem to find their equilibrium, and lie in strata, as it were. How the redolence of the witch-hazel revels in the mist, weaving itself into the pale fabric as it floats above the marsh! It is the most volatile incense which we shall meet in the moonlight glens, and seems to float like oil upon the denser air laden with the heavy emanations of the swamp. You may walk with your nostrils tingling in its tide, and leave it high and dry as you sit to rest. I have noted the same fact with regard to the evening primrose, but fancy the perfume is less volatile than the hamamælis, and occupies a lower plane. Here are veritable zones of varying humidity and temperature, each with its haunting fragrance, often capricious, and yet again quite constant in its recurrence. In a certain well-known glen, for instance, you will always pass through a fugitive stratum of meadow-rue or linden, or other faithful perfume, for each season; in another swampy fallow you may confidently expect the welcome of the elders or wild grape. I remember a certain nook which in still August nights is redolent of clethra, that constant blossom of the swamp, though no shrubs are there to be seen by day: a tribute from the marshy pond far up the mist-hung brook, where the reedy borders are fringed with the densely blooming shrub, where the almond-scented white incense floods the rushy waters, and the herons wade among the grasses, half-veiled in the scented tide. Here too the floating pond-weed claims its lowly plane below the mist, anointing the lily-pads with its aromatic perfume as its yellow blossom-clusters dance upon the ripples.

In another narrow glen the heavy distillation from the sloping chestnut woods always seems to pour with annihilation of all subtile midnight odors. On the pasture slope above the wood the cool stimulating exhalations of the mint follow your path and linger till morn in the foggy hollows, while high up on the hill one seems suddenly to leave the dews, and greet a whiff which brings a vision of the day—that "stratum of warm air" which quickened the happy muse of Thoreau in his "Moonlight" walk—"a blast which has come up from the sultry plains of noon. It tells of the day, of sunny noontide hours and banks, of the laborer wiping his brow, and the bee humming amid flowers. It is an air in which work has been done—which men have breathed. It circulates about from wood-side to hill-side like a dog that has lost its master, now that the sun is gone."

Though

> "The restless day
> Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,"

the night, too, hath its wary broods, that with illuminated eyes like glowing headlights turn darkness into day,

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and know the teeming chorus of the morning only as a lullaby. Of such is the mystic whippoorwill. Who has seen the daylight tenement of this ominous wandering voice? And there's the mousing owl on muffled wing, with fiery, flitting, curious eyes, and foreboding tremulous wail; for it would seem that the bird of wisdom has not yet lived down the evil aspersion of its antique slanderers. "The scritch owl," says Pliny, "alwaies betokeneth some heavie newes, and is most execrable and accursed. In summer he is the very monster of the night, neither crying nor singing out cleare, but uttering a certaine heavie groane of doleful mourning, and therefore if it be seene to fly abroad in any place, it prognosticateth some fearful misfortune;" a belief which still prevails quite commonly among credulous country folk, to whom this nightly visitant in the orchard or maples is the signal for the direst foreboding. Poor maligned, feathered grimalkin! What does he say to me here in the moonlight gloom of the woods, as he sits yonder in the shadow on the pine branch, his glowing eyes revealing all the mysteries of the darkness in their illuminated searching shafts, and now with alert poise and ears uppricked, his eyes quenched as he turns his head away toward the opening of the wood, filling the leafy vault with the soft, tremulous cry? What is this to the rightly informed ear but the message, not of "doleful mourning" and "heavie news," but the same that is borne in the song of the thrush, the tidings rather of life and love, a wooing to the listening mate, whose echo answers with near and nearer response across the valley mist. How infinitely more musical and welcome this witching nocturne of the owl, than the dismal midnight duo of his quadrupedal counterpart of the backyard fence, that yet brings no compensating terrors of superstition.

As in the owl we have our nocturnal puss of featherdom, so also in the dusky bat have we our winged mouse. We hear their nightly squeaking convocation in the loosened clapboards of the shed or barn as we pass; or perhaps feel an occasional fanning of their pellicle wings even when the eye detects no sign of them in the gloom—this accepted type of blindness that chooses the dark hours for flight, that dodges with artful purpose against the stars, or, in the blackest night, fills its little red maw with the most agile insects caught on the wing! and this, too, under disadvantages that would seem rather discouraging; for, if an ancient philosopher is to be believed, a most astounding feat of aërial acrobatics is here in progress under cover of the darkness. "The bat is the only bird that suckleth her little ones," says my authority, "and these she will carry about her, two at once, embracing them as she flieth," the difficulties of which will be appreciated when we consider that the bat in reality "flieth" with her arms.

What deeds are doing beneath the winking stars! with the owls and wildcats and martens mousing among the slumbering trees. The foxes, skunks, and weasels, following their dark trails among the herbage, to the terror of the hares, and meadow mice, and low-cradled birds. Most of the feathered tribes are at rest, though a few more wakeful than the rest will sometimes anticipate the day in nocturnal minstrelsy. I have twice heard the veery-thrush uttering its weird call at midnight, and have been startled by the challenge of the oven bird from its mossy hut beneath the ledge, awakening the dreaming woods in its reverberating echoes. The chippy occasionally sings at night, also the white-throated sparrow. I have occasionally heard, also, the chewink and cat-bird, while the nighthawk, though neither a hawk nor, in spite of its name, as much a creature of the night as of the dawning and waning day, will sometimes amble from its prostrate perch upon the wall, and take a turn aloft, making the welkin echo to its wild screech, and frightening the tree tops with its swooping twang. I have heard the drum of the partridge well into the small hours, and a yellow-breasted chat once almost threw me prostrate in my dewy tracks in the woods, as he screamed, "Chick whew! get away!" in my shrinking ear like a very goblin; for there seemed no possible perch upon which the little gamin

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could have rested, and I failed to disclose a sign or sound of feather.

With the exception of the katydids and the throbbing lyres of vesper tree-crickets, or an occasional tree-toad, the woods, however, are usually comparatively silent at night. It is in the wet lowlands where we find the chief nocturnal activity. The midnight summer swamp or marshy pond is literally palpitating with a life unknown to sunlight; the rippling moon dancing a filigree attendance among the reeds, and speeding in wavy chase across the deeps peopled now with pouts and eels, which the daylight angler would have sought in vain. The lizard's tails (*Saururus*) shake their drooping plumes with a tremor all inconsistent with the listless breeze. The pickerel weeds stir with submerged life, and the quivering tips of the reeds betray the rude progress of the turtles toward the shore, as they seek the sandy banks to pile their nests of eggs. The placid sleep of the pond is vexed with multitudinous tickle, marked by the spangling touch of the moonlight insect broods; of fluttering caddis-flies now making their first essay with their new-found satin wings, emerging by the legion from their water baskets, or crystal mosaic tubes, everywhere among the bordering shallows; while myriad ephemeræ spread their pallid wings, and dance their midnight revels, making merry through their short, sunless day of life, which, perchance, ends with the dawn. The musk-rat, or the mink, leads a long, silent, glittering trail across the glassy water, or with a splash at the brink, sets the lily-pads and spatter-docks in gliding dance on the ripples, and starts upon their telltale chase across the pond, a hundred gleaming circles at whose common centre, though hid in verdurous gloom at the bank, a random rifle-ball would surely win its sleek and dripping quarry, now crouched in muddy tracks, with luckless prey of frog or tadpole.

What with the sprightly pipes of the hyla tree-toads now celebrating their nuptials in their native element, and later the tremulous drool of the toads, and the trump and splash of the bull-frog, together with the rasping accompaniment of the cone-head imps among the sedges, the midnight swamp will sing in our ears till morning.

Then there is

> "the loon's weird laughter far away,"

that comes up to us as we ascend the hill, and the midge-cloud's tingling hum which we left behind us at the skirt of the woods, where

> "in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn,"

and the "blind" bat hovers yet, or the quawking chorus of the night-herons far down the misty river bend; or the pumping of the bittern in the fen beyond, or it may be far beneath the valley fog—for many have heard the "stake driver," but few shall locate the stake! Only once have I identified this strange nocturnal voice to be positively sure of it; and this as it occasionally came across the placid midnight waters of Lake Winnipiseogee, alternating or accompanied with the "loon's wild whinny" from the distant shore, the while I floated alone in my boat, as though poised in equilibrium between two limitless starlit skies, one above and one below, without a visible vestige of land save the great black rim of the distant shore, to give prosaic source to the weird nocturnal duo.

I have said that the midnight forest is comparatively silent. But the stillest woods may be made to divulge strange secrets not vouchsafed to the ordinary night listener. In a recent romance by W. H. H. Murray, in which he touches incidentally upon wood-craft and the acute ear-sense of the Indian, I find the following note:

"I have often been surprised at the many and strange sounds which may at times be heard by putting my ear flat to the sod or to the bark of trees. Even the sides of rocks are not dumb, but often resonant with noises of running waters probably deep within. It would seem that every formation of matter had in some degree the characteristics of a whispering gallery, and that, were our ears acute enough, we might hear all the sounds moving in the world."

Who has listened to the æolian harp of the telegraph? What wondrous harmony is here wooed from the pass-

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ing breeze, or almost from the calm air itself—or from some remote tempest perhaps—and reverberated in cathedral tones to the ear laid close against the resonant weather-seasoned pole! Did the reader ever listen close against the dead pine-tree and marvel at the sounds of teeming life thus disclosed within—life which knows no night or day nor rest? Think you that the woodpecker in its snug cave aloft, or the squirrel in the hollow rail, has heard your stealthy footfall through its doorway? No; the tidings have come through turf and root and trunk vibrated into their being. If you would know the haunting tenants of the silent hollow beech by your side in the dark woods, lay your ear closely against its bark, when, if the trunk be roughly struck, the slightest movement within its heart is betrayed in the vibrant wood and conducted to your ear. More than once in my strolls have I thus listened beneath the flicker's hole, and heard the clinging claws apparently beneath the bark at my ear, as the sharp head peered out from the little round doorway aloft.

OUT OF NEW ENGLAND GRANITE.

By T. R. Sullivan.

She, though in full-blown flower of glorious beauty,
Grows cold, even in the summer of her age.
—LEE and DRYDEN: *Œdipus.*

I.

HE will never forget his first sight of her. Half-unconsciously she had drawn apart from one of the merry groups on the lawn, to stand for the moment alone, looking up at the stars, awed a little by the beauty of the perfect July evening. The moonlight streamed down upon her golden hair; upon her face, which, if not wholly faultless, had faultless lines in it, and was gentleness itself; while the pale blue-and-white Eastern fabric that she wore gave her slender figure an unearthly look, making it seem like an effect of the moonshine, ready to melt away if one drew nearer. But other figures came and went between her and the wide expanse of glimmering sea. Two of them joined her—two men; and she did not vanish, but smiled and spoke with them. Though he could not hear the words, he caught the sweet tones of her voice, saw the smile clearly, and wished it were for him. He had met more beautiful women, perhaps; none more interesting at the first glance, he was sure. At the thought he sighed without knowing it. One of the men had handed her a rose.

His friend Mordaunt must always smoke his two cigars after dinner, though the sky fell; and so they had come late to Mrs. Shirley Allerton's midsummer "Small-and-early." His hostess had led him out of her reception-room to this dark corner of the veranda, that he might discover at once how admirably nature chimed in with all her schemes of artificial entertainment. On the whole sweep of Massachusetts Bay there is no choicer bit of coast-line than North Head, and she wanted him to tell her so. A few yards out, above a sunken rock, a great white breaker perpetually rose and fell—her breaker, she called it. And, indeed, it seemed to be always the same wave, always tumbling over and over there at her command. That was her moon, too, while it lasted; she could not have that always. Even the wife of Allerton, the eminent historian, all-powerful in her social world, lost her control of things, and confessed herself baffled and valueless, somewhere just on this side of the spheres.

From a distant room, where there was dancing, faint notes of harp and

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violin came out to them, and mingled with the deeper music of the shore. Her guest undertook to admire all the sights and sounds she indicated, and he did so, for the moment, heartily. Then, suddenly, while she talked on, his look and thought were arrested on the wing.

"Lovely!" he murmured, in an undertone which expressed more and less than that he had before employed.

His hostess saw what he meant, and smiled. "Yes, isn't she? That is Sylvia Belknap. Come! I want you to know her." And moving out toward the little group she continued, in the same breath: "Miss Belknap, my old friend Mr. Luxmore, who has just come home to us again."

The men drew back, one of them proving to be Allerton himself; the second, only Mordaunt, Luxmore's bosom friend. Another group formed, and, in its turn, broke up; so that presently the two just introduced were left alone. Luxmore, looking at his companion, felt vague relief at that and at something else. It was Allerton who had given her the rose.

At that time Luxmore's work had its small circle of friendly critics who discerned signs of promise in it. But he was an unknown painter to the great mass of humankind. Even those who liked his pictures so well as to buy them, at low prices, never ventured to predict for him what is called "a future;" and in their saner moments they could only feel that their money, represented by his few feet of decorative canvas, was safely put out of the way. To be sure, he knew how to draw the human figure, and his bits were strong in color; he had passed several years in Paris, and had improved his advantages. That he had talent was obvious from their recognition of him; but he also had an income enabling him to live; frugally, it is true, but still to live. He was a slow worker, with a tendency to doubt himself that often brought down upon him the reproach of indolence. His annual product was ridiculously small. He had come back this time to stay, as every decent American of his age should do, of course. But here, at thirty-five, with his temperament, important work could hardly be expected of him. A good-humored, handsome fellow, always well-met in society, he would be to the end of the chapter. Yet, in his art, it was more than likely that his best word had been already spoken.

His mother had died when he was very young; he could but just remember her. He was the only child, left in the care of a father who was easy-going and indulgent. The boy had grown up like a weed, making no mark in college other than the score of his debts, which had led to more or less trouble at home. But after the reproof the money was always forthcoming; and his father sorrowfully admitted to himself that, on the whole, his son's youth was steadier than his own had been. All boys were wild, he supposed; but time would cure that. His boy's heart was in the right place. He must have his fling. As for the money, there would be enough in the end, if things went well.

But the end came suddenly, and things went ill. The father died without a moment's warning, the estate proved to be heavily involved, and Luxmore was left high and dry with a small income, helped out only by the trifling sum inherited from his mother. This change sobered him at once. His fling was over. He determined now to make the most of a serious existence; whatever enjoyment was to be found in it should be his. And having artistic tastes and qualities, he chose the painter's profession, for the love of it, not for its precarious reward. If he succeeded, why, well and good; if not, he would burn his brushes, take up the pen, and, turning critic, instruct and irritate the successful. Even failure thus might bring in its compensations. But these must be his last resort; he was not disposed to fall back upon them just yet.

Nor did he ever need in this manner to call his reserve forces into play. The difficult task of setting the world on fire had yet to be accomplished. But if his work never went very far, it was always thorough; and the limited following to which he appealed respected him through all the hours of self-distrust that now succeeded. He had served a long apprenticeship of preparation for a higher flight. When his friends urged the attempt upon him, he only shook his head;

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till gradually they came to fear that he would never make it. The torch had been passed on to him, undoubtedly, with the spark still glowing. Why did he not draw one deep breath and kindle that shining point into a flame?

It is always easy to defend with a wise proverb any defect or idiosyncrasy of our own. And Luxmore might well have answered these spiritual inciters that, in hastening slowly, he was but obeying an important precept of the sages, another of whose laws he endeavored with zealous devotion to fulfil. He studied himself assiduously, as do all good artists, whatever be the medium in which they work. And, in consequence, far from shielding himself with a delusive epigram, he went, as has already been intimated, straight to the opposite extreme, and was inclined to undervalue himself. Certain elements were entirely wanting in him, as he had reason to fear. How had he done so much without them? The wonder was that he could do anything at all?

Love, for instance, still remained an unknown quantity in his personal experience. Was he, then, never to feel the racking torment, the unutterable sorrow, the inexpressible joy that poets have rung their changes on these thousand years? One by one his friends had dropped away, confiding to him, as they went, their woes and their delights, to which he had listened with an amiable, unsympathetic smile. Wait till you are caught, they had retorted; and he had smiled again, incredulously, envying them, wondering at them. His own boyish fancies of the past had been quite too unimportant to confide at all; even to recall them demanded a positive effort of the mind, turning back through countless blank leaves of intervening years, during which the little, shameless bowman had never revealed himself to Luxmore; never drawn a single arrow from the quiver upon his account; never stooped to brush him by with so much as the tip of a wing.

What did it mean? Had the heart for love been left out of him, as the eye for color is from one man, the ear for music from another? If so, to the winds with all ambitious strivings; undoubtedly, thought he, love has played its part in all lives that were worthy to be written. Not to love was not to soar; to be a creature of earth, not the eagle, but the strutting monarch of the dung-hill—inferior to him, even; for the barnyard fowl has wings that he might use, if he were so minded. To want wings altogether was to be cruelly handicapped. To find the highest of all earthly conditions incomprehensible seemed equivalent to an admission of mediocrity. Commonplace was the only term applicable to such a nature. And as the nature, so the work must be.

This conclusion, lamentable as it sounded, should have been his encouragement; since the true grovelling spirit is content to grovel, and does not concern itself with whys and wherefores. It might also have led him (though, happily or unhappily, it did nothing of the kind) to ask himself precisely how far this apparent invulnerability was to be trusted in a close encounter. The vigorous man who has never known a day's illness suffers most when the fever strikes him down. And love is the most insidious and malignant of all fevers. Its germs are flying everywhere. From eighteen to eighty, none of us is really safe one hour. Nay, more; it may safely be asserted that none ever escapes a serious attack of it. And all in vain the scoffer would confute this with shining instances of celibacy like Lord Macaulay and Leonardo da Vinci. These were strong, wise men, who burned their documents, who locked their feelings up and flung away the key. But on that final day when all hearts shall be laid bare, love's scars surely will be found even upon these. The hermit shows you his cell triumphantly, and assures you it is an open book, thus telling the truth with intent to deceive; for his book proves to be written in a strange character that he alone can read. Though the skull and hour-glass are his only obvious furniture, they form, in fact, a very small portion of the baggage buried with him in the cloister.

Luxmore, as it happened, was neither sage nor hero, and in a few moments Miss Belknap skilfully contrived to make him do the thing of all others he usually desired to avoid, namely, to talk about

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himself. But to-night he was off his guard; and his companion, provokingly sympathetic, put intelligent questions that showed her knowledge of the art he pursued to be something more than a theoretic one. Of his individual work she knew nothing whatever. This disappointed him a little, but it did not surprise him. A Luxmore, to be sure, hung in the very house behind them. But one might pass it by, a dozen times unnoticed; or notice it only to forget it, he supposed. In answer to his question, she admitted that she could draw and paint in a small way for her own amusement. And then she turned the talk straight back to him, and made him tell her of his life abroad, of the strange people he had met there, the friends he had found—the better to listen leading him away from the music and the dances, along the cliff, to a turn in the path where a bench had been placed fronting the sea, and just out of sight of the house. Here, with Mrs. Allerton's breaker tossing high its foam before him, Luxmore revived recollections that, beginning joyously, ended by having a mournful note in them, as such recitals are apt to do. And both the joy and the sadness were echoed by the girl at his side, whose interest in all he said was quite unfeigned, and who had already become a part of his life. He had known her half an hour, yet he seemed to have known her always; the acquaintance had but just begun, and they were old friends.

They had been speaking of the "painters' painters," as Luxmore called them; the men whom their fellows agree in admiring, whose sketches are treasured in dim studio corners, but whose completed work fails to touch the public heart, or gains tardy appreciation only when the hand and brain that toiled for it are beyond the need of toiling. A common fate enough. All the arts, in all the ages, have developed such builders for posterity, and their great triumphal arch is still unfinished.

"Yes," said Luxmore, "I believe that we should all fare better to live upon the fruits of our ancestors, sealing up our own rare products for a later generation. Some men, it is true, learn how to hit the present; but others never can; then death sweeps them away into the past, and behold, they are immortal! There was a poor friend of mine who died last year, obscure, unrecognized. To-day, at the sales, the amateurs wrangle for two strokes of his brush. I wonder if he knows?"

"Was he an American?" Miss Belknap asked.

"Yes, though not a good one. Something—I don't know what—led him to forsake his native land for a French village in the forest of Saint-Germain. Once there, he never left it. Those who cared for him had to seek him out. But they were always sure of a welcome, and something more. There was much in the man worth studying, besides patience and frugality. Yet he called us his master-pupils, and declared that, in our game of give and take, the advantage was all his."

Miss Belknap opened her fan and gently smoothed its ruffled feathers.

"What was the name of your recluse?" she inquired.

"It will say nothing to you, for no one here remembers him. And yet he used to tell me that he had left his masterpiece in America—his first sketch—for it is mine now. I would give the world to see the picture. But how shall I? A needle in a haystack! One might look from here to San Francisco and never find it. Why do you laugh?"

"Because you have quite forgotten my question. No matter, I will answer it. The painter's name was Selden."

Luxmore started.

"How did you know?"

"From your description, of course. And the picture you would give the world to see is a flying wood-nymph. Well, give me the world and I will show it to you."

"No," said Luxmore, laughing, "you will show it to me for nothing, if you are charitable."

Miss Belknap rose, and caught up the silken coil of her train.

"Shall we go now?" she asked.

"By all means—but where?"

"Do you see those lights upon the shore? No, the others, farther off. That is my house; the picture is there. Come!"

Springing lightly down the path as

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she spoke, she looked back for him to follow.

"Wait a moment. Let me bring your wrap," said he.

"Come!" she repeated, stamping her foot, impatiently. "Or I shall change my mind, and you will never see the picture. It is but a step; in ten minutes we can be there and back again. Take care; you will break your neck."

The way was so narrow that they could not walk abreast. So he followed her obediently, by trim lawns and gardens that swept back to lamp-lit houses on one side, while on the other the summer surf advanced and retreated lazily, then bounded back almost to her feet. Its phosphorescent gleams seemed to play about her; she gained upon him, disappearing and shining out again fitfully, like a will-o'-the-wisp of the sea. He begged her to stop, and found her waiting at a turnstile, through which they passed, over turf that felt like velvet to a large, old-fashioned house, well lighted, with doors and windows wide open. In one of the ground-floor rooms sat a placid, middle-aged woman, knitting under a lamp. As they went by she looked up.

"Sylvia!" she called.

"Yes," replied the girl; but without stopping led the way into a hall crowded with curious objects, like some cabinet in a fine museum. Luxmore had only a confused impression of these things, as he was hurried along into a dark corridor behind, where Miss Belknap kept him waiting while she found a candle and lighted it, going on immediately to a closed door, which she unlocked and opened to admit him, like a willing dog at her heels.

He stopped a moment on the threshold, for there was no other light than the uncertain one she carried. The room was bare and plainly furnished, with a forsaken look and chilly air, as though it were rarely used. On the wall he caught a glimpse of the picture they had come to see. Then Miss Belknap, who had moved toward it, gave a startled exclamation, scarcely audible, which she at once suppressed, and the candle went out—with her help, he was sure. He heard her rustling forward in the dark. The shutters were closed, but one of their upper leaves had unfolded, letting a bar of moonlight slant down close by the picture upon the wall, and upon her, as she came out into it, putting up her hand toward the frame with a quick movement that he could not follow. She was there and gone again in a flash, coming back to him and laughing.

"How stupid!" she said, as if to show him that the light had gone out by accident. "Now I must find the bell, if I can, and ring for matches."

"No! Take mine!" said Luxmore, offering his match-box with one hand, and groping for her with the other. He touched her face, her hair; but she slipped away, and, kneeling down, let him go by her, as though it were a game of blind-man's-buff.

"Where are you?" he cried, in the moonlight now, but more in the dark than ever.

"Here!" she answered, in a laughing whisper, close behind him. Then she took his hand, and placed the candle in it. And between them, with some difficulty, the flame flashed up again. What was there in his look, he wondered, that made her change color and turn away from it. He had not been thinking of himself. But now, as he did so, he felt for the first time that he was in danger.

Selden was quite right. He had never done anything so good as this poor little nymph, flying breathless from some unseen pursuer. Even in the insufficient light Luxmore was convinced of that. The quality of the flesh, the modelling, the color, the composition, were all remarkable.

"Poor Selden!" he muttered, after a long look in silence. This was like seeing a ghost, and when Miss Belknap, who had stood aside, watching him, suggested that lamps should be brought, he would not hear of it. He was not sure of himself; there were tears in his eyes.

"After all, it is always there," she said. "You will see it by day, I hope."

"Yes; I shall be glad to come."

His tone struck her. She held the light above her head in a becoming attitude, looking at him curiously.

"A little for the picture—a little, too, for me. We have had such a pleasant talk. There are many things I want to ask you. I am sure we shall be friends."

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"We are already," said he, taking the hand she offered, with a smile. Then, as she turned to go, he sprang forward quickly and opened the door. In doing this he felt that his foot was entangled in some light substance that clung persistently.

"What have I brought with me?" he asked, holding up a knot of crape with flying ends that had wound themselves about his ankle. "A badge of mourning?"

"It is nothing," she said, indifferently. "Let it lie there—anywhere. Will you lock the door and give me the key? Make haste; we are playing truant; we belong to-night to Mrs. Shirley Allerton."

As they walked back Luxmore was silent, dropping behind again. At the end of the path she turned upon him with a playful reproach.

"Not one word?" she said. "You are gloomy as the grave."

"It is your own fault," he answered; "you set the current of my thoughts." And after a pause, when they came within hearing of the music, within sight of the dancers, he added, "So you knew Selden?"

She smiled, speaking lightly, but in a tone that betrayed some slight embarrassment. "Oh, yes. I thought I told you. I had a great regard for him. Here comes the best waltzer in the world. Do you think he means to dance with me? Yes, you are released. But you won't forget the way to my door, will you?"

She went off with the other man, and Luxmore, returning to the bench where they had talked together, sat there for a while alone.

"A great regard!" he thought. "That's the sort of thing a woman says of the poor dog who has had his day with her. I wonder if Selden lost his head, and returned her regard with interest. That would explain him. She had tied the bit of crape about his picture, and was ashamed to let me see it. Why? Now that he is safe she cares for him too much perhaps. And I am winding myself up with thoughts as melancholy as the crape itself. She was right. I am gloomy as the grave. If I were superstitious I should call it a bad omen to have Selden's mantle fall on me. But my head is sound as a nut, and I am safe—entirely safe. The devil take her! What do I care about the girl?"

Then he walked up to the ball-room window, and saw her for the first time in a good light. She was older than he had thought—twenty-five or twenty-six, he dared say. Yes, she might well have had that little affair with Selden. How gracefully she danced! The younger girls were conscious and awkward in comparison with her—mere jointed dolls. Others besides himself were following with their looks the golden hair, the clear, blue, laughing eyes. When she stopped, a small court formed about her, cutting her off from view. Then Luxmore, gloomier than ever, went into the house, and keeping out of her way forced himself to say cheerful nothings wittily to the first good soul he met. So he passed on from one old friend to another, till the clouds lifting left him in a better frame of mind. If not precisely a full-grown lion, he was looked upon as one of the whelps. And he could not be wholly insensible to that deference which poor humanity always pays to the lords of the menagerie. Later he found himself once more comparing notes with his hostess.

"Well, did you like her?" she inquired.

"Whom do you mean?"

"Sylvia—Miss Belknap, of course."

"Perfection—but for one fault. She does not know my work."

"Poor sensitive plant! You have the vice of genius. You are exactly like my husband."

"Agreed, with thanks; but that is neither here nor there."

"Oh, but it is. Her fault may be overcome."

"I am not so sure of that," said he. "Tell me—" he had a question about Miss Belknap on his lips, and behind it a dozen others. But he suppressed them all, and asked something altogether different. On the whole he preferred to get his information elsewhere.

II.

The opportunity came an hour afterward, when he and Mordaunt exchanged their impressions of the evening, in loose

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attire, over a final cigar. John Mordaunt rolled through the world in wealth, the type of jollity. He was short and round and ruddy; bald as a globe; with a nimble wit; and an inner man so nicely adjusted to his outer one that he was happy in himself, and in all things appertaining to him. His wife and children were the best that ever lived; his house in town was the most comfortable that could be contrived, if not the grandest; his country house, and this again at North Head fell little behind it in his own estimation, and were, in fact, admirably well-ordered. He prided himself upon his social judgments, incisively pronounced and dangerously true; so that those who did not like him had a wholesome fear of him; and his blunt sincerity made him troops of friends. He was fond of quoting Sir Peter's conclusions about sentiment, a disposition of the mind which he attributed to dyspepsia; but he stated this so often as to betray a conscious weakness of his own in that respect, especially in view of the fact that his courtship had been a sentimental one, and that he had grown domestic to the last degree. He had long been intimate with Roger Luxmore, whom he admired for the imaginative qualities which were lacking in himself. He had none of the creative faculty; but was a born critic, whose powers ran to waste. Unfortunately he could live without cultivating them, without application to hard labor of any kind. It was only to quiet his conscience that he took his ease in his office and dabbled in the law.

Luxmore knew that his friend must have definite views about so important a figure as Miss Belknap already appeared to him to be. But while he was preparing his first ingenious question, Mordaunt, without warning, plunged straight into the heart of the subject.

"What did you think of Lady Sylvia?" he asked. "I saw her making off with you."

"Not wholly unattractive," said Luxmore, cautiously. "And with a good eye for color—she wore just the right one."

"I am glad it's no worse. She did not, then, intoxicate you?"

"You forget that I'm an old bird," said Luxmore, smiling; "the wine I drink must be made of grapes. But tell me something about her. Seriously, she did interest me a little."

"Then mark my words. Beware of her. She is hard as flint, and will never be otherwise; for she inherited hardness as she did her money. Her father and grandfather before her were mere ossifications."

Of these words Luxmore marked only one. He had often sworn to himself that, come what might, he would never ask a rich woman to be his wife, and now his heart sank. "What!" he thought. "Do I love her, then, already?"

"So she has money," was all he said aloud.

"Coffers, Roger, coffers. And she is charitable, too, in her way; she subscribes well. But no fortune-hunter will ever spend one penny of it; no good fellow lives that will ever share it with her. Make a note of that; you will see."

"I see that you take a great deal for granted," returned Luxmore, laughing.

"Laugh if you like, you don't know her as I do. You have lived in France, where the women, with all their faults, are women still. God bless them, every one, I say; but not a type like this, which is getting to be far too common here at home. There's no sentimental nonsense about me, you may be sure, but I want a woman to be tender and gentle, and to show a proper weakness; in short, to be flesh and blood, and not a cold abstraction. The girls nowadays seem to think that their only duty is to improve their minds. They refine themselves to death; they won't look at a man, they want a demi-god. He never comes; and they live single and passionless, die, and bury their talent in the grave. What good have they done the world with all their delightful intellectuality? They were born to hand it down. It's their only excuse for being."

"Your happy household is your best argument," said Luxmore; "but think of the risk they run, in saying 'yes;' look around you at the unhappy marriages."

"Nonsense. The man runs his risk,

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doesn't he? Why not the woman? Because she is too self-centred; she will not let herself go a single instant. What we call love implies some sacrifice; she would not make it, if she could. Look at the case in point. Here is Sylvia Belknap, young, lovely, rich beyond reckoning. She has no near relatives; she lives alone with her servants and her companion, Miss Winchester. It is the most selfish and limited of lives. She writes her checks, studies her art and her philosophy, cuts the leaves of her review, dines, dances, and her day is done. Unluckily her coldness, that should repel, attracts. More than one better man than she deserves to get has dangled after her and come to grief. She cannot understand it. She has improved all antiquated ideas away. I have no patience with such a temperament. Her smile makes me think of a vein of quartz in its granite setting. She is like that reef out there; the waves rush at it, and the biggest can only dash itself to pieces. What are you laughing at now?"

"Only to think that the gods made Mordaunt poetical."

"Fudge!" said Mordaunt, flinging away his cigar, and bustling about to lock the windows. "It takes a good strong simile to touch you; and you are a little on my conscience. I want to see you married—though not to Lady Sylvia, as my wife persists in calling her. Ugh! East wind, again! After all, that girl is the natural product of our cursed climate. Had she been born with feelings, ten to one they would have been chilled out of her. Past two o'clock! 'And so to bed,' as Pepys says."

Mordaunt's random shot about similes was really apt enough. It would have taken one far stronger than any he had invented to make a deep impression upon Luxmore in this instance. Well begun is more than half done in matters of the heart. The affections, once engaged, benumb the reason. No two men can agree precisely concerning the color of an object. They do not see it with the same eyes. And their views are even more at variance in the discussion of a character. There is no rule of proportion to accurately determine that. The lines, which to one are clear and well defined, are blurred and iridescent to the other. Sharp attack provokes skilful defence; and argument, usually profitless, here becomes absolutely futile. To warn a man against a woman on whom his eyes have once looked longingly is to raise up for her a champion.

So the friendly caution went in at one ear and out at the other, dismissed by Luxmore as an absurd bit of social prejudice, the moment Miss Belknap's influence exerted itself again. Of course she had her suitors; how could she help that? Of course she would marry when the right man came along; how could any one suppose the contrary? To choose wisely was her affair; not to choose at all would be her misfortune, rather than the world's. She lived in a land of liberty. No law, written or unwritten, could compel her to marry for the sake of pleasing the bystanders. The doctrine of heredity was well enough, if well worked out; but who could describe its limits, verify its laws? What would it matter that her father and grandfather had been cut in adamant, if some forgotten ancestor, blessed with a warm heart, had transmitted his gentleness to her?

These reflections followed hard upon the visit Luxmore paid her, ostensibly for the purpose of seeing Selden's nymph by day. The abandoned room had been opened to the air and sunlight; but there had been no other attempt to make it habitable. On a table were scattered brushes and tubes of color; in one corner stood an empty easel. Her work was not worth showing, she said; she had given it all up now; some day, perhaps, she might try again, more seriously. If there were only some one to help her out. She felt the need of a good master—the incentive that men acquired in a Parisian atelier. She was glad to hear that he had taken a studio in town. His influence would be of the best, she knew. Directly and indirectly, a man of high aims always did so much. By the force of his example he would teach others to desire something more than money-getting, to strive for an ideal.

Thus flattered and humored, Luxmore yielded to the spell of her potent personality, and carried away with him a

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glowing sense of its charm. The glow still remained when he dined at her house a few days afterward. It was one of those quiet little dinners of general conversation with congenial people that survive in memory the pomp of a formal banquet. Luxmore sat between Miss Belknap and Mrs. Shirley Allerton. He was in high spirits, and talked freely and well; so well, that Allerton moved round to him after dinner, and told him tales of his youth; informing his wife, on the way home, that Luxmore was a fine fellow whom she must corral often when they went to town.

"It is some one else who will corral him, as you call it, Shirley."

"To whom do you refer?"

"Can't you see? Sylvia, of course."

"Oh!" replied her husband, in blank amazement. "You are very far-sighted, my dear."

"Not at all. How can you talk so? I have decided that it would be a most excellent thing. In fact, I have set my heart upon it."

"Then it will be, my dear, without the slightest question."

But many moons waxed and waned, and still it was not. More than that, Luxmore, sitting up one autumn night over his fire, took strange counsel with himself, and decided that it could never be. He had been thinking far too much, lately, of Miss Belknap—or of her fortune, which was it? Overwhelmed by a new impalpable force beyond his comprehension, he strove against it, now refusing to admit it at all, now ascribing it to an unworthy motive, and struggling merely to conquer that, as he believed. What! Marry to forfeit his independence? Clinging to a woman's skirts, to decline upon inglorious ease? Impossible! No man could do that and respect himself; better an empty purse than a full one in the wrong hand. Men were born to lead, not to follow. And yet, if he were doing himself grave injustice; if this nameless longing were of a kind to hold through all changes of material, outward circumstance; if she were penniless, for instance, would he not still long for her? Ah, how could he be sure of that? She had always worn the golden cestus. Who could say that it contributed nothing to her mysterious, indefinable charm? The merest shadow of a doubt deprived him of the right to speak. And doubt, he argued, was inseparable from these conditions. Long he considered them; so long, that the fire died away unheeded, and through his high window came the first glimmer of the dawn. He roused himself, shivering, to shut it out, and sleep. The silent debate was over; its question was answered in the negative.

Resolutely, then, he set his face against temptation. He could not avoid Miss Belknap altogether, of course; but he no longer made an effort to meet her. When they were thrown together his talk was of the lightest, and marked by an odd nervousness of manner. He was continually contriving that they should not be left alone. Thus it happened that, for one reason or another, she was always in his thoughts, and the chosen pursuit which should have absorbed them found but a secondary place. His winter was restless and unprofitable. He attempted no important work; but, under a growing discouragement, yielded to the fancied claims of society, kept its late hours, and paid the penalty; by day, tilting at his own poor windmills with a tired hand. Nevertheless the studies he turned out sold readily. Chance and his tact in dealing with it had made him the favorite of the hour; for the hour, it was the thing to encourage him.

With charming inconsistency his friend Mrs. Shirley Allerton alternately reproached him for wasting his time, and by her own tempting invitations made sad inroads upon it. When he laughingly called her attention to this fact, she had her answer ready. No man, in her judgment, should be permitted to immure himself. Until he was married and settled, which change for the better, according to her emphatic parenthesis, should always occur on the hither side of forty, he must see people; not all people, of course, not the dull and conventional, but the wise and clever—in short, the right ones. Then, to point her moral, she asked him to dinner, and made him take Miss Belknap in. But some one had failed her at the last moment. The place on his left hand was vacant. For that reason,

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no doubt, Sylvia took pains to be doubly captivating. She began with a flattering complaint. In long weeks she had seen nothing of him; she could hardly remember when they had talked together as they were talking now. This argued, evidently, that he was hard at work; indeed she had been shown the results, and she could well understand that art should be his first thought; but it need not be his only one; he must think sometimes of—his friends.

He had thought of them too often, as he was on the point of saying. But he checked himself, and turned the conversation off into impersonalities. She followed where he led her, listening with an attentive smile, making her own points cleverly, but deferentially. How well their tastes agreed! How plainly she expressed her hope in his success without the aid of one insipid compliment; her pleasure in his companionship without an atom's loss of maidenly reserve! What warmth of sympathy was hers, what delicacy of feeling! Refinement was in all her looks and gestures; her voice had nothing of the world's harshness; every note of it was an appeal. The hours of that night fled like minutes; but they left behind them an eternity of recollection.

"A fine stroke of yours, that vacant place!" said Mr. Allerton to his wife, when their guests were gone.

"Now, Shirley, please—for once, do me justice."

"How am I unjust? In giving you credit for benevolent diplomacy?"

"Match-making isn't that. It's unwarrantable interference, more likely to do harm than good. I detest it thoroughly, as you ought to know. You can't push people into marriage, and expect them to be happy. Miss Burleigh really gave out at the last moment. I couldn't have filled her place if I had tried."

"My dear, I apologize. But with nobody on his left, and somebody on his right——"

"Well, why shouldn't he take her in?"

"He couldn't help himself; and any event that may occur will be purely fortuitous. There is a special providence that waits on lovers."

"Lovers!" repeated his wife, laughing, and then sighing. "Nothing will occur; I am out of patience. But I shall never interfere," she concluded, with determination. For a long time Mrs. Allerton's rash prediction was borne out by the fact, and nothing did occur in this important matter, which, as she had before confessed, was very near her heart. All the following summer, and well into the autumn, Luxmore still strove to do what he conceived to be his duty, namely, to forget the woman whose accident of wealth weighed upon him, warping his better judgment, making his love an oppressive and tormenting burden. Then came the inevitable moment when he ceased to struggle, and, like a tired swimmer, let the current have its way. It swept him on fiercely. And now, in the world, he was always at her side, completing the tedious round of so-called pleasures for her sake, lightly. Out of her sight, he carried her image with him; but he was no longer unhappy, for he no longer argued with himself. If the old problem crept into his mind, he dismissed it with a word. "Time must settle it," he now decided. And when a man says that in such a case, he uses time in a special sense, and its true meaning is opportunity.

For her part, Sylvia met his advances kindly. More than that, her face brightened when he approached; when he rose to go, she entreated him to stay. The world began to interpret these signs in its own reckless fashion, and to leave them more and more to themselves. One night they had been alone for hours in a crowded drawing-room; as the guests took leave they fell into line together; then he led her down, ordered her carriage, and went back for her to the cloak-room door. As she came out, drawing her furs about her, some roses fell from her dress. Luxmore caught them.

"What is it?" she asked. "My fan—my handkerchief? No; here they are."

"Only these," said Luxmore; she held out her hand to take the flowers, but he shook his head. "Let me keep them."

"Bring me them to-morrow," she answered, smiling, but not looking at him. Silently he offered her his arm, and

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saw, over her shoulder, that this little scene had not passed unobserved. Two vigilant matrons, in the room behind, were discussing him already; he knew it by the mischievous twinkle of their eyes; he could see, if not hear, his name upon their lips; they had been on the alert for this. What! the secret that he hardly knew himself was, then, an open one. Had he betrayed it by signs the dullest gossip of them all could read? Curses on their scandalous tongues! He was town-talk, unquestionably.

"She knows it, then!" he muttered to himself, as he went out with Sylvia to the carriage. He bade her good-night, mechanically.

"Good-night!" she answered, leaning forward to give him her hand. "I shall be at home to-morrow."

Simplest of words! Yet they made his heart leap for joy. Spoken at that moment they were full of significance to him. If the town talked of his love for her, she must not only know it, but have known it long. She must have read his thoughts; have followed, step by step, his mental struggle, appreciating his long forbearance, respecting its motive, tolerating, approving him. And now that, yielding to the poet's word, he had obeyed his heart, and given all to love, she approved him still. For days he had been her shadow, and she begged for him to-morrow. So, with scarce a word, she had done all a woman could do to make him speak. Yes, it had come to that. Not to tell her would be to wrong her. He must speak now, if only to silence the idle tongues that were busy with her name.

Love is a cruel but an impartial despot; there are no distinctions of rank among his subjects; all are slaves; he laughs at gray hairs and wrinkles; and men have no age when he first bids them hope. The rapture of that moment is like the joy of anticipation, overmastering children; feverish, irrational, so keen as to be but one remove from pain. It filled Luxmore's heart now, as the fragrance of her roses filled his dreary lodgings. He was living out a short Arabian night. He had made, in very truth, "the receipt of reason a limbec only." Its fumes intoxicated him; through their rosy clouds a sweet, ideal form drew nearer. How should he know that these radiant colors were the colors of his fancy; that he had painted with them a being too lovely for the earth? How should he dream that he was dreaming?

The roses he carried her were sweeter than hers, she said. She held them while she talked, bending over them lovingly. His opportunity had come. His senses had grown strangely acute, so that every small detail of time and place impressed itself upon them. The clear, still, winter afternoon was slowly darkening; there had been a fresh fall of snow, and from the street came up a continuous sound of sleigh-bells. He knew the room by heart; half the things in it were precious heirlooms. She sat between the firelight and the daylight, under a splendid picture that shone down upon her from the wall—the portrait of an ancestor—a man in the prime of life, handsome and stately, with a faint smile on his shaven lips. In spite of that the face was not agreeable. Its fixed look had an air of mockery not at all like hers. Yet so far as the features went, she bore a strong resemblance to this masterpiece which Luxmore had often admired.

He saw the likeness now, and it made him falter. The old obstacle, too, loomed up once more. She was so rich. What had he to offer her? He could not hear his own words, as he blundered into a tale, invented on the spur of the moment. A friend had written to him for advice. The man loved, it appeared; that his love was returned he had grounds for belief—insufficient ones, perhaps; he feared that sometimes; sometimes, for other reasons, he doubted his right to love her. Meanwhile the world made sport of them. There was, unhappily, no doubt of that. What advice should be given such a man? Should he be urged to speak prematurely, and run the risk of losing her; or to hold his peace, enduring the trying situation as best he might, forcing her, at length, to end it, in one way or the other, by some further sign?

His voice trembled; his speech was hurried, almost incoherent. The girl's cheeks grew pale under it. Two burning spots of color came and went in them.

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She understood, of course; the trick was most transparent; he could not prolong it. He stopped short, waiting for her answer.

There was a dead silence. Miss Belknap only lifted the roses to her face, and let them fall again.

"Well," he said, "what is your opinion?"

"I think that he should speak," she answered, in a low voice; "and let it be decided."

"Then he will speak," said Luxmore, firmly. "The case was mine. I love you."

"You? You—love me?" she asked, in a tone of great surprise.

"Yes; as you have seen—as all the world knows—I have loved you for months."

"For months? Then why have you never spoken?"

"Why?" he repeated. What did she mean by that? Surely she must have known.

"Because—I could not;" he continued. "And yet you understood. Your face just now confirmed it. You read between my words. You did not need to be told that they referred to me."

"That is a mistake," she replied, slowly. "Until the last moment I did not understand you."

Luxmore had risen, and was staring at her now in speechless wonder. Her eyes met his, then looked another way. He did not believe her; she understood that perfectly.

"I was all wrong," she explained. "I thought that it could go on always; that we could always be good friends."

"Is that all?" he demanded, huskily. "You do not love me—you cannot love me?"

She shook her head. "I have a great regard for you—no more than that."

The words made him shiver. He remembered her use of them at their first meeting, and his own thought about them afterward.

"It is the first time I have ever told a woman that I loved her," he returned, quietly, "and it will be the last. I have no more to say."

"Do not make me unhappy, Mr. Luxmore," she said, rising to detain him, and now, at last, laying down his roses. "Let me believe that we may meet later with no ill-will—even as friends."

"And talk of what? The weather? We shall never meet, I hope."

"Don't say so."

"I must say so. Unless—unless—Once more! You cannot love me?"

"No! I am much to blame——"

"I have not blamed you."

"I blame myself. I ought to have known better. I did this once before."

Luxmore recoiled with an angry gesture. "Ah!" he whispered, fiercely, "Selden!"

"Did he say so?"

"Not he: you have said it."

She met his look calmly now, standing before him with hands gently clasped. The day's last gleam of sunshine fell upon her, lighting up her golden hair. How fine and soft it was! Her face expressed mingled amazement and vexation at his taking this annoying circumstance so seriously. There was mild compassion in it too—merely that, no more. Her self-possession maddened him. Her eyes were tearless, hard and clear as the eyes of a Dresden shepherdess; into his own there came a mist through which he saw her less and less distinctly; but, above her head, he could still see the ancestral portrait with its mocking smile.

"You will hate me all your life for this," she said, and sighed.

His brows contracted with a look of pain that even she remembered long.

"No," he answered. "I wish that I could hate you."

Then he left her.

III.

It was in the following autumn that Luxmore's "Circe and Ulysses"—his first great picture—made him suddenly famous. Long before the summer there came rumors that he was bent, at last, upon that higher flight from which his self-distrust had hitherto deterred him. The world saw less of him than of old. And though he looked pale and worn, his air of hopeful determination showed that he was dealing with a problem which hard work would solve. Mordaunt and one or two other friends saw

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the work in progress, and promised great things. Great things, therefore, were expected. And the result, given to the public, surpassed expectation.

He had chosen the moment of the king's first meeting with the enchantress, when, armed with the sprig of moly, he draws his sword defiantly, declining to become a brute at her command. The figures, of life-size, were superbly modelled; the composition was original and fine, the color fully worthy of it. His triumph proved in every way complete. An English amateur pounced upon the picture, paying without a murmur the sum he demanded for it, carrying it off to London. Hard upon this followed an order for a pendant at his own price. His long apprenticeship had not been served in vain. His reputation rose at last; he had but to sustain the bubble, now soaring into sight of all the world.

From misfortune, fortune. There can be no doubt that to what, in technical phrase, may be termed heart-failure Luxmore's first success was due. In that memorable winter twilight he had broken down utterly at the sight of Sylvia's roses still surviving the desolation of his home. Home! He had hoped for one, and the echo of that hope, resounding in the lonely place, brought him hours of anguish; days and nights of it, scoring themselves like years. For age is measured more by lost illusions than by actual flight of time. One or two intimate friends saw the change in him and remarked upon it; but they invited no confidences, and he made none. He met the world's glance without flinching; walked erect with a firm step, hugging to himself his "gnarling sorrow" as bravely as the Spartan. Mordaunt alone suspected the truth. But even to him it remained always a mere suspicion. He became, none the less, a model of discreet and devoted friendship. Various were the devices he employed to change the current of his comrade's thoughts, to shorten his hours of solitude. He would break in upon them with some new joke or some new project; carry Luxmore off by force to dine at his table; cheer him there in a hundred ways. But even this kindness had the power to wound. At times Luxmore found the happiness of the house almost unendurable; the children's laughter wrung his heart. Then Mordaunt, seeing this, but failing to comprehend it, would ascribe it to some other cause, and mutter: "What have I said or done to hurt him?"

The stupor slowly wore itself away, to be succeeded by a fierce reaction. An hour came when Luxmore woke, and said: "She has ruined one man; she shall be the making of another. I cannot hate her. I will forget her. I am not like Selden." He plunged into work, wearily enough at first. Day by day, however, gaining strength from this healthful stimulus, he applied himself more closely, grew more and more at one with his difficult task, found to his delight that something better than his old self had taken possession of him. This it was to live; no earthly joy that he had ever known was comparable to it. Leaving noble work behind them, men were more than men. And if not the fulfilment, the endeavor; to that end men were endowed with souls; "to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

The last fumes of the alembic had cleared away. He knew now that they had lent their colors to an air-drawn shape, a creature of his own mind, totally unreal, perhaps too perfect for material existence. That lovely soul, divine in its perceptions, could never consciously or unconsciously have so betrayed two men; for her there would have been no second victim to dismiss with an allusion to the first. She would have been unselfish and considerate, quick to interpret a silence that every look and every act of his had contradicted, eager to avert the merest possibility of danger. With all the weakness of her sex she would have proved herself the strongest and noblest of women —an angel with a human heart, not a cold abstraction. How well he remembered Mordaunt's warning, when he had fatally disregarded it. She had only to reveal herself, to bring home to him the cleverness of that description.

And yet he could not hate her. When they met, as sometimes they were forced to meet, passing each other with a smile of studied cordiality, his feeling was still one of tenderness toward this woman

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whose outward self had dazzled him, whose inner self he had misconceived. His embodiment of all gentleness had never been; by her own showing that was clearly proved. Yet she came very near to it; and in her presence something of the old glamour returned for a moment to bewilder him again. Only for a moment; in the next he could laugh as men do at the wild hopes of boyhood, knowing them to be follies, glad to have outgrown them. He had other aims now, higher ones; far better worth attaining, more glorious in their rewards. Had she loved him he must one day have found her out. Then the charm would have been more rudely broken, the gossamer thread would have turned into a chain. Her coldness had saved him, had made a man of him. From the flint had come the spark of fire. All was better as it was.

He often wondered what he should say to her, if by some mischance they were brought into close companionship under too curious eyes. The weather, past, present, and to come, would soon exhaust itself. The numerals were left. He would count, *con expressione*, from one to a hundred, like the tired diner-out of the tale, and request her to do the same. The dreadful infliction must be avoided, if possible. Fortunately it was unlikely to occur. He saw so little of the world's people now. Even Mrs. Shirley Allerton had ceased to tax him with neglect. The painter of the "Circe" had justified himself; he was a privileged person, with other weighty work on hand, free to come and go as he liked, always sure of a welcome when he wanted it. So, for a long while, the steel encountered the flint only in the open air, or in some great assemblage where the law of natural selection prevailed. The two were no longer talked about. Their little affair had been a nine days' wonder at best, and another soon supplanted it. There is no cure for gossip like starvation.

The intercourse still remained one of looks and smiles, when there came an urgent letter from Luxmore's patron calling him to London. Important commissions were said to await him; others in train would surely follow; they needed but his presence. He did not think twice; and deciding not only to go, but to stay indefinitely, began his preparations forthwith. The news was duly chronicled, and his friend Mrs. Allerton read it with a start in her morning paper.

"Oh, Shirley! this is too bad. Mr. Luxmore is going abroad."

"I heard it last night at the club. I meant to tell you."

"And he never—at least I suppose he never—I really must interfere now."

"What on earth are you talking about?"

"Don't be obtuse. Miss Belknap——"

"Oh, that's it. I thought you thought they were not on speaking terms."

"They must speak. I shall ask them to dinner, and make him take her in."

Mr. Allerton laughed. "With another vacant place, I suppose. No, my dear; I won't consent to it."

"But——"

"I will not have him badgered. Let him speak, if he chooses; if not——"

"How can he, without an opportunity?"

"You may give him that, if you please; but only that."

"How?"

"Who dines here to-morrow? The Mexican minister?"

"Yes."

"Very well; ask a few of the enlightened to come in afterward; Jack with them, and his Jill—or jilt, which is it? But, mind, no compulsion. Is it agreed?"

"Agreed; yes."

Accordingly, on the following night, Luxmore, talking earnestly with his hostess, looked up and found that he had been led into a corner, where Miss Belknap stood alone. She put out her hand appealingly. He was forced to take it; and he had no sooner done so than Mrs. Allerton disappeared as if by magic. The rooms were large, the company was small. For a moment they stood silent, face to face, almost as far from the Mexican minister as he from Mexico.

"I am sorry to hear that you are going away," said the voice, once so familiar, now slightly tremulous, as he observed; he listened closely to his own, and found no tremor in it.

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"Ah! And why?" he asked.

"I do not like to think that an American willingly gives up his native land."

He smiled somewhat scornfully. "A great philosopher once said, 'Let no man call himself an Athenian or a Corinthian, but a citizen of the world.' You have studied the philosophers. Is not that good advice?"

"You did not think so once."

"No. But we grow wiser as we grow older. I have learned my lesson in philosophy."

A faint color came into her face. She studied her fan attentively, opening and shutting it, stroking its feathers with the caressing gesture that he remembered.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked.

There was a small sofa near them, under a bust of Plato. Wondering a little at his own indifference, Luxmore took his seat there at her side.

"I have seen your picture," she continued. "It is very fine. I have wished to add my word to the others."

"Thank you," he replied. "One does what one can, and is none the worse, I hope, for recognition."

"That is a pleasure of which you are depriving us. Art here struggles for existence; it needs the help of every skilful hand. And yours is turned against it. Stay; it is your duty."

"One's first duty is to one's self. I go where I can work to the best advantage."

"I see. Your work absorbs you; you have no other end in life."

"None."

"And does it make you happy?"

"I do not ask so much of it. I have lost a hope, but I have gained a virtue—the virtue of contentment. In this life we are all servants, and not masters; the rewards come after. I serve to win them. I live only for a few letters in high relief upon a tombstone—for a statue, perhaps—for fame, immortality, who knows?—for happiness, elsewhere."

He looked not at her, but straight before him, through the half-empty rooms, toward the Mexican minister who had just risen to take leave. A star glittered upon his breast. The light of it flashed in Luxmore's eyes.

At a slight sound beside him, he turned his head. One of the slender sticks of her fan had broken in Miss Belknap's hands. "It is nothing," she said, rising. "As you were saying, you have grown older, if not wiser. All your ideas are completely changed."

He rose too. "No," he said. "My ideal—that is all."

"And nothing can change that?"

"Nothing in this world."

She held out her hand once more. "Since you will go, then, I wish you all possible success."

"It is to you that I shall owe it," he replied, looking at her now, as their hands clasped. He could hardly believe his own eyes, for hers were full of tears.

"They are going," he said. "Shall I take you to our hostess?"

"No. I shall stay a little longer. Good-night."

"Good-night—until we meet again!"

On his way home he reviewed their talk lightly, laughing to himself. "And yet," he thought, "she would have flung me over. I would not have trusted her, even then." That was his conclusion. To his last hour he will never doubt it.

"'Until we meet again!'" We toss a ball into the air for chance to catch, to return or not, at pleasure. In this case it was returned, but only after twenty years, throughout which Luxmore remained true to his ideal, winning honors, orders, stars as brilliant as the Mexican's. The better to enjoy them he went through the form of denization, and became a British subject. He grew gray and rich, and stout and comfortable; but alone. He never married.

One night, at a private view, his name was on everybody's lips. His picture had been pronounced by acclamation the picture of the year. The galleries were thronged. Luxmore had offered his arm to a stately dowager, and as they made their way about she caught the whisper of his name, and wondered that he did not seem to hear it.

"How I envy you," she said.

He laughed. "Envy me? Why?"

"You are Luxmore. That's all. Who is the old, young person coming this way? Do I know her?"

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The figure passed on in the crowd and was gone; but not before Luxmore recognized the face and returned its cordial greeting with a smile.

"No; she looked at you," his companion rattled on. "The eyes are fine—but she makes me think of a faded leaf. Who is she, pray?"

"An American," said Luxmore. "I knew her once—slightly. I am not sure about the name."

Later on he informed himself that she was called Miss Belknap. She, too, had never married. But she had left the gallery. They did not meet again.

That same night an acquaintance stopped him in the club, to speak of a brother-painter who had lately died.

"I have just heard the news. Onslow is to have a niche in the crypt of St. Paul's. Jolly good thing, isn't it? I wonder if he knows."

"I hope not," said Luxmore. "Was that the best they could do?"

The man stared and went away. Luxmore, left to himself, sighed heavily.

"The crypt of St. Paul's! I wish it were I instead of Onslow." Then his thought took another turn. "After all, I am Luxmore," he said, with a smile. And wheeling his chair a little nearer to the fire, he took a cat-nap before turning in.

SAFETY IN RAILROAD TRAVEL.

By H. G. Prout.

IN 1829, when Ericsson's little locomotive "Novelty," weighing two and a half tons, ran a short distance at the rate of thirty miles an hour, a writer of the time said that "it was the most wonderful exhibition of human daring and human skill that the world had ever seen." To-day trains weighing four hundred tons thunder by at seventy-five miles an hour, and we hardly note their passage. We take their safety as a matter of course, and seldom think of the tremendous possibilities of destruction stored up in them. But seventy-five miles an hour is one hundred and ten feet a second, and the energy of four hundred tons moving at that rate is nearly twice as great as that of a 2,000-pound shot fired from a 100-ton Armstrong gun. This is the extreme of weight and speed now reached in passenger service, and, indeed, is very rarely attained, and then but for short distances; but sixty miles is a common speed, and a rate of forty or fifty miles is attained daily on almost every railroad in the country. We cannot tell from the time-tables how fast we travel. The schedule times do not indicate the delays that must be made up by spurts between stations. The traveller who is curious to know just how fast he is going, and likes the stimulus of thinking that he is in a little danger, may find amusement in taking the time between mile posts; and when these are not to be seen, he can often get the speed very accurately by counting the rails passed in a given time. This may be done by listening attentively at an open window or door. The regular clicks of the wheels over the rail-joints can usually soon be singled out from the other noises, and counted. The number of rail-lengths passed in twenty seconds is almost exactly the number of miles run in an hour.

But if one wants to get a lively sense of what it means to rush through space at fifty or sixty miles an hour, he must get on a locomotive. Then only does he begin to realize what trifles stand between him and destruction. A few weeks ago a lady sat an hour in the cab of a locomotive hauling a fast express train over a mountain road. She saw the narrow bright line of the rails and the slender points of the switches. She heard the thunder of the bridges, and

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saw the track shut in by rocky bluffs, and new perils suddenly revealed as the engine swept around sharp curves. The experience was to her magnificent, but the sense of danger was almost appalling. To have made her experience complete, she should have taken one engine ride in a dark and rainy night. In a daylight ride on a locomotive, we come to realize how slender is the rail and how fragile its fastenings, compared with the ponderous machine which they carry. We see what a trifling movement of a switch makes the difference between life and death. We learn how short the look ahead must often be, and how close danger sits on either hand. But it is only in a night ride that we learn how dependent the engineer must be, after all, upon the faithful vigilance of others. We lean out of the cab and strain our eyes in vain to see ahead. The head-light reveals a few yards of glistening rail, and the ghostly telegraph poles and switch targets. Were a switch open, a rail taken up, or a pile of ties on the track, we could not possibly see the danger in time to stop. The friendly twinkle of a signal lamp, shining faintly, red or white, tells the engineer that the way is blocked or is clear, and he can only rush along trusting that no one of a dozen men on whom his life depends has made a mistake.

When one reflects upon the destructive energy which is contained in a swiftly moving train, and sees its effects in a wreck; when he understands how many minute mechanical details, and how many minds and hands must work together in harmony to insure its safe arrival at its destination, he must marvel at the safety of railroad travel. In the year 1887, the passengers killed in train accidents in the United States were 207; those injured were 916. The employees killed were 406, and injured 890.* These were in train accidents only, it must be remembered, and do not include persons killed at crossings, or while trespassing on the track, or employees killed and injured making up trains. As will be seen later, the casualties in these two classes are much greater than those from train accidents. The total passenger movement in 1887 was equal to one passenger travelling 10,570,306,710 miles. That is to say, a passenger might have travelled 51,000,000 miles before being killed, or 12,000,000 miles before being injured. Or he might travel day and night steadily at the rate of 30 miles an hour for 194 years before being killed. Mark Twain would doubtless conclude from this that travelling by rail is much the safest profession that a man could adopt. It is unquestionably true that it is safer than travelling by coach or on horseback, and probably it is safer than any other method of getting over the earth's surface that man has yet contrived, unless it may be by ocean steamer. If one wants anything safer he must walk.

In considering the means that have been adopted to make railroad travel safe, it must be remembered that there are very few devices in use that are purely safety appliances. Nearly everything used on a railroad has an economic or mechanical value, and if it promotes safety that is but part of its duty. The great source of safety in railroad working is good discipline. Of all the train accidents which have happened in the United States in the last sixteen years, nearly ten per cent. were due to negligence in operation, and seventeen per cent. were unexplained. Of these no doubt many were due to negligence, and many that were attributed to defects of track and equipment would have been prevented, had men done their duty. The value of mechanical appliances for safety is perhaps as often overrated as underrated. Undoubtedly the best, and in the long run the cheapest, practice will be that which combines in the highest degree both elements—disciplined intelligence and perfection of mechanical details.

First in importance among the mechanisms which demand attention here is the brake. From the beginning of railroads the necessity for brakes was apparent, and in 1833 Robert Stephenson patented a steam driver-brake (the brake on the driving-wheels). This was

* The statistics of train accidents used in this article are those collected and published monthly for many years by the *Railroad Gazette*. In the nature of things such statistics cannot be absolutely accurate, but no others are in existence for the whole country. These are sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes.

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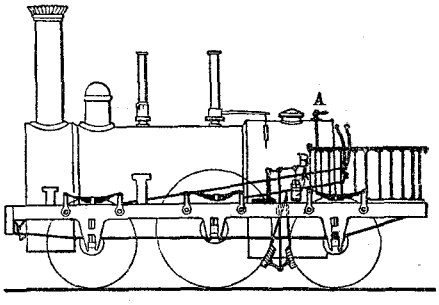
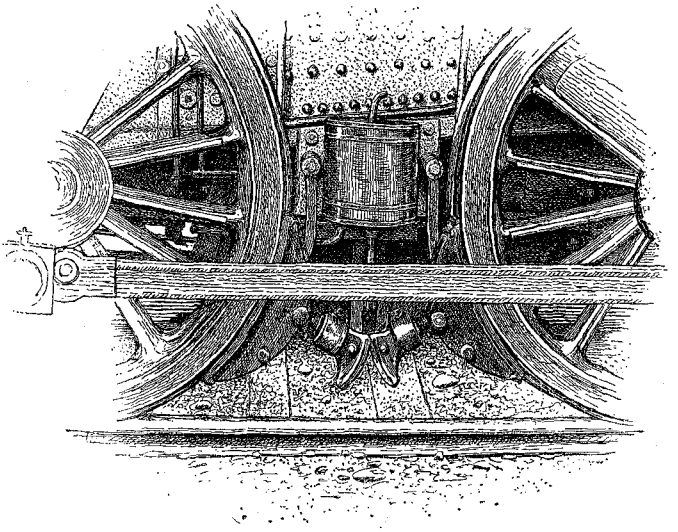
but four years after the Rainhill trials, which settled the question of the use of locomotives on the Liverpool & Manchester Railroad. This early brake contained the principle of the driver-brake, operated by steam or air, which has in late years come into wide use. The apparatus is so simple that the cut representing it hardly needs explanation. Admission of steam into the cylinder raised the piston, which through a lever and rod raised the toggle-joint between the brake-blocks and forced them against the treads of the wheels. Essentially the same method of applying the retarding force can now be seen on most passenger engines, and often, but not so commonly, on engines for freight service. For various reasons Stephenson's driver-brake did not come into use.



Stephenson's Steam Driver-brake. Patented 1833.

Innumerable devices for car-brakes have been invented, but they divide themselves into two groups, those in which the retarding force is applied to the circumference of the wheel, and those in which it is applied to the rail. The class of brakes in which the retarding force is applied to the rail has been little used, although various contrivances have been devised to transfer a portion of the weight of the car from the wheels to runners sliding on the rails. There are many objections to the principle, and it will probably never again be seriously considered by railroad men. The apparatus is necessarily heavy, the power required to apply it is great, and its action is slow. When brought into action it is not as efficient as the brake applied to the tread of the wheels, and the transfer of the load increases the chance of derailment.

Many different devices have been used to apply the brake-shoes to the wheels, and various sources of power. Hand-power brakes have been used, worked by levers, or by screws, or by winding a chain on a staff; or, in still other forms, springs wound up by hand are released and apply the brakes by their pressure. The momentum of the train has been employed to wind up chains by the rotation of the axles. This is the principle of the chain-brake, very much used in England. This same source of power has been utilized by causing the draw-heads, when thrust in as the cars run together, to wind up the brake-chains. Hydraulic pressure has been used in cylinders under the cars; and finally air, either under pressure or acting against a vacuum, has been found to be the most useful of all means of operating train-brakes. Early forms of hand-brakes are seen in the illustrations of some old English cars. The coach shows


Driver-brake on Modern Locomotive.

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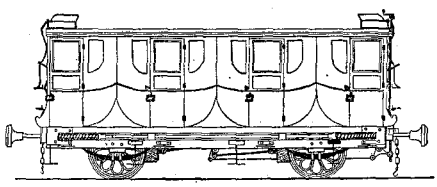
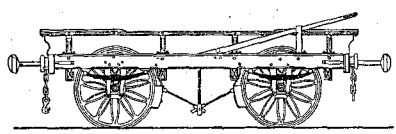
a hand-brake operated by a screw and system of levers. By turning a crank the guard puts in operation the system of levers which apply the brake with great force; but the operation is slow. The common hand-brake of the United States is too well known to need illustration. With this brake a chain is wound around the foot of a staff, and the pull of this chain is transmitted by a rod to the brake-levers. This apparatus is simple, and when a train is manned by a suffi-



English Screw Brake, on the Birmingham and Gloucester Road, about 1840.

cient number of smart brakemen it is capable of doing good service. This simple form of hand-brake will probably be used in freight service until it is replaced by air-brakes, and the various forms of chain and momentum brakes do not appear likely to be much more used in the future than they have been in the past. Therefore, no further space will be given to them.

The expression, electric brake, is now often heard, and requires a word of explanation. There are various forms of so-called electric brakes which are practicable, and even efficient, working devices. In none of them, however, does electricity furnish the power by which the brakes are applied; it merely puts in operation some other power. In one type of electric brake the active braking force is taken from an axle of each car. A small friction-drum is made fast to the axle. Another friction-drum hung from the body of the car swings near the axle. If, when the car is in motion, these drums are brought in contact, that one which hangs from the car takes motion from the other, and may be made to wind a chain on its shaft. Winding in this chain pulls on the brake-levers precisely as if it had been wound on the shaft of the hand-brake. The sole function of electricity in this form of brake is to bring the friction-drums together. In a French brake which has been used experimentally for some years with much success, an electric current, controlled by the engine-driver, energizes an electro-magnet which forms part of the swinging-frame in which the loose friction-pulley is carried. This electro-magnet being vitalized, is attracted toward the axle, thus bringing the friction-drums in contact. In an American brake lately exhibited on a long freight train, a smaller electro-magnet is used, but the same end is accomplished by multiplying the power by the intervention of a lever and wheel. The other type of so-called electric brake is that in which the motive power is compressed air, and the function of the electric device is simply to manipulate the valves under each car, by which the air is let into the brake-cylinder or allowed to escape, thus putting on or releasing the brakes. All of these devices have this advantage, that, whatever the length of the train, the application of the brakes is simultaneous on all the wheels, and stops can be made from high speed with little shock. Up to two years ago it seemed as if this advantage might be a controlling one, and compel the introduction of electric brakes for freight service. Since then the new "quick-acting" form of the air-brake has been developed, by which the brakes are applied on the rear of a fifty-car train in two seconds, and there is no longer any necessity to turn to other devices. It is doubtful, therefore, if the additional complication of electricity is



English Foot-brake on the Truck of a Great Western Coach, about 1840.

widely introduced into brake mechanism for many years, if ever.

It is now universally held that the brake, both for freight and for passenger service, must be continuous; that is, it must be applied to every wheel of every car of the train from some one point, and ordinarily that point must be the engineer's cab. With the valve of an efficient

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continuous brake constantly under his left hand, the engine-driver can play with the heaviest and fastest train. Without that instrument his work is far more anxious and much less certain.

The continuous brake which to-day prevails all over the world, is the automatic air-brake. In the United States much the largest part of the rolling stock used in passenger service is equipped with the Westinghouse automatic brake. A few roads peculiarly situated use the Eames vacuum-brake. That brake is used on the elevated roads of New York, and on the Brooklyn bridge roads. The Westinghouse brake is also largely used in England, on the Continent of Europe, in India, Australia, and South America. In the United States it is being rapidly applied to freight cars also. This brake, therefore, being the highest development of the automatic air-brake, and the one most widely used, will be briefly described, as best representing the most approved type of the most important of all safety appliances.

The general diagram which is given on pages 332–3 shows all of the principal parts as applied to a locomotive, a tender, and a passenger car. The diagram is reduced from one prepared by Mr. M. N. Forney for a new edition of his "Catechism of the Locomotive." In the plan view are shown very clearly the hand-wheels, the chains, the rods, and the levers by which the brake is applied by hand. In passenger service the hand wheels are rarely used, but they are retained for convenience in switching cars in the yard, and for those rare emergencies in which the air-brakes fail. Under the middle of the car the ordinary pull-rod of the old hand-brake is cut and two levers are inserted. One lever is connected with the brake cylinder, and the other with the piston which slides in that cylinder. When air is admitted to the cylinder the piston is driven out, and the brakes are applied exactly as they would be were the chains wound up by turning the hand-wheels. Air is supplied to the brake cylinder from the reservoir near it, in which the pressure is maintained by the action of an air-compressing pump placed on one side of the locomotive. The pump fills the main reservoir on the engine, and also the car reservoirs, by means of the train pipe which extends under all the cars. When the brakes are off there is a full pressure of air in all of the car reservoirs and train pipes. It is a *reduction* of the pressure in the train pipes which causes the brakes to be applied.

This fact must be borne in mind, for it is on this principle that the automatic action of the brakes depends. If a train parts, or if the air leaks out of the train pipe, the brakes go on. This automatic principle is a vital one in most safety appliances, and it is secured in the case of the air-brake by one of the most ingenious little devices that man ever contrived, that is, the triple valve, which is placed in the piping system between the brake cylinder and the car reservoir. This triple valve has passages to the brake cylinder, to the car reservoir, to the train pipe, and to the atmosphere. Which of these passages are open and which are closed depends upon the position of a piston inside of the triple valve, and the position of that piston is determined by the difference in air-pressure on either side of it. Thus, when the pressure in the train pipe is greater than that in the car reservoir, the triple valve piston is forced over, say to the left, a communication is opened from the train pipe to the car reservoir, and the air pressure in the latter is restored from the main reservoir on the locomotive. At the same time a passage is opened from the brake cylinder to the atmosphere, the compressed air escapes, the brake piston is driven back by a spring, and the brakes are released. If the pressure in the train pipe is reduced, the triple-valve piston is driven to the right (we will assume) by the pressure from the car reservoir, the passage to the atmosphere is closed, air flows freely from the car reservoir to the brake cylinder, and the brakes are applied.

The function of the engineer's valve is to control these operations. Naturally the runner's left hand rests on this instrument, which is fixed to the back head of the boiler. To apply the brakes he turns the handle to such a position as to allow air to escape from the train pipe; to release, he turns it to allow air to pass from the main or locomotive reservoir into the train pipe, and thence into the car reservoir. It is hardly necessary to

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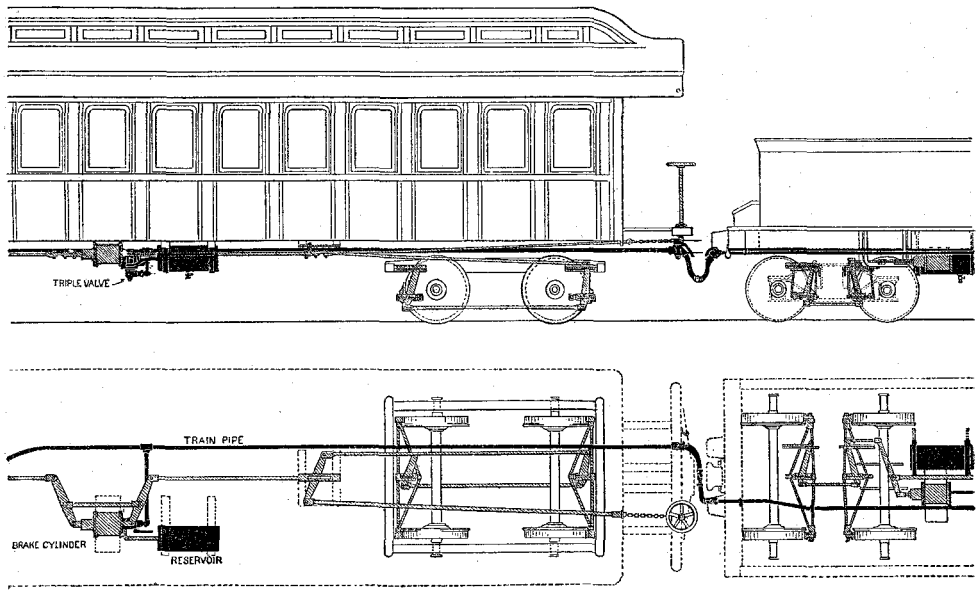

Plan and Elevation of Air-brake Apparatus.—Reser-

say that the operation of the brake, which has been described for one car, is practically simultaneous throughout the train. The brakes on the driving wheels of the engine are also automatically applied at the same time as those of the cars and the tender.

In the plan on page 333 the several different positions of the handle of the engineer's valve are indicated, and among them the service-stop and the emergency-stop positions. The quickness of the stop can be to some degree controlled by the rapidity with which the air-pressure in the train-pipe is reduced. To make a stop in the shortest possible time, the runner moves the throttle lever with his right hand and shuts off steam, and with his left hand moves the handle of the engineer's valve to the emergency position, then pulls the sand-rod handle to let sand down to the rails, and finally, if the engine is not fitted with driver-brakes, he must reverse the engine and again open the throttle. These movements must be made in order and with precision; and to make them instantly and without mistake in the face of sudden danger requires coolness and presence of mind. It sometimes happens that an engine runner reverses his engine before shutting off steam, in which case the cylinder-heads will very likely be blown out and the engine be instantly disabled. Then, if there are no driver-brakes, the locomotive is worse than useless, for instead of aiding in making the stop, its momentum adds to the work to be done by the train-brakes. Again, if the air-pressure in the brake cylinders is so high, and the adjustment of the levers such that an instant application of the full pressure will stop the rotation of the wheels, and cause them to slide on the rails, the stop will take longer than if the wheels continued to revolve. The maximum braking effect is obtained when the pressure on the wheels is as great as it can be without causing them to slide, and it may happen that a quicker stop can be made by putting the engineer's valve to the service-stop position than by trying to make an emergency stop. The runner must, therefore, be familiar with the special conditions of his brakes, and must have that kind of mind which can be depended upon to work clearly and quickly in a moment of tremendous responsibility. Fortunately, such minds are not very rare. The world is full of heroes who want only discipline, habit, and opportunity.

The pressure of air in the main res-

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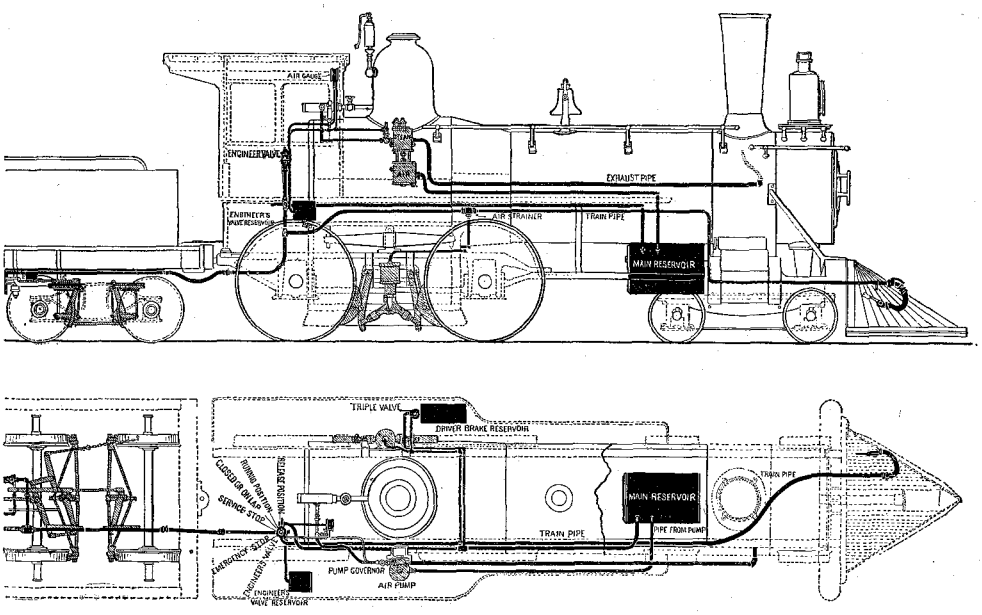

voirs and piping in solid black; brake gear shaded.

ervoir and the train-pipe is maintained by the air-pump on the locomotive, the speed of which is automatically regulated by an ingenious governor. It is the throbbing of this vigilant machine which one hears during short stops at stations. The air-pressure has been reduced in applying the brakes, and the governor has set the pump at work.

All of those parts of the air-brake apparatus which are shown in the diagram can be easily seen on a train standing at a station; but the curious traveller must be careful not to mistake the gas tank carried under some cars for the car reservoir. The gas tank is about eight feet long; the car reservoir is about thirty-three inches.

Although the air-brake can almost talk, it is still not perfect. There are several fortunes to be made yet in improving it. For instance, it is desirable in descending long and steep grades, that the brake pressure should be just sufficient to control the speed of the train, and should be steadily applied; otherwise the descent will be by a succession of jerks which may become dangerous. With the automatic the brakes must be occasionally released to recharge the reservoirs, or if the speed of the train is too much reduced; and it is difficult to keep a uniform speed. So far the means devised to overcome this difficulty have been thought too costly or complicated for general use. With hand-brakes long trains are controlled by the brakes of but a few of the cars in any one train. It follows that in the descent of grades the braked wheels must often run for miles with the pressure as great as it can be without sliding the wheels. The rim of the wheel is rapidly heated by the friction of the brake-shoe, and the unequal expansion of the heated and the unheated parts of the wheel causes a fracture. This is why so many broken car-wheels are found at the foot of grades—of all places the worst for such an accident to happen. With "straight air," that is, with the pressure from the main reservoir, or the air-pump, going directly to the brake cylinder, the engineer can apply the brakes to all the wheels of his train simultaneously, and with great delicacy of graduation; and by turning a three-way cock which is placed in the piping of each car, the air can be used "straight." This is regularly done on some mountain roads. At summits the trains are stopped and the brakes are changed from "automatic" to "straight." This practice is dangerous, however, and is not approved

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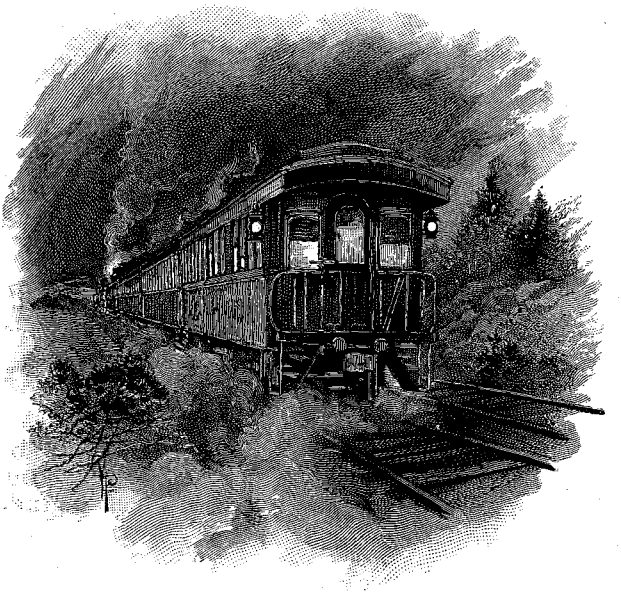
of by the best brake experts, for if a hose bursts, or through some other accident the air in the train-pipe escapes, the brakes are useless. The automatic arrangement by which a reduction of air-pressure in the train-pipe applies the brakes, as previously explained, is much preferred, although no entirely satisfactory means has yet been devised for automatically regulating the air-pressure in the brake cylinder.



There is not space here to enter into the history of the air-brake. It was first practically applied to passenger trains in 1868. The first great epoch in its subsequent development was the invention, by Mr. George Westinghouse, Jr., of the triple valve. The introduction of the triple valve at once reduced the time of full application of the brake for a ten-car train from twenty-five seconds to about eight seconds. This means, at forty miles an hour, a reduction by more than one thousand feet in the distance in which a train can be stopped. The next great epoch in the history of the air-brake was made by the celebrated Burlington brake trials of 1886 and 1887. These trials were undertaken by a committee of the Master Car-builders' Association, to determine whether or not there was any power-brake fit for freight service. For general freight service the brake must be capable of arresting a very long train, with cars loosely coupled, running at a fair average passenger speed, without producing objectionable shocks in the rear of the train. The two series of trials were carried out in July, 1886, and May, 1887. The competing brake companies brought to the trials trains of fifty cars each, equipped with their devices. Skilled mechanical engineers from various railroad and private companies assisted both years. These trials were most exhaustive, and have contributed more to the art of braking than any that preceded or have followed them. The first year's trials developed the fact that the air-brakes could not be applied on the rear of a fifty-car train in less than eighteen seconds, whereas the head of a train moving twenty miles an hour could be completely stopped in fifteen seconds. The result was that disastrous collisions between the cars of any one train were produced in the act of stopping. Men in the rear cars were thrown down and injured, and much damage was done to the cars. At the end of nineteen days the brake companies went home to work another year over the new problem. In 1887 they reappeared on the same

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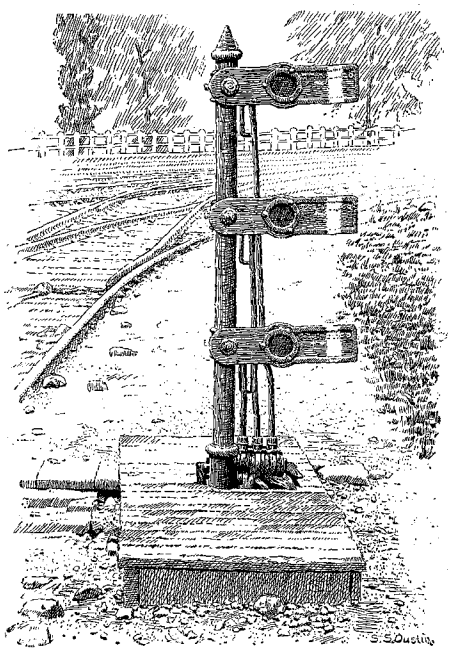
ground, and in eighteen days proved that no simple air-brakes, as then operated, could prevent disastrous shocks in a long train; but it was shown that by bringing in electricity to actuate the air-valves, the application of the brakes could be made practically simultaneous throughout the train. Mr. Westinghouse, however, during the summer following, made such modifications in the triple valve and in the train-pipe that he succeeded in applying the brakes throughout a fifty-car train in two seconds. That settled the matter. He at once equipped a train of fifty cars, and in October and November, 1887, that train made a journey of about three thousand miles, making exhibition stops at various cities. The journey was a splendid and conclusive demonstration that the air-brake is now a thoroughly efficient and reliable contrivance for freight as well as for passenger service. The result has been a very rapid application of the new quick-acting brake to freight cars. The performance of this train was to railroad men most impressive. A train of fifty freight cars is about one-third of a mile long. To see such a train, running forty miles an hour, smoothly stopped in one-third of its own length, without shock or fuss, was an object-lesson that no one could fail to understand or to remember. Some of the stops made by this train will give a fair notion of the relative power of hand- and air-brakes for quick stops. The following figures are averages of stops made in six different cities. They give the distances run in feet from the instant of applying the brakes till the train was brought to a standstill.

	Feet.
Hand-brakes, 50 cars, 20 miles an hour...	794
Air-brakes, 50 cars, 20 miles an hour.....	166
Air-brakes, 50 cars, 40 miles an hour.....	581
Air-brakes, 20 cars, 20 miles an hour.....	99

With twenty cars at twenty miles an hour even shorter stops were made than those recorded above. In the Burlington trials the hand-brake stops, with fifty-car trains at forty miles an hour, were made in from two thousand five hundred to three thousand feet.

The air-brake is somewhat complicated, but the complicated mechanism is strong, has little movement, and is securely protected from dirt and the elements. It is therefore little liable to derangement. It is, however, becoming better understood that brake gear must be good, and employees carefully instructed in the care and use of the air-brake to get its best results; and in recent years two or three elaborate instruction-cars have been fitted up for the education of the enginemen and trainmen.

Space does not permit more than an allusion to driver-brakes, which are operated by steam and by air. The forms in constant use are made by the Eames, the American, the Westinghouse, and the Beals companies. Nor can much be said here of the water-brake, used to some extent on locomotives working heavy grades. It consists of a simple arrangement for admitting a little hot water, instead of steam, to the cylinders. The engine is reversed and the cylinder cocks are opened to the air. The cylinders then act as air-pumps, and the retarding effect is due to the back pressure. The use of the water is to prevent overheating of the parts.



Dwarf Semaphores and Split Switch.

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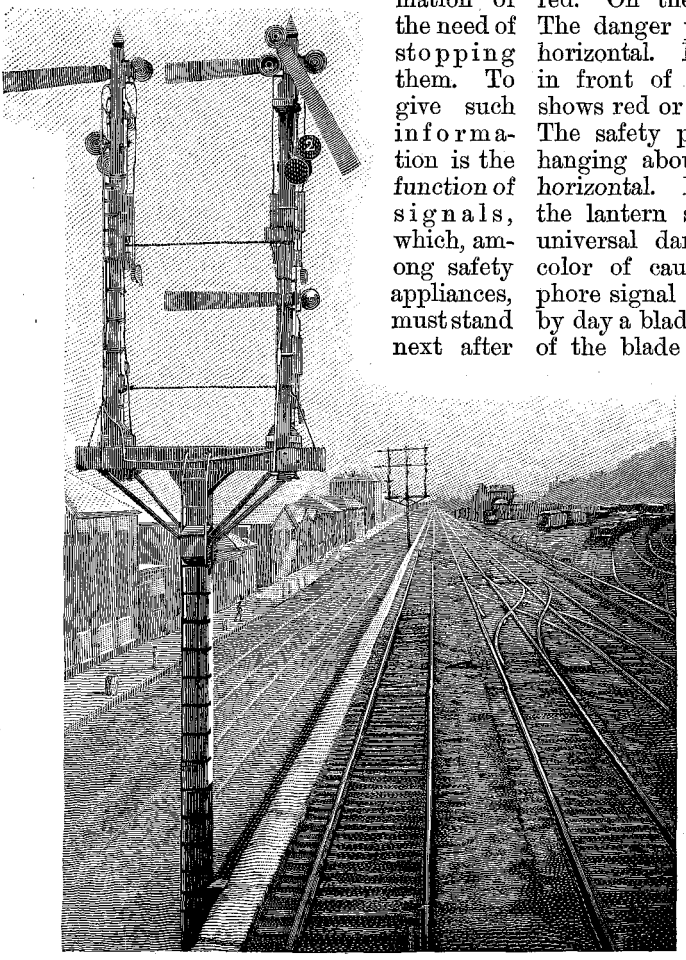
If it is important to have efficient means of stopping trains, it is scarcely less important to have timely information of the need of stopping them. To give such information is the function of signals, which, among safety appliances, must stand next after brakes. Signals fall naturally into two great classes: Those which protect points of danger and govern the movements of engines in yards, and those which keep an interval of space between two trains running on one track. For the protection of switches, crossings, junctions, and the like, signals in immense variety have been used, and, unfortunately, are still used; but in the last ten or fifteen years the semaphore signal has become the general standard in the United States, as it long has been in England. This consists of a board, called the blade or arm, pivoted on the post, and back of the pivot is a heavy casting which carries a colored glass lens, either green or red. On the post is hung a lantern. The danger position is with the blade horizontal. In this position the lens is in front of the lamp, and the light shows red or green, as the case may be. The safety position is with the blade hanging about sixty degrees from the horizontal. In this position the light of the lantern shows white. Red is the universal danger color, and green the color of caution. Therefore, a semaphore signal at a point of danger shows by day a blade painted red, with the end of the blade cut square. At night it shows a red light. At a position some distance from the point of actual danger, but where it is desirable to warn an engine-runner that he is likely to find the danger signal against him, a caution signal is placed. This is a semaphore blade painted green, with the end notched in a V-shape, or, as it is called, a fish-tail. At night this signal shows a green light. There is nothing very remarkable about a piece of board arranged to wag up and down on a pin stuck through a post, but it is wonderful how much of good brains and good breath have been expended in getting these boards to wag harmoniously, and in getting railroad officers to understand that a plain board having two possible positions, is a better signal than any more complicated form.



Semaphore Signal with Indicators.
(One arm governs several tracks. The number of the track which is clear is shown on the indicator disk.)

The arrangement of a group of signals and switches in such a way that their movements are made mutually dependent one upon the other, and so that it is impossible to make these movements in any but prearranged sequences, is called in railroad vernacular "interlocking," and in this sense the word will be used here. Interlocking has become a special art. The objects which it is sought to accomplish by interlocking, and the admirable

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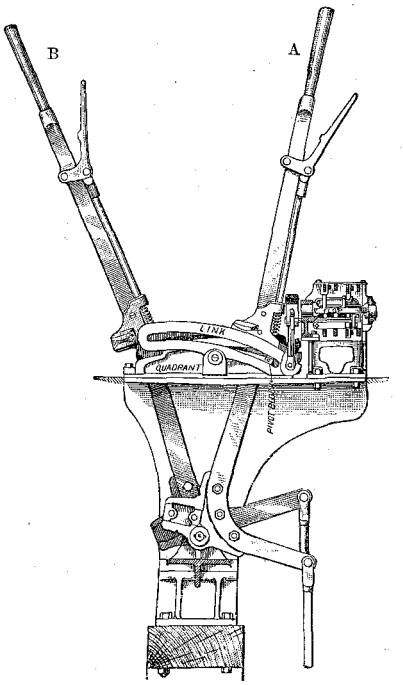
way in which those objects are attained, may best be understood from an actual example. For that purpose we shall take a double-track junction completely equipped with signals, facing-point-locks, and derailing switches. [Pg. 338.]

A general view of an interlocking frame was given on page 42 of this Magazine, January, 1889. Two levers from such a frame are shown below. The normal position of the levers is forward, as lever *A*. When pulled back, as lever *B*, the lever is said to be reversed.

Let it be supposed that a main-line train is to be passed eastward in the direction of the arrow *B*. The first movement of the signalman in the signal-tower would naturally be to lower signals 1 and 2. He attempts to pull over lever 1, but cannot move it, and, in spite of any effort or ingenuity on his part, that signal remains at danger. The reason is that lever 2 when normal locks lever 1 normal. The logic of this will be at once apparent. Clearing signal 1 is an indication to the engineer that the way is clear, and that he may pass the junction at speed. So long as this signal (which, it must be remembered, is a *caution* signal) stands at danger he knows that he may pass it, but must be ready to stop before he reaches No. 2, the home-signal. Therefore, No. 1 must never be lowered till all is arranged for passing the junction at speed. As the signalman cannot lower signal 1, he attempts to lower signal 2. Again he finds that he cannot budge the lever. It is locked by lever No. 3. This lever works a facing-point-lock, which must be described just at this point. [Pg. 339.]

The front rod of the switch, that is, the rod which connects the points of the two moving rails of the switch, is pierced with two holes placed a distance apart just equal to the throw of the switch. In front of these holes is a bolt which is worked by a lever in the signal-tower. After the switch is set the lock-lever is reversed and the bolt enters one of the holes, thus securely locking the switch in position. There is one other interesting feature of this facing-point-lock. It has happened very often that a switch has been thrown under a moving train, splitting the train and derailing more or less of it. This class of accidents is especially likely to happen when train movements are very frequent, and may be prevented by the use of the "detector-bar." This is a bar about forty feet long, placed alongside the rail, and carried on swinging links, like those of a parallel ruler, in such a way that any effort to move the bar lengthwise of the rail must raise it above the top of the rail. This bar is moved by the same lever which moves the locking-bolt. So long as there is a wheel on the rail above the detector-bar it cannot be moved, therefore the locking-bolt cannot be withdrawn, and the switch cannot be moved until the train has passed completely off from it.

We left the signalman trying to lower signal No. 2, vainly, because No. 3 lever was still normal and the switch un-



Section of Saxby & Farmer Interlocking Machine.
(Showing two levers and locking mechanism. A is normal, B is reversed.)

locked. Probably he would not have begun his operations in the bungling way that has been supposed, but would have first reversed lever 3. That locks the switch, by the facing-point-lock, and locks also switch-lever 4 in the

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frame in the signal-tower, and releases lever 2. Then he reverses lever 2. That locks lever 3 and releases lever 1. Then he reverses lever 1, which locks lever 2. Now the way is made for a train to pass east on the main line, and the signals are clear. The last signal is made to pick out its signal by an ingenious but very simple little arrangement, called a selector, which is placed somewhere in the line of ground connections.

It would be an interesting study, were there space, to follow the possible and

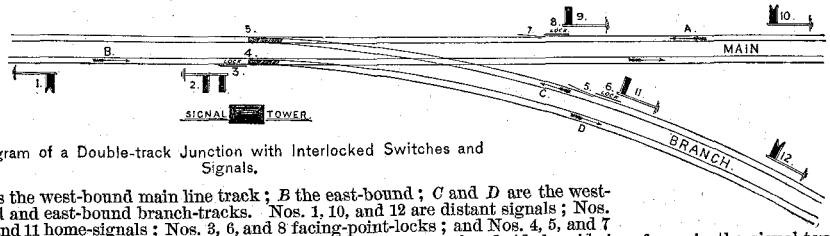
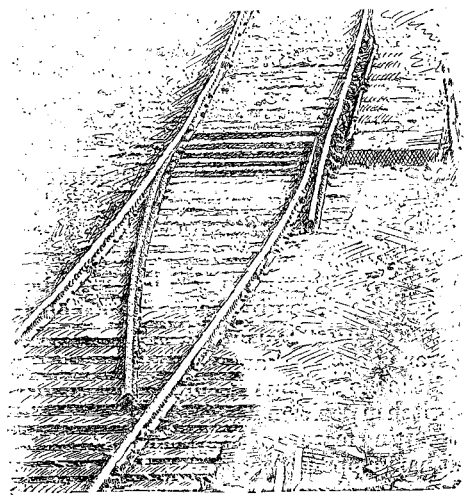


Diagram of a Double-track Junction with Interlocked Switches and Signals.

A is the west-bound main line track; *B* the east-bound; *C* and *D* are the west-bound and east-bound branch-tracks. Nos. 1, 10, and 12 are distant signals; Nos. 2, 9, and 11 home-signals; Nos. 3, 6, and 8 facing-point-locks; and Nos. 4, 5, and 7 are switches. The levers which move all of these parts are placed side by side in a frame in the signal-tower. It will be noticed that No. 7 is a switch designed merely to derail an engine on track *A*. A similar switch is provided on track *C*, and is worked by the same lever which works junction-switch No. 5. In the sketch all levers are supposed to stand in their "normal" position, all signals are at danger, and the switches are set for the main line. The switches themselves are not locked in this position of the facing-point-lock levers.

could not have been lowered until the chain of operations was complete; none of the levers can now be moved until lever 1 is again put normal and signal 1 made to show danger. There is one point of great danger in this particular train movement which has not been mentioned; that is, the crossing of main-line east-bound track *B* by the branch-line west-bound track *C*. It will be noticed that with the levers normal, derailing switch 5 is open, and it is impossible for a locomotive to pass beyond it. Lever 5 is interlocked in the tower with lever 4 in such a way that, before 5 can be reversed to let a train pass west from *C*, lever 4 must be reversed to trap any train on *B* and turn it down the branch *D*. It must not be understood that the use of "derailers" is universal. In fact they are not recommended by the best signal engineers, except in special conditions. In the absence of derailer No. 5, signals 11 and 12 would be interlocked with switch 4, so that, so long as that switch stands open for the main line a clear signal cannot be given to a train coming west on *C*. It will be noticed that signal 2 carries two semaphores on one post. The upper one is for the main line and the lower one for the branch. Both are operated by one lever, 2, and whether reversing lever 2 lowers the main-line signal or the branch signal, depends on the position of the switch. The switch proper combinations of movements to pass trains over the various tracks. It will be seen that, by concentrating the levers which move switches and signals in one place and interlocking them, it is made mechanically impossible for a signalman to give a signal which would lead to a collision or a derailment within the region under his control. The only danger at such points is that an engineer may overrun the signals. This description of the objects and the capacity of the system of interlocking is no fancy sketch. The system has been in use for many years, doing just what has



Derailing Switch.

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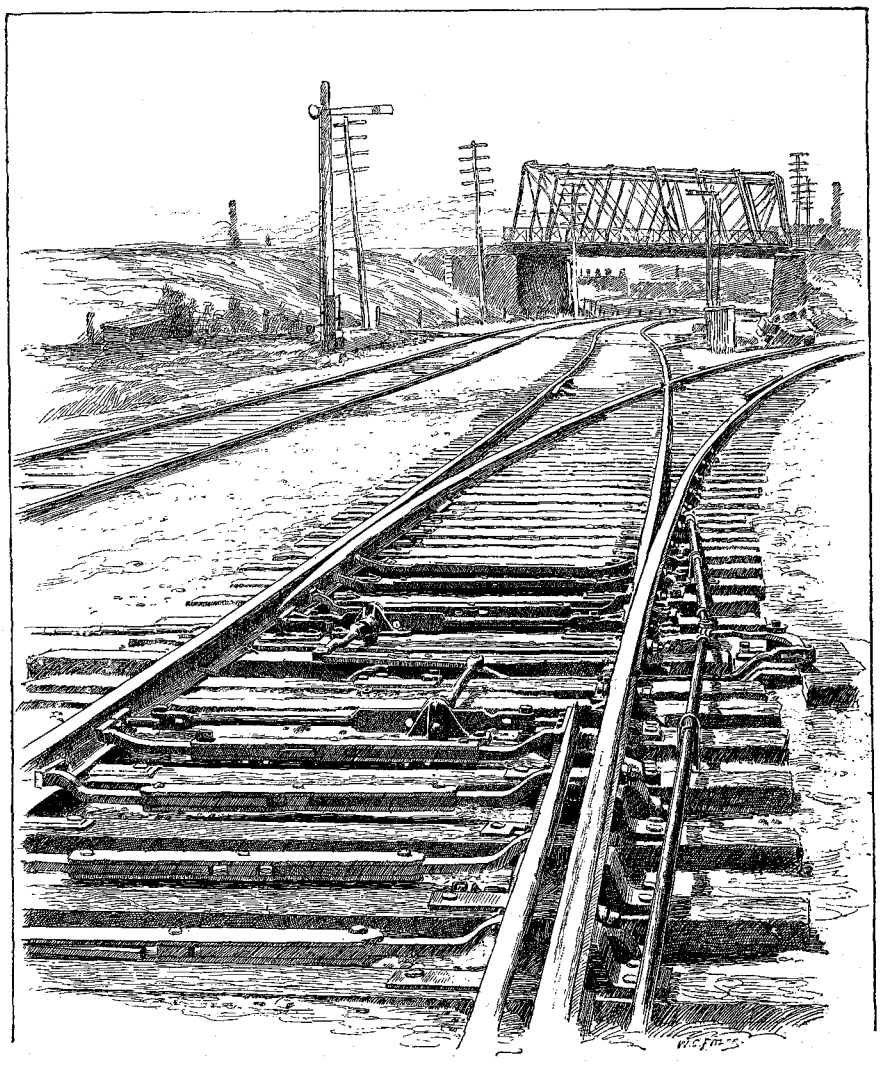

Split Switches with Facing Point Locks and Detector Bars.
(The rod on the right of the track is the mechanical connection to the lever in the signal tower by which the locks and detector bars are moved.)

been here described, and more. A recent close estimate gave the number of interlocked levers now in use in the United States as about eight thousand, and the number is rapidly increasing. Recent official reports showed that in Great Britain and Ireland there were thirty-eight thousand cases in which a passenger line was connected with or crossed by another line, siding, or crossover. In eighty-nine per cent. of these cases the levers operating the switches and protecting signals were interlocked.

The example of interlocking which has been given is one of the simplest; the principle is capable of almost indefinite expansion, and any one lever may be made to lock any one or more levers among hundreds in the same frame. The greatest number of levers assembled in any one signal-tower in this country is one hundred and sixteen, at the Grand Central Station in New York. In the London Bridge tower there are two hundred and eighty levers. This is probably the greatest number in any one tower in the world. All of these levers may be more or less inter-

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locked. The same principle is applied to the locking of two levers at a single switch, and to the protection of draw-bridges and highway crossings.

The mechanism by which the interlocking is done is strong and comparatively simple, but a detailed description of it seems out of place here. Two levers from a Saxby & Farmer machine are shown, with lever *A* normal and *B* reversed. The locking mechanism is in front of the levers, and is actuated not by the levers themselves, but by their catch-rods. It follows that it is not the actual movement of a signal which prevents the movement of other signals, or of switches, but it is the intention to move that signal. This principle of "preliminary locking" is one of great importance.

Switches and signals are often worked at such distances from the tower that it is impossible for the operator to know whether or not the movement contemplated has taken place. The British Board of Trade does not permit switches to be worked more than 750 feet away. In this country there is no limit, but probably 800 feet is very rarely exceeded. Signals are worked in England up to 3,000 or 3,500 feet very commonly, and they are even worked a mile away, but not satisfactorily. This is with direct mechanical connection, by rod or wire, from the levers. It is obvious that a break in the connections between the lever and the switch or signal might take place, and the lever be pulled over, without having produced the corresponding movement at the far end. The locking mechanism in the tower would not be affected by such an accident, and consequently conflicting signals might be given. Even this contingency is provided against with almost perfect safety. If a signal connection breaks, the signal is counterweighted to go to danger. The worst that can happen is to delay traffic. If a switch connection breaks, the locking-bolt, in the latest form of facing-point-lock, will not enter the hole in the switch-rod, and consequently warning is given in the tower that the switch has not moved. Electric annunciators are often placed in the signal-tower to show on a board before the operator whether or not the movements of switches and signals have taken place.

Considerable work must be done in the movement of each lever. The ground connections must be put down with great care, as nearly straight and level as may be, well drained, and protected from ice and snow. All of these difficulties have been overcome in a beautiful pneumatic interlocking apparatus which has been introduced within the last two or three years. In this system the motive power is compressed air. Near each switch is a small cylinder, containing a piston which is attached directly to the switch movement. Compressed air admitted to one side or the other of this piston moves the switch one way or the other. But, as it would take some time for the necessary quantity of air to flow from the signal-tower to a distant switch, a small reservoir is placed near the switch, and the air from this reservoir is admitted to one end or the other of the switch cylinder according to the position of a valve. For transmitting the motion from the tower to the valve compressed air might be used, but as air is elastic, a quicker movement is got by using in the pipes some liquid which does not readily freeze, and which, being practically non-compressible, transmits an impulse given at one end almost instantly to the other. The signals are worked in essentially the same manner as the switches. The tower apparatus of a pneumatic system in the yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Pittsburg, is shown in the engraving opposite. In the front of the apparatus is seen a rank of small handles, which can be turned from side to side with as much ease as the keys of a piano can be depressed. Turning one of these handles admits compressed air to the end of a pipe containing liquid. Instantly the pressure is transmitted 500 or 1,000 feet to the valve at the switch to be moved. The pneumatic valves of the signals are controlled from the tower apparatus by electricity. The small levers are interlocked perfectly, and in that particular perform the duties of the ordinary machine. A model of the tracks controlled is placed before the operator, showing the switches and signals, and when a movement is made on the ground it is at once

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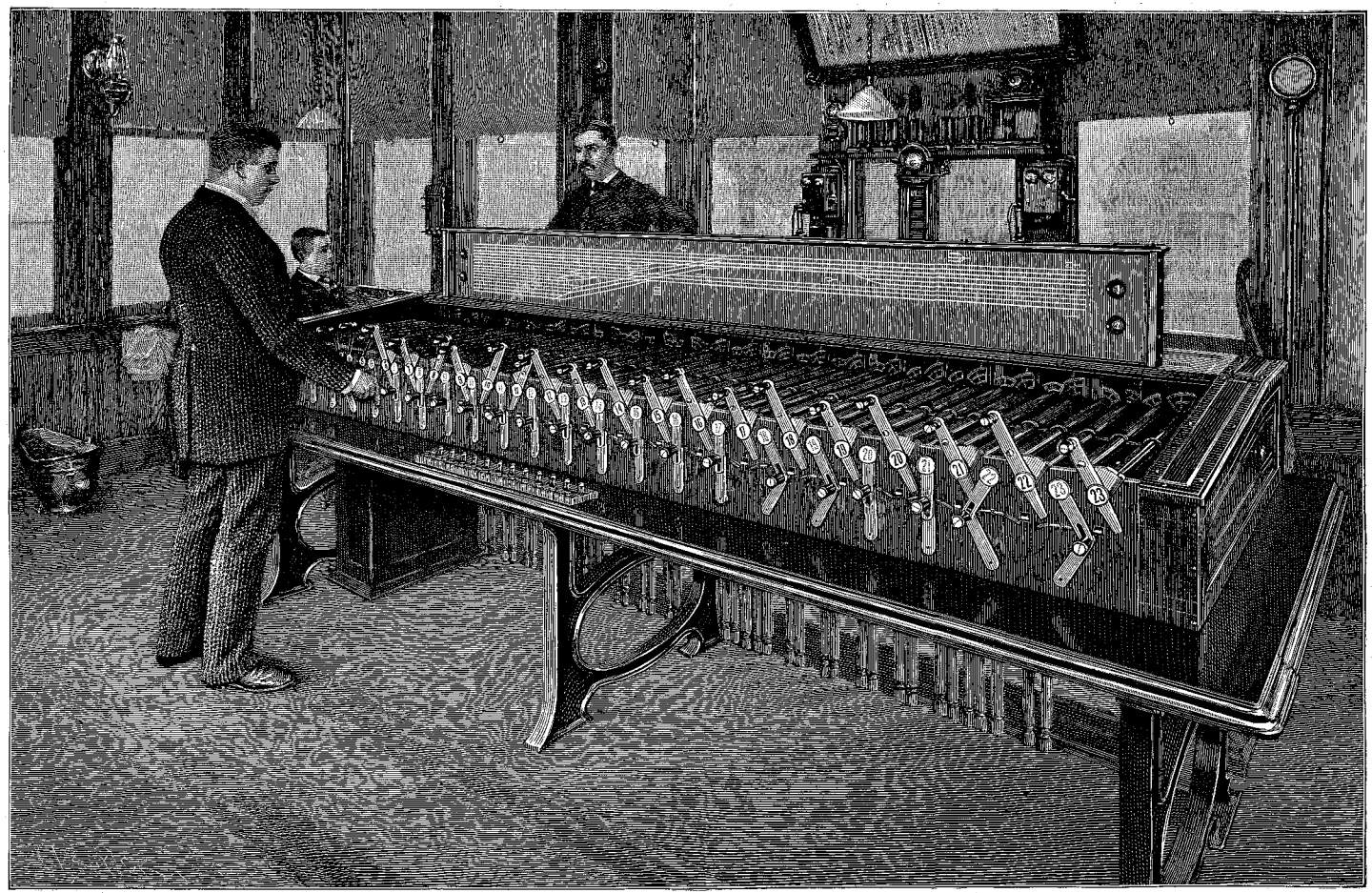

Interlocking Apparatus for Operating Switches and Signals by Compressed Air, Pittsburgh Yards, Pennsylvania Railroad.
(A model of the track is shown above the levers on which the movements of the switches and signals are electrically indicated after they are completed.)

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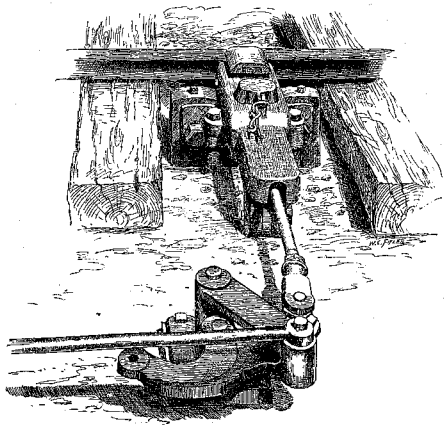
repeated back by electricity and duplicated on the model. This beautiful system is due to the same genius that gave us the perfected air-brake and the triple valve, and is the greatest improvement that has been made in interlocking in the last dozen years.

If the reader has grasped the full significance of interlocking, he understands that it makes it impossible to give a signal that would lead to a collision or to a derailment at a misplaced switch. The worst that a stupid, or drunken, or malicious signalman could do would be to delay traffic, if the signals were obeyed. Here comes in the failing case. The brake-power may be insufficient to stop a train after a danger signal is given. That is a rare occurrence, but may happen. The engineer may not see the danger signal because of fog, or he may carelessly run past it. Provision against a failure to see and to obey a signal may be made by placing on the track a torpedo, which will explode with a loud report when struck by a wheel. The use of hand-torpedoes in fogs, and for emergencies in places unprovided with fixed signals, is very common. These are little disks filled with a detonating powder, and provided with tin straps that are bent down to clasp over the top of the rail.



Torpedo Placer.

(The torpedo is carried forward by the plunger and exploded by the depression of the hammer shown near the rail.)

A simple and very efficient torpedo machine, which has been used for some years on the Manhattan Elevated and elsewhere, is shown below. This machine has a magazine holding five torpedoes. It is connected to a signal-lever in such a way that, when the signal is put to danger, one torpedo is placed in a position to be exploded by the first passing wheel. When the signal returns to the clear position the torpedo, if unexploded, is withdrawn to the magazine. If the torpedo is exploded another one takes its place at the next movement of the signal-lever. One of these machines on the Elevated Road moves about five thousand times every day. In such a case a torpedo would soon be worn out if it was not exploded or frequently changed. When this apparatus is in operation, an unmistakable alarm is at once given to the engineer and to others if a danger signal is passed. On the Manhattan Elevated lines an engineman who overruns a danger signal and can show no good reason for it, is suspended for the first offence, and discharged for the second. The torpedo makes it impossible for him to escape detection.

The second great class of signals comprises those which are intended to keep fixed intervals of space between trains running on the same track. These are block signals. The block system is used on a few of the railroads of the United States which have the heaviest and fastest traffic. Much the most common practice in this country, however, is to run trains by time intervals, and under the constant control of the train despatcher. In England the block system is almost universal. About ninety per cent. of all the passenger lines of that country are worked under the absolute block system.

When the block system is not used, it is quite common to protect particularly dangerous points, such as curves and deep cuts, by stationing watchmen there with flags or with some form of fixed signal. The watchman can notify an approaching engine-runner that a preceding train has or has not passed beyond his own range of vision; or can notify him that it has been gone a certain time. Travellers by the Philadelphia & Reading must have noticed the queer

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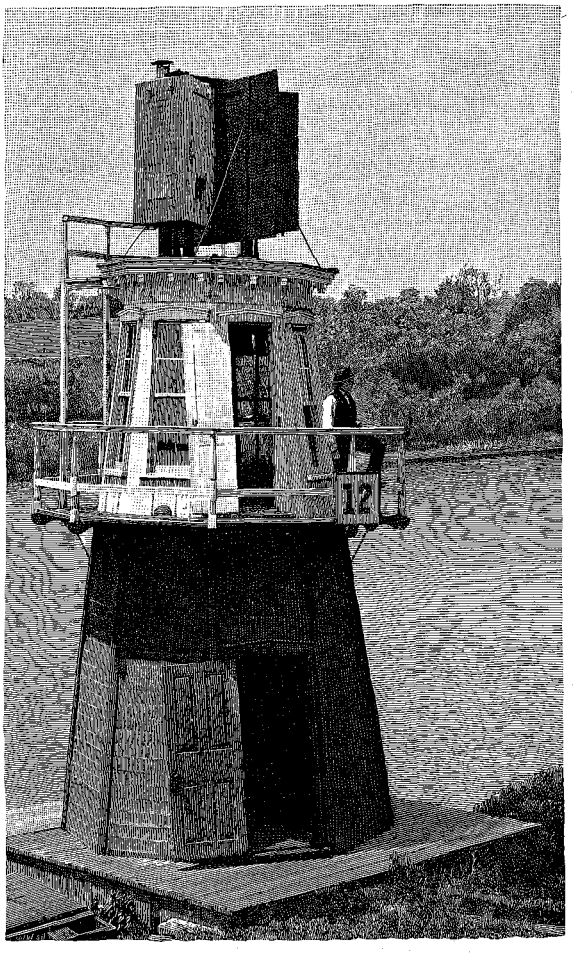
structures, with revolving vanes on top, looking like a feeble sort of windmill, which appear in positions to command a view of cuts, curves, etc. These are examples of the devices for local protection. The non-automatic block signal develops naturally from the protection of scattered points. Instead of placing watchmen at points of especial danger, they are placed at regular intervals of one mile, two miles, or five miles. Instead of the watchman looking to see that a train has disappeared from his field of vision before he lets another train pass, he uses the eyes of the next watchman ahead, who telegraphs back that the train has passed his station. Sup-

A B C

pose A, B, and C to be three block signal stations placed at intervals of two miles. When a train passes A, the operator at that point at once puts a signal to danger behind it. This signal stands at danger until the train passes B, and the operator puts his signal to danger, and telegraphs back to A to announce that train No. 1 has passed out of the block A B, and is protected by the signal at B. Then, and not until then, the operator clears the signal at A and allows train No. 2 to enter the block. Meanwhile train No. 1 is proceeding through the block B C, its rear protected at B; and the same sequence of events happens when it arrives at C as happened at B. This is the simplest form of block signalling. In the more elaborate form there are at each block station three signals—the distant, the home, and the starting. The signals are often electrically interlocked, from one station to another, in such a way that it is mechanically impossible for the operator at A to give a signal for a train to pass that station until the signal at B has been put to danger behind the preceding train.

It is seen that no two trains can be in the same block and on the same track at the same time. If all run at a uniform speed, they will be kept just the length of a block apart. If No. 2 is faster than No. 1, it will arrive at B before No. 1 gets to C, but will have to wait there. The block system, therefore, while it gives security, does not always facilitate traffic. The longer the blocks, the greater will be the delay to trains, but the shorter the blocks, the greater the cost of establishment, maintenance, and operation.



Old Signal Tower on the Philadelphia & Reading, at Phœnixville.

Various systems have been contrived to have block signals displayed automatically by the passage of trains. This, if it can be done reliably, will do away

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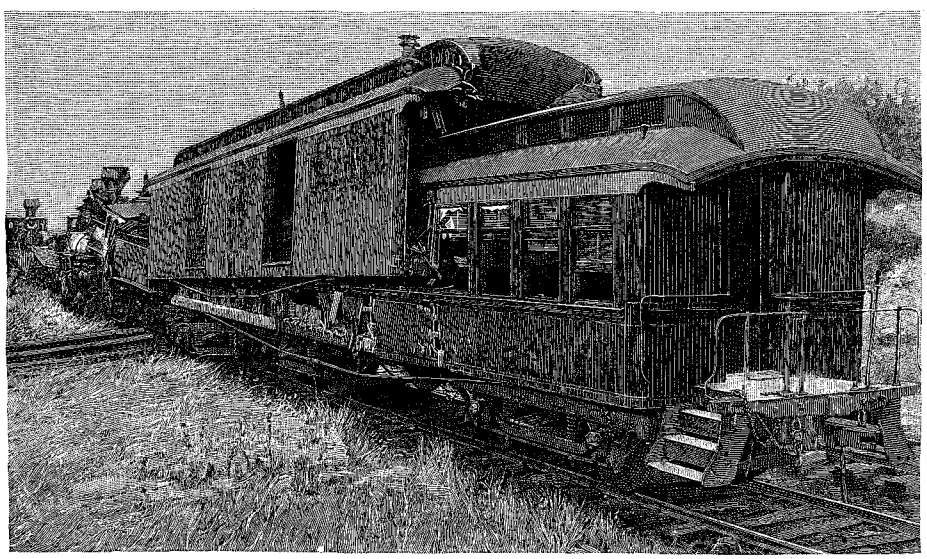
with the wages of part of the operators, and will also eliminate the dangers arising from human carelessness. But there are very great objections to relying solely upon the automatic action of signals, and automatic block signals are little used except as auxiliary to a system employing operators also. So used, they are of decided advantage, as they make sure that a danger signal is set behind every train in spite of the operator, and that it cannot be again set to the all-clear position till the train has passed out of the block. All this is accomplished by electricity.

Brakes, interlocking, and the apparatus of signalling have been considered at length because they are very much the most important of all the appliances which go to increase the safety of operating railroads. They operate chiefly to prevent collisions, but often prevent or mitigate accidents from derailments and other causes. Of all train accidents happening in the last sixteen years, over one-third have been from collisions, and more than one-half from derailments.



Some Results of a Butting Collision—Baggage and Passenger Cars Telescoped.

After brakes and signals, the devices next in importance as means of saving life are those for the protection of highway crossings at the grade of railroads. In years to come, as wealth increases and as traffic becomes more crowded, we may suppose there will be few such crossings ; but their abolition must be slow, and meantime the loss of life at them is great. The most accurate and complete statistics bearing on this matter are those collected by the Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts. In 1888, of all those killed in the operation of the railroads of the State, seven per cent. were passengers, thirty-three per cent. were employees, and sixty per cent. were others. The others include trespassers, forty-seven per cent. ; and killed at grade crossings, eleven per cent. More trespassers were killed than any other class ; but the deaths at highway crossings considerably exceeded those among passengers. The difficulty of preventing this class of accidents is strikingly shown by the fact, that of all crossing accidents forty-two per cent. were due to the victims' disregard of warnings given by closed gates or flags. It is evident that the efforts of the railroad companies to save people's lives at crossings are largely nullified by the carelessness of the public, and the lack of proper laws to punish those who venture upon railroad tracks when they should keep off them. Still, it remains the duty and the policy of the railroads to protect street crossings by

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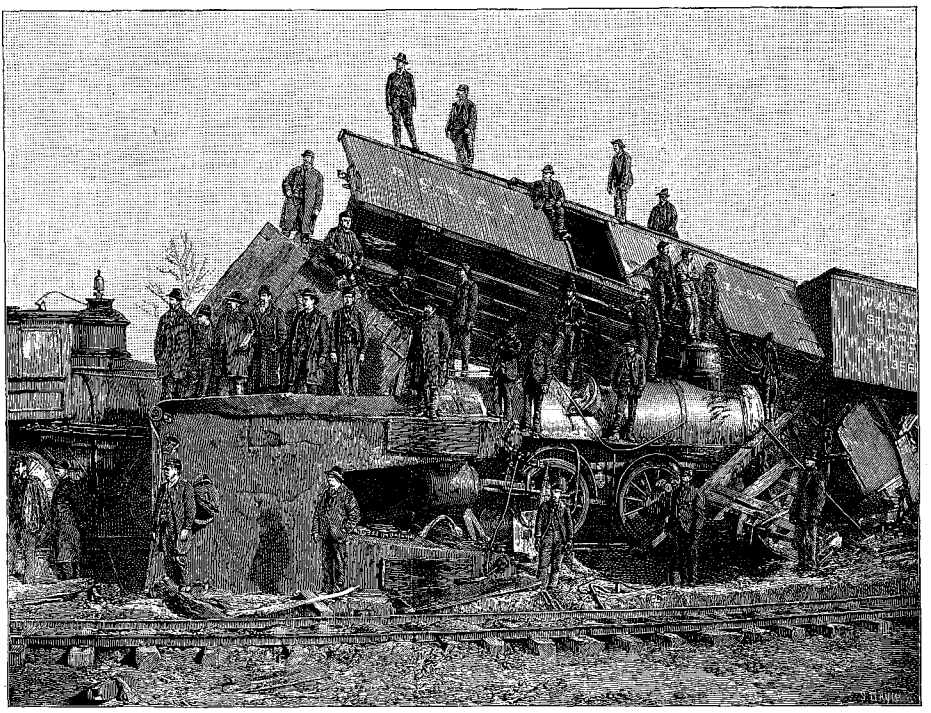

Engines Wrecked during the Great Wabash Strike.

all practicable means. The best protection is afforded by gates with watchmen, and of all forms of gate the most common, because it is the simplest and most convenient to operate, is the familiar arm-gate. This is usually worked by a man turning a crank, but it is also worked by compressed air. On page 346 is shown a group of gates worked from an elevated cabin by a mechanical connection. A bell fixed at a crossing, to be rung by an approaching train, is a very useful auxiliary to gates and to watchmen with flags, and is considerably used where the traffic does not warrant the expense of maintaining a watchman. There are several good devices of this sort, either electric or magneto-electric. One of the latter class has a lever alongside of the rail, which is depressed by each wheel that passes over it. This lever is geared to a fly-wheel, which is set rapidly revolving and causes an armature to revolve in the field of a magnet, and thus generates a current and rings a gong, precisely as is done with the familiar magnetic bell used with the telephone.

About thirteen per cent. of the train accidents in the United States, in the last sixteen years, were derailments due to defects of road. These included not only defective rails, switches, and frogs, but bridge wrecks. There are, however, few devices used in the track, other than those already mentioned, that can be called safety appliances. This class of accidents is to be provided against only by good material, good workmanship, and unceasing care. Many so-called safety switches and safety frogs are offered to railroad officers, but those actually in wide use are confined to a very few standard forms. In the newspaper reports an accident will very often be assigned to one of two causes, failure of the air-brakes or spreading of the rails. The chances are that it will be found on investigation to be due to neither of these causes. Those interested to maintain the credit of the air-brake or of the track department are not often on the ground when the reporter gets his information, and the temptation is always great to shift the responsibility to the shoulders of the absent. Probably the

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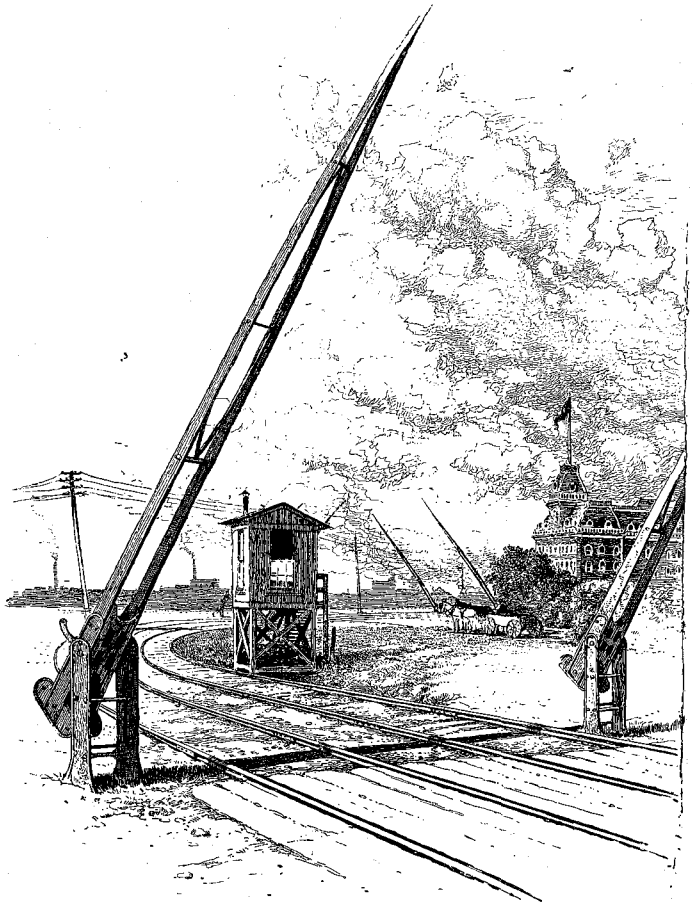
displacement of the rail will have taken place after the derailment; but rails do sometimes spread. Loose spikes and rotten ties allow the outer edge of the rail flange to sink into the wood, and the rail to roll outward enough to let the wheels drop. Sound ties are the first safeguard against such accidents. Metal plates under the rails are useful also; but one of the most efficient means of preventing displacement of the rails is the interlocking bolt shown opposite. These bolts cross in the timber, and slots cut in the two bolts engage with each other in such a way that when the nuts are screwed down on the rail flange it is impossible to pull the bolts out. They can only be moved by tearing through the wood contained in the angle between them. This bolt is much used on bridges and trestles, where it is of vital importance that the rails should be held in place and no part of the floor broken. In 1853 an express train went through an open draw at South Norwalk, Conn., and forty-six lives were lost. This, one of the most serious railroad accidents that ever happened, is still remembered as an historical calamity. The bridge which stands on the same site is shown opposite. In May, 1888, a west-bound express train, consisting of an engine and seven cars, was derailed just as it was entering the draw span. The train ran three hundred feet on the sleepers before it was stopped. Then it was found that all of the driving wheels of the engine had regained the rails, but all the other wheels were off, except those of two sleeping-cars in the rear. This was a remarkable escape from a bad accident, and much of the credit of it has been given to the interlocking bolts with which the rails were fastened. They are supposed to have prevented the rails being crowded aside, and thus to have made possible the rerailing of the engine. Besides, they helped the oak guard-timbers to hold the ties in place. The destruction of a bridge in an accident frequently begins by the ties bunching in front of the wheels and allowing the wheels to drop through and strike the floor beams below. For this reason guard-timbers, notched down over the ties, should always be used.



Crossing Gates worked by Mechanical Connection from the Cabin.

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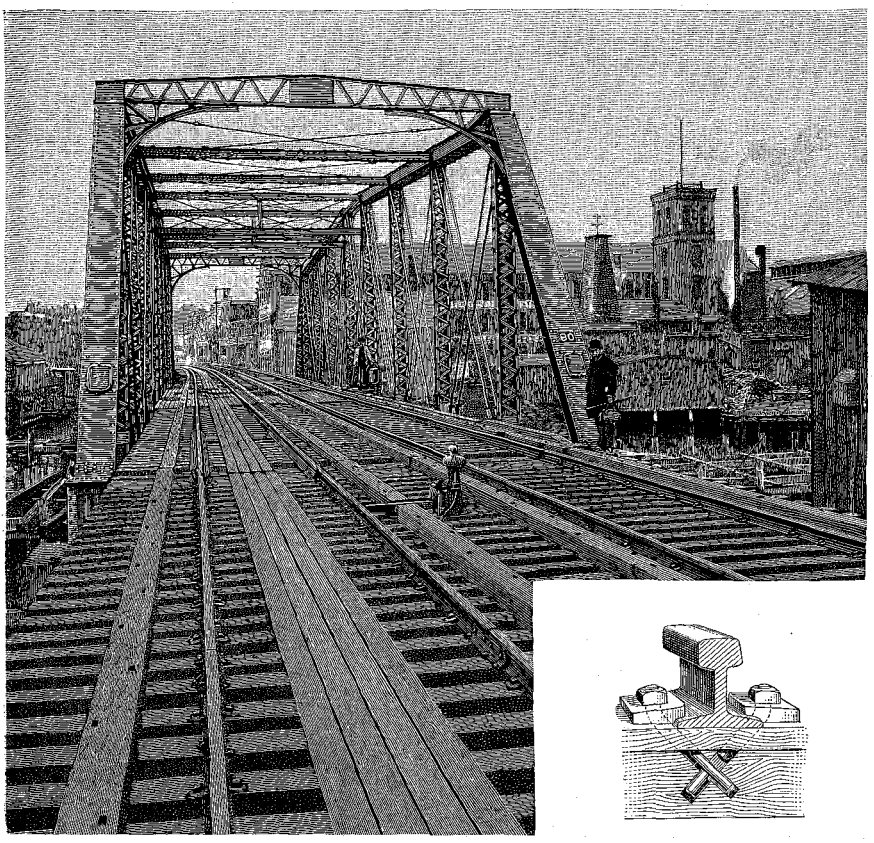

New South Norwalk Drawbridge. Rails held by safety bolts.

The traveller will have noticed, on all bridges of various roads, two rails placed inside the track rails, and curved to meet in a point at either end of the bridge. These are known as inside guard-rails, and their function is to keep derailed trucks in line till the train can be stopped. Besides the bunching of the ties, there is danger in a bridge derailment that a truck may swing around and strike one of the trusses. Then the bridge is very likely to be wrecked. A further provision for the protection of bridges is the rerailing frog, invented by the late Charles Latimer, whose name is dear to railroad men all over America. This consists of a pair of castings combined with inside guard-rails, designed to raise the derailed wheels and guide them on to the rails. There is no doubt that it has prevented several wrecks, although it has never been widely used. The subject of bridges should not be left without a word of explanation of the stout timber posts often seen at either end placed in line with the trusses. These are designed to stop any derailed vehicle which might otherwise strike against and destroy a truss.

There is one track fixture that has no duty or value except as it promotes safety. It helps only one humble class of railroad employees. That device is the foot-guard. At all places where two rails cross or approach each other, as at frogs and guard-rails, dangerous boot-jacks are formed by the rail heads. The overhang of the heads of the rail makes it easy for one to so fasten his foot in one of those boot-jacks that it is hard to get it out. If a man finds himself in this position in front of an approaching train, he sometimes has the alternative of standing up to be struck

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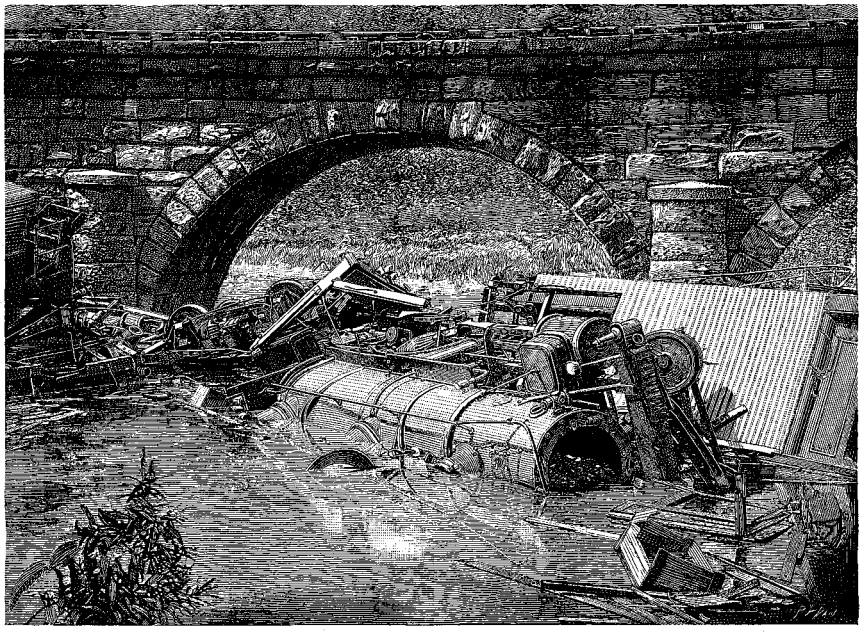
by the engine or lying down and having his foot cut off. Fortunately this class of accidents is comparatively rare; probably not more than two or three per cent. of all deaths and injuries to passengers and employees is caused in this way. Nevertheless, the means of guarding against accidents of this class is so cheap that it should be more generally adopted than it is. It consists simply in partly filling the space between the rail heads by putting in wooden blocks or strips of metal, or even packing with cinders, gravel, or any sort of ballast. Various wooden and metal foot-guards have been patented. They are all too simple to require description.

Of all accidents to employees the most numerous are those which arise in coupling and uncoupling cars. In Massachusetts, in 1888, the employees killed and injured were 391; of these casualties 154 occurred in coupling accidents. The Commissioners of other States, especially of Iowa, have for years published statistics showing nearly the same ratio. Fortunately accidents of this class, although numerous, are not proportionately fatal. Far the greater part of them result in the loss of part of a hand; but they are so frequent as to have caused much discussion, legislation, and invention. Several States have, one time and another, passed laws requiring the use of automatic couplers; and two or three years ago there were on record in the United States over four thousand coupler patents. The laws have been futile because impracticable; and most of the patents have been worthless for the same reason. It was obvious that the business of supplying couplers for the one million freight cars of the country could not be put into the hands of some one patentee unless his device was manifestly and pre-eminently superior to all others. It became important, therefore, to select as a standard some type of coupler general enough to include the patents of various men, and at the same time so definite that all couplers made to conform to the standard could work together interchangeably. Those who have read Mr. Voorhees' story* of the wanderings of a freight car will understand that any one freight car in the United States or Canada should be prepared to run in



Wreck at a Bridge.

* SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1889.

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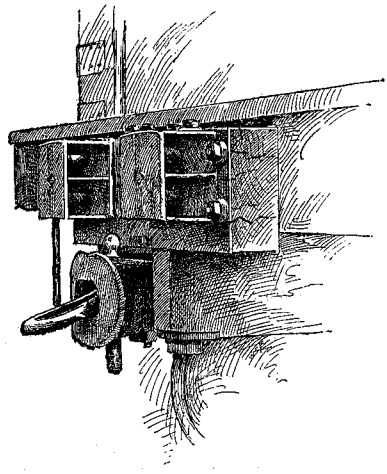
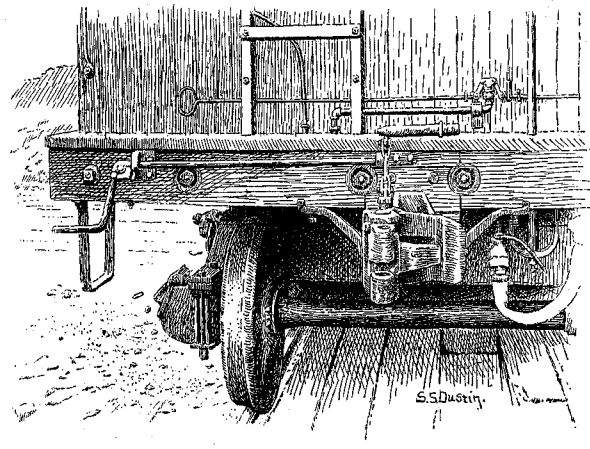
the same train with any other car. A few years ago a committee of the Master Car-builders' Association was appointed



Link and Pin Coupler.

to choose and recommend a type of coupler to be adopted as the standard of the Association. After prolonged and careful study of the subject, the committee recommended the type of which the Janney is the best known example and that has now become the standard of the Association. This action does not give a monopoly to the Janney company, as there are already half a dozen couplers which conform to the type. This coupler was shown by diagrams in the article by General Porter, in this Magazine, September, 1888. A perspective view is herewith given. This device couples automatically, and thus does away with the necessity for the brakeman going between the cars. It can also be unlocked by the rod shown extending to the side of the car, and the locking device can be set not to couple, to facilitate switching and yard work. The mechanical principles of this coupler are a great and important improvement upon any form of link-and-pin coupler; and the coupler question has now come to this point: A type of coupler has been selected by a technical body representing most of the railroads of the United States. It is general enough to avoid the evils of a patent monopoly. It promises to be economical in operation, and will certainly do away with the terrible loss of life and limb which results from the use of the non-automatic coupler. The railroads are adopting it with reasonable speed, perhaps, but not as rapidly as simple considerations of humanity would dictate.

Closely related to the coupler is the vestibule, which within the last two years has become so fashionable. The vestibule is not merely a luxury, but has a certain value as a safety device. The full measure of this value has not yet been proved. Occasionally lives are lost, by passengers falling from or being blown from the platforms of moving trains. Such accidents the vestibule will prevent, and, further, it decreases the oscillation of the cars, and thus to some degree helps to prevent derailment. It is also some protection against telescoping. A few months ago a coal train on a double-track road was derailed, and four cars were thrown across in front of a solid vestibule train of seven Pullman cars approaching on the other track. The engine of the vestibuled train was completely wrecked. Even the sheet iron jacket was stripped off from it. The en-



Janney Automatic Coupler applied to a Freight Car.

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gineer and fireman were instantly killed, but not another person on the train was injured. They escaped, partly because the cars were strong, and partly, doubtless, because the vestibules helped to keep the platforms on the same level and in line, and thus to prevent crushing of the ends of the cars.

The number of passengers burned in wrecks is greatly exaggerated in the public mind; but that fate is so horrible that it is not wonderful that "the deadly car stove" should be the object of persistent and energetic attacks by the press and in State legislatures. The result has been the development, in the last three years, of the entirely new business of inventing and trying to sell systems of heating by steam or hot water from the locomotive, and even by electricity. In fact, the manufacture of such apparatus has already become an industry of some importance, several thousand cars being equipped with it. This whole matter of steam heating is still in a somewhat crude state, and it does not seem desirable to force it by legislation. It has been demonstrated that it is the cheapest way of heating trains, and the most easily regulated; and it has become a good advertisement to attract passengers. Consequently the whole subject may be safely left in the hands of the railroad companies, and allowed to develop itself naturally in a business way. There is not yet any system of continuous heating so perfected that a railroad company could without hardship be compelled to adopt it for all its passenger equipment.

Fires in wrecked trains have originated probably quite as often from kerosene lamps as from the stoves. The danger of fire from this source, and the desire to give passengers the luxury of sufficient light, have led to methods of lighting by gas, and more recently by electricity. Lighting by compressed gas ceased years ago to be an experiment. In Germany it is almost universal, but in this country it has been brought into use very slowly. The system is almost absolutely safe, not unreasonably expensive, and may be made to give satisfactory and even brilliant illumination; but the ideal light for railroad trains will probably be found in electricity. It is even safer than gas, and is the most adaptable of any known method of lighting. Some sleeping cars that have been recently put in service on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway are provided with small electric lamps in the sides of the car, between each two adjoining seats, so that the occupants can read comfortably either when sitting in their seats or lying in their berths.

It is not to be supposed that so large a subject as that of safety appliances could be exhaustively treated within the limits of one magazine article. It has been thought best, therefore, to give most of the space available to the two or three devices of greatest and most useful application. There remain various others that are in daily use and that have important offices, which have not even been mentioned. If the reader has gleaned from these very incomplete notes some clearer notions than he had before of the means by which the power of the locomotive is guided into safe and useful paths, the writer's object has been accomplished.

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THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By Robert Louis Stevenson.

XI.

THE JOURNEY IN THE WILDERNESS.

WE made a prosperous voyage up that fine river of the Hudson, the weather grateful, the hills singularly beautified with the colors of the autumn. At Albany we had our residence at an inn, where I was not so blind and my lord not so cunning but what I could see he had some design to hold me prisoner. The work he found for me to do was not so pressing that we should transact it apart from necessary papers in the chamber of an inn; nor was it of such importance that I should be set upon as many as four or five scrolls of the same document. I submitted in appearance; but I took private measures on my own side, and had the news of the town communicated to me daily by the politeness of our host. In this way I received at last a piece of intelligence for which, I may say, I had been waiting. Captain Harris (I was told) with "Mr. Mountain the trader" had gone by up the river in a boat. I would have feared the landlord's eye, so strong the sense of some complicity upon my master's part oppressed me. But I made out to say I had some knowledge of the captain, although none of Mr. Mountain, and to inquire who else was of the party. My informant knew not; Mr. Mountain had come ashore upon some needful purchases; had gone round the town buying, drinking, and prating; and it seemed the party went upon some likely venture, for he had spoken much of great things he would do when he returned. No more was known, for none of the rest had come ashore, and it seemed they were pressed for time to reach a certain spot before the snow should fall.

And sure enough, the next day, there fell a sprinkle even in Albany; but it passed as it came, and was but a reminder of what lay before us. I thought of it lightly then, knowing so little as I did of that inclement province: the retrospect is different; and I wonder at times if some of the horror of these events which I must now rehearse flowed not from the foul skies and savage winds to which we were exposed, and the agony of cold that we must suffer.

The boat having passed by, I thought at first we should have left the town. But no such matter. My lord continued his stay in Albany where he had no ostensible affairs, and kept me by him, far from my due employment, and making a pretence of occupation. It is upon this passage I expect, and perhaps, deserve censure. I was not so dull but what I had my own thoughts. I could not see the master intrust himself into the hands of Harris, and not suspect some underhand contrivance. Harris bore a villainous reputation, and he had been tampered with in private by my lord; Mountain the trader, proved upon inquiry, to be another of the same kidney; the errand they were all gone upon, being the recovery of ill-gotten treasures, offered in itself a very strong incentive to foul play; and the character of the country where they journeyed promised impunity to deeds of blood. Well: it is true I had all these thoughts and fears, and guesses of the Master's fate. But you are to consider I was the same man that sought to dash him from the bulwarks of a ship in the mid-sea; the same that, a little before, very impiously but sincerely offered God a bargain, seeking to hire God to be my bravo. It is true again that I had a good deal melted toward our enemy. But this I always thought of as a weakness of the flesh and even culpable; my mind remaining steady and quite bent

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against him. True yet again, that it was one thing to assume on my own shoulders the guilt and danger of a criminal attempt, and another to stand by and see my lord imperil and besmirch himself. But this was the very ground of my inaction. For (should I anyway stir in the business) I might fail indeed to save the Master, but I could not miss to make a byword of my lord.

Thus it was that I did nothing; and upon the same reasons, I am still strong to justify my course. We lived meanwhile in Albany, but though alone together in a strange place, had little traffic beyond formal salutations. My lord had carried with him several introductions to chief people of the town and neighborhood; others he had before encountered in New York: with this consequence, that he went much abroad, and I am sorry to say was altogether too convivial in his habits. I was often in bed, but never asleep, when he returned; and there was scarce a night when he did not betray the influence of liquor. By day he would still lay upon me endless tasks, which he showed considerable ingenuity to fish up and to renew, in the manner of Penelope's web. I never refused, as I say, for I was hired to do his bidding; but I took no pains to keep my penetration under a bushel, and would sometimes smile in his face.

"I think I must be the devil and you Michael Scott," I said to him one day. "I have bridged Tweed and split the Eildons; and now you set me to the rope of sand."

He looked at me with shining eyes and looked away again, his jaw chewing; but without words.

"Well, well, my lord," said I, "your will is my pleasure. I will do this thing for the fourth time; but I would beg of you to invent another task against tomorrow, for by my troth, I am weary of this one."

"You do not know what you are saying," returned my lord, putting on his hat and turning his back to me. "It is a strange thing you should take a pleasure to annoy me. A friend—but that is a different affair. It is a strange thing. I am a man that has had ill-fortune all my life through. I am still surrounded by contrivances. I am always treading in plots," he burst out. "The whole world is banded against me."

"I would not talk wicked nonsense, if I were you," said I; "but I will tell you what I *would* do—I would put my head in cold water, for you had more last night than you could carry."

"Do ye think that?" said he, with a manner of interest highly awakened. "Would that be good for me? It's a thing I never tried."

"I mind the days when you had no call to try, and I wish, my lord, that they were back again," said I. "But the plain truth is, if you continue to exceed, you will do yourself a mischief."

"I don't appear to carry drink the way I used to," said my lord. "I get overtaken, Mackellar. But I will be more upon my guard."

"That is what I would ask of you," I replied. "You are to bear in mind that you are Mr. Alexander's father: give the bairn a chance to carry his name with some responsibility."

"Ay, ay," said he. "Ye're a very sensible man, Mackellar, and have been long in my employ. But I think, if you have nothing more to say to me, I will be stepping. If you have nothing more to say?" he added, with that burning, childish eagerness that was now so common with the man.

"No, my lord, I have nothing more," said I, dryly enough.

"Then I think I will be stepping," says my lord, and stood and looked at me fidgeting with his hat, which he had taken off again. "I suppose you will have no errands? No? I am to meet Sir William Johnson, but I will be more upon my guard." He was silent for a time, and then, smiling: "Do you call to mind a place, Mackellar—it's a little below Engles—where the burn runs very deep under a wood of rowans. I mind being there when I was a lad—dear, it comes over me like an old song!—I was after the fishing, and I made a bonny cast. Eh, but I was happy. I wonder, Mackellar, why I am never happy now?"

"My lord," said I, "if you would drink with more moderation you would have the better chance. It is an old byword that the bottle is a false consoler."

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"No doubt," said he, "no doubt. Well, I think I will be going."

"Good-morning, my lord," said I.

"Good-morning, good-morning," said he, and so got himself at last from the apartment.

I give that for a fair specimen of my lord in the morning; and I must have described my patron very ill if the reader does not perceive a notable falling off. To behold the man thus fallen: to know him accepted among his companions for a poor, muddled toper, welcome (if he were welcome at all) for the bare consideration of his title; and to recall the virtues he had once displayed against such odds of fortune: was not this a thing at once to rage and to be humbled at?

In his cups, he was more excessive. I will give but the one scene, close upon the end, which is strongly marked upon my memory to this day, and at the time affected me almost with horror.

I was in bed, lying there awake, when I heard him stumbling on the stair and singing. My lord had no gift of music, his brother had all the graces of the family, so that when I say singing, you are to understand a manner of high, carolling utterance, which was truly neither speech nor song. Something not unlike is to be heard upon the lips of children, ere they learn shame; from those of a man grown elderly, it had a strange effect. He opened the door with noisy precaution; peered in, shading his candle; conceived me to slumber; entered, set his light upon the table, and took off his hat. I saw him very plain; a high, feverish exultation appeared to boil in his veins, and he stood and smiled and smirked upon the candle. Presently he lifted up his arm, snapped his fingers, and fell to undress. As he did so, having once more forgot my presence, he took back to his singing; and now I could hear the words, which were those from the old song of the *Twa Corbies* endlessly repeated:

> "And over his banes when they are bare
> The wind sall blaw for evermair!"

I have said there was no music in the man. His strains had no logical succession except in so far as they inclined a little to the minor mode; but they exercised a rude potency upon the feelings, and followed the words, and signified the feelings of the singer with barbaric fitness. He took it first in the time and manner of a rant; presently this ill-favored gleefulness abated, he began to dwell upon the notes more feelingly, and sank at last into a degree of maudlin pathos that was to me scarce bearable. By equal steps, the original briskness of his acts declined; and when he was stripped to his breeches, he sat on the bedside and fell to whimpering. I know nothing less respectable than the tears of drunkenness, and turned my back impatiently on this poor sight.

But he had started himself (I am to suppose) on that slippery descent of self-pity; on the which, to a man unstrung by old sorrows and recent potations there is no arrest except exhaustion. His tears continued to flow, and the man to sit there, three parts naked, in the cold air of the chamber. I twitted myself alternately with inhumanity and sentimental weakness, now half rising in my bed to interfere, now reading myself lessons of indifference and courting slumber, until, upon a sudden, the *quantum mutatus ab illo* shot into my mind; and calling to remembrance his old wisdom, constancy, and patience, I was overborne with a pity almost approaching the passionate, not for my master alone but for the sons of man.

At this I leaped from my place, went over to his side and laid a hand on his bare shoulder, which was cold as stone. He uncovered his face and showed it me all swollen and begrutten* like a child's; and at the sight my impatience partially revived.

"Think shame to yourself," said I. "This is bairnly conduct. I might have been snivelling myself, if I had cared to swill my belly with wine. But I went to my bed sober like a man. Come: get into yours, and have done with this pitiable exhibition."

"Oh, Mackellar," said he, "my heart is wae!"

"Wae?" cried I. "For a good cause, I think! What words were these you sang as you came in? Show pity to others, we then can talk of pity to your-

* Tear-marked.

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self. You can be the one thing or the other, but I will be no party to half-way houses. If you're a striker, strike, and if you're a bleater, bleat!"

"Cry!" cries he, with a burst, "that's it—strike! that's talking! Man, I've stood it all too long. But when they laid a hand upon the child, when the child's threatened"—his momentary vigor whimpering off—"my child, my Alexander!"—and he was at his tears again.

I took him by the shoulders and shook him. "Alexander!" said I. "Do you even think of him? Not you! Look yourself in the face like a brave man, and you'll find you're but a self-deceiver. The wife, the friend, the child, they're all equally forgot, and you sunk in a mere log of selfishness."

"Mackellar," said he, with a wonderful return to his old manner and appearance, "you may say what you will of me, but one thing I never was—I was never selfish."

"I will open your eyes in your despite," said I. "How long have we been here? and how often have you written to your family? I think this is the first time you were ever separate: have you written at all? Do they know if you are dead or living?"

I had caught him here too openly; it braced his better nature; there was no more weeping, he thanked me very penitently, got to bed and was soon fast asleep; and the first thing he did the next morning was to sit down and begin a letter to my lady: a very tender letter it was too, though it was never finished. Indeed all communication with New York was transacted by myself; and it will be judged I had a thankless task of it. What to tell my lady and in what words, and how far to be false and how far cruel, was a thing that kept me often from my slumber.

All this while, no doubt, my lord waited with growing impatiency for news of his accomplices. Harris, it is to be thought, had promised a high degree of expedition; the time was already overpast when word was to be looked for; and suspense was a very evil counsellor to a man of an impaired intelligence. My lord's mind throughout this interval dwelled almost wholly in the Wilderness, following that party with whose deeds he had so much concern. He continually conjured up their camps and progresses, the fashion of the country, the perpetration in a thousand different manners of the same horrid fact, and that consequent spectacle of the Master's bones lying scattered in the wind. These private, guilty considerations I would continually observe to peep forth in the man's talk, like rabbits from a hill. And it is the less wonder if the scene of his meditations began to draw him bodily.

It is well known what pretext he took. Sir William Johnson had a diplomatic errand in these parts; and my lord and I (from curiosity, as was given out) went in his company. Sir William was well attended and liberally supplied. Hunters brought us venison, fish was taken for us daily in the streams, and brandy ran like water. We proceeded by day and encamped by night in the military style; sentinels were set and changed; every man had his named duty; and Sir William was the spring of all. There was much in this that might at times have entertained me; but for our misfortune, the weather was extremely harsh, the days were in the beginning open, but the nights frosty from the first. A painful keen wind blew most of the time, so that we sat in the boat with blue fingers, and at night, as we scorched our faces at the fire, the clothes upon our back appeared to be of paper. A dreadful solitude surrounded our steps; the land was quite dispeopled, there was no smoke of fires, and save for a single boat of merchants on the second day, we met no travellers. The season was indeed late, but this desertion of the waterways impressed Sir William himself; and I have heard him more than once express a sense of intimidation. "I have come too late I fear; they must have dug up the hatchet;" he said; and the future proved how justly he had reasoned.

I could never depict the blackness of my soul upon this journey. I have none of those minds that are in love with the unusual: to see the winter coming and to lie in the field so far from any house, oppressed me like a nightmare; it seemed, indeed, a kind of awful braving

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of God's power; and this thought, which I daresay only writes me down a coward, was greatly exaggerated by my private knowledge of the errand we were come upon. I was besides encumbered by my duties to Sir William, whom it fell upon me to entertain; for my lord was quite sunk into a state bordering on *pervigilium*, watching the woods with a rapt eye, sleeping scarce at all, and speaking sometimes not twenty words in a whole day. That which he said was still coherent; but it turned almost invariably upon the party for whom he kept his crazy lookout. He would tell Sir William often, and always as if it were a new communication, that he had "a brother somewhere in the woods," and beg that the sentinels should be directed "to inquire for him." "I am anxious for news of my brother," he would say. And sometimes, when we were under way, he would fancy he spied a canoe far off upon the water or a camp on the shore, and exhibit painful agitation. It was impossible but Sir William should be struck with these singularities; and at last he led me aside, and hinted his uneasiness. I touched my head and shook it; quite rejoiced to prepare a little testimony against possible disclosures.

"But in that case," cries Sir William, "is it wise to let him go at large?"

"Those that know him best," said I, "are persuaded that he should be humored."

"Well, well," replied Sir William, "it is none of my affairs. But if I had understood, you would never have been here."

Our advance into this savage country had thus uneventfully proceeded for about a week, when we encamped for a night at a place where the river ran among considerable mountains clothed in wood. The fires were lighted on a level space at the water's edge; and we supped and lay down to sleep in the customary fashion. It chanced the night fell murderously cold; the stringency of the frost seized and bit me through my coverings, so that pain kept me wakeful; and I was afoot again before the peep of day, crouching by the fires or trotting to and fro at the stream's edge, to combat the aching of my limbs. At last dawn began to break upon hoar woods and mountains, the sleepers rolled in their robes, and the boisterous river dashing among spears of ice. I stood looking about me, swaddled in my stiff coat of a bull's fur, and the breath smoking from my scorched nostrils, when, upon a sudden, a singular, eager cry rang from the borders of the wood. The sentries answered it, the sleepers sprang to their feet; one pointed, the rest followed his direction with their eyes, and there, upon the edge of the forest and betwixt two trees, we beheld the figure of a man reaching forth his hands like one in ecstasy. The next moment he ran forward, fell on his knees at the side of the camp, and burst in tears.

This was John Mountain, the trader, escaped from the most horrid perils; and his first word, when he got speech, was to ask if we had seen Secundra Dass.

"Seen what?" cries Sir William.

"No," said I, "we have seen nothing of him. Why?"

"Nothing?" says Mountain. "Then I was right after all." With that he struck his palm upon his brow. "But what takes him back?" he cried. "What takes the man back among dead bodies. There is some damned mystery here."

This was a word which highly aroused our curiosity, but I shall be more perspicacious, if I narrate these incidents in their true order. Here follows a narrative which I have compiled out of three sources, not very consistent in all points:

First, a written statement by Mountain, in which everything criminal is cleverly smuggled out of view;

Second, two conversations with Secundra Dass; and,

Third, many conversations with Mountain himself, in which he was pleased to be entirely plain; for the truth is he regarded me as an accomplice.

NARRATIVE OF THE TRADER, MOUNTAIN.

The crew that went up the river under the joint command of Captain Harris and the Master numbered in all nine persons, of whom (if I except Secundra Dass) there was not one that had not merited the gallows. From Harris downward the voyagers were notorious in that colony for desperate, bloody-minded

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miscreants; some were reputed pirates, the most hawkers of rum; all ranters and drinkers; all fit associates, embarking together without remorse, upon this treacherous and murderous design. I could not hear there was much discipline or any set captain in the gang; but Harris and four others, Mountain himself, two Scotchmen—Pinkerton and Hastie—and a man of the name of Hicks, a drunken shoemaker, put their heads together and agreed upon the course. In a material sense, they were well enough provided; and the Master in particular, brought with him a tent where he might enjoy some privacy and shelter.

Even this small indulgence told against him in the minds of his companions. But indeed he was in a position so entirely false (and even ridiculous) that all his habit of command and arts of pleasing were here thrown away. In the eyes of all, except Secundra Dass, he figured as a common gull and designated victim; going unconsciously to death; yet he could not but suppose himself the contriver and the leader of the expedition; he could scarce help but so conduct himself; and at the least hint of authority or condescension, his deceivers would be laughing in their sleeves. I was so used to see and to conceive him in a high, authoritative attitude, that when I had conceived his position on this journey, I was pained and could have blushed. How soon he may have entertained a first surmise, we cannot know; but it was long, and the party had advanced into the Wilderness beyond the reach of any help, ere he was fully awakened to the truth.

It fell thus. Harris and some others had drawn apart into the woods for consultation, when they were startled by a rustling in the brush. They were all accustomed to the arts of Indian warfare, and Mountain had not only lived and hunted, but fought and earned some reputation, with the savages. He could move in the woods without noise, and follow a trail like a hound; and upon the emergence of this alert, he was deputed by the rest to plunge into the thicket for intelligence. He was soon convinced there was a man in his close neighborhood, moving with precaution but without art among the leaves and branches; and coming shortly to a place of advantage, he was able to observe Secundra Dass crawling briskly off with many backward glances. At this he knew not whether to laugh or cry; and his accomplices, when he had returned and reported, were in much the same dubiety. There was now no danger of an Indian onslaught; but on the other hand, since Secundra Dass was at the pains to spy upon them, it was highly probable he knew English, and if he knew English it was certain the whole of their design was in the Master's knowledge. There was one singularity in the position. If Secundra Dass knew and concealed his knowledge of English, Harris was a proficient in several of the tongues of India, and as his career in that part of the world had been a great deal worse than profligate, he had not thought proper to remark upon the circumstance. Each side had thus a spy-hole on the counsels of the other. The plotters, so soon as this advantage was explained, returned to camp; Harris, hearing the Hindustani was once more closeted with his master, crept to the side of the tent; and the rest, sitting about the fire with their tobacco, awaited his report with impatience. When he came at last, his face was very black. He had overheard enough to confirm the worst of his suspicions. Secundra Dass was a good English scholar; he had been some days creeping and listening, the Master was now fully informed of the conspiracy, and the pair proposed on the morrow to fall out of line at a carrying place and plunge at a venture in the woods: preferring the full risk of famine, savage beasts, and savage men to their position in the midst of traitors.

What, then, was to be done? Some were for killing the Master on the spot; but Harris assured them that would be a crime without profit, since the secret of the treasure must die along with him that buried it. Others were for desisting at once from the whole enterprise and making for New York; but the appetizing name of treasure, and the thought of the long way they had already travelled dissuaded the majority. I imagine they were dull fellows for the

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most part. Harris, indeed, had some acquirements, Mountain was no fool, Hastie was an educated man; but even these had manifestly failed in life, and the rest were the dregs of colonial rascality. The conclusion they reached, at least, was more the offspring of greed and hope, than reason. It was to temporize, to be wary and watch the Master, to be silent and supply no further aliment to his suspicions, and to depend entirely (as well as I make out) on the chance that their victim was as greedy, hopeful, and irrational as themselves, and might, after all, betray his life and treasure.

Twice, in the course of the next day, Secundra and the Master must have appeared to themselves to have escaped; and twice they were circumvented. The Master, save that the second time he grew a little pale, displayed no sign of disappointment, apologized for the stupidity with which he had fallen aside, thanked his recapturers as for a service, and rejoined the caravan with all his usual gallantry and cheerfulness of mien and bearing. But it is certain he had smelled a rat; for from thenceforth he and Secundra spoke only in each other's ear, and Harris listened and shivered by the tent in vain. The same night it was announced they were to leave the boats and proceed by foot: a circumstance which (as it put an end to the confusion of the portages) greatly lessened the chances of escape.

And now there began between the two sides a silent contest, for life on the one hand, for riches on the other. They were now near that quarter of the desert in which the Master himself must begin to play the part of guide; and using this for a pretext of prosecution, Harris and his men sat with him every night about the fire, and labored to entrap him into some admission. If he let slip his secret, he knew well it was the warrant for his death; on the other hand, he durst not refuse their questions, and must appear to help them to the best of his capacity, or he practically published his mistrust. And yet Mountain assures me the man's brow was never ruffled. He sat in the midst of these jackals, his life depending by a thread, like some easy, witty householder at home by his own fire; an answer he had for everything—as often as not, a jesting answer; avoided threats, evaded insults; talked, laughed, and listened with an open countenance; and, in short, conducted himself in such a manner as must have disarmed suspicion, and went near to stagger knowledge. Indeed Mountain confessed to me they would soon have disbelieved the captain's story, and supposed their designated victim still quite innocent of their designs; but for the fact that he continued (however ingeniously) to give the slip to questions, and the yet stronger confirmation of his repeated efforts to escape. The last of these, which brought things to a head, I am now to relate. And first I should say that by this time the temper of Harris's companions was utterly worn out; civility was scarce pretended; and for one very significant circumstance, the Master and Secundra had been (on some pretext) deprived of weapons. On their side, however, the threatened pair kept up the parade of friendship handsomely; Secundra was all bows, the Master all smiles; and on the last night of the truce he had even gone so far as to sing for the diversion of the company. It was observed that he had also eaten with unusual heartiness, and drank deep: doubtless from design.

At least, about three in the morning, he came out of the tent into the open air, audibly mourning and complaining, with all the manner of a sufferer from surfeit. For some while, Secundra publicly attended on his patron, who at last became more easy, and fell asleep on the frosty ground behind the tent: the Indian returning within. Some time after, the sentry was changed; had the Master pointed out to him, where he lay in what is called a robe of buffalo; and thenceforth kept an eye upon him (he declared) without remission. With the first of the dawn, a draught of wind came suddenly and blew open one side the corner of the robe; and with the same puff, the Master's hat whirled in the air and fell some yards away. The sentry, thinking it remarkable the sleeper should not awaken, thereupon drew near; and the next moment, with a great shout, informed the camp their prisoner was escaped. He had left be-

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hind his Indian, who (in the first vivacity of the surprise) came near to pay the forfeit of his life, and was, in fact, inhumanly mishandled; but Secundra, in the midst of threats and cruelties, stuck to it with extraordinary loyalty, that he was quite ignorant of his master's plans, which might indeed be true, and of the manner of his escape, which was demonstrably false. Nothing was therefore left to the conspirators but to rely entirely on the skill of Mountain. The night had been frosty, the ground quite hard; and the sun was no sooner up than a strong thaw set in. It was Mountain's boast that few men could have followed that trail, and still fewer (even of the native Indians) found it. The Master had thus a long start before his pursuers had the scent, and he must have travelled with surprising energy for a pedestrian so unused, since it was near noon before Mountain had a view of him. At this conjuncture the trader was alone, all his companions following, at his own request, several hundred yards in the rear; he knew the Master was unarmed; his heart was besides heated with the exercise and lust of hunting; and seeing the quarry so close, so defenceless, and seemingly so fatigued, he vain-gloriously determined to effect the capture with his single hand. A step or two further brought him to one margin of a little clearing; on the other, with his arms folded and his back to a huge stone, the Master sat. It is possible Mountain may have made a rustle, it is certain, at least, the Master raised his head and gazed directly at that quarter of the thicket where his hunter lay. "I could not be sure he saw me," Mountain said; "he just looked my way like a man with his mind made up, and all the courage ran out of me like rum out of a bottle." And presently, when the Master looked away again, and appeared to resume those meditations in which he had sat immersed before the trader's coming, Mountain slunk stealthily back and returned to seek the help of his companions.

And now began the chapter of surprises, for the scout had scarce informed the others of his discovery, and they were yet preparing their weapons for a rush upon the fugitive, when the man himself appeared in their midst, walking openly and quietly, with his hands behind his back.

"Ah, men!" says he, on his beholding them. "Here is a fortunate encounter. Let us get back to camp."

Mountain had not mentioned his own weakness or the Master's disconcerting gaze upon the thicket, so that (with all the rest) his return appeared spontaneous. For all that, a hubbub arose; oaths flew, fists were shaken, and guns pointed.

"Let us get back to camp," said the Master. "I have an explanation to make, but it must be laid before you all. And in the meanwhile I would put up these weapons, one of which might very easily go off and blow away your hopes of treasure. I would not kill," says he, smiling, "the goose with the golden eggs."

The charm of his superiority once more triumphed; and the party, in no particular order, set off on their return. By the way, he found occasion to get a word or two apart with Mountain.

"You are a clever fellow and a bold," says he, "but I am not so sure that you are doing yourself justice. I would have you to consider whether you would not do better, ay, and safer, to serve me instead of serving so commonplace a rascal as Mr. Harris. Consider of it," he concluded, dealing the man a gentle tap upon the shoulder, "and don't be in haste. Dead or alive, you will find me an ill man to quarrel with."

When they were come back to the camp, where Harris and Pinkerton stood guard over Secundra, these two ran upon the Master like viragoes, and were amazed out of measure when they were bidden by their comrades to "stand back and hear what the gentleman had to say." The Master had not flinched before their onslaught; nor, at this proof of the ground he had gained, did he betray the least sufficiency.

"Do not let us be in haste," says he. "Meat first and public speaking after."

With that they made a hasty meal: and as soon as it was done, the Master, leaning on one elbow, began his speech. He spoke long, addressing himself to each except Harris, finding for each (with the same exception) some particular flattery. He called them "bold,

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honest blades," declared he had never seen a more jovial company, work better done, or pains more merrily supported. "Well, then," says he, "some one asks me, Why the devil I ran away? But that is scarce worth answer, for I think you all know pretty well. But you know only pretty well: that is a point I shall arrive at presently, and be you ready to remark it when it comes. There is a traitor here: a double traitor: I will give you his name before I am done; and let that suffice for now. But here comes some other gentleman and asks me, 'Why, in the devil I came back?' Well, before I answer that question, I have one to put to you. It was this cur here, this Harris, that speaks Hindustani?" cries he, rising on one knee and pointing fair at the man's face, with a gesture indescribably menacing; and when he had been answered in the affirmative, "Ah!" says he, "then are all my suspicions verified, and I did rightly to come back. Now, men, hear the truth for the first time." Thereupon he launched forth in a long story, told with extraordinary skill, how he had all along suspected Harris, how he had found the confirmation of his fears, and how Harris must have misrepresented what passed between Secundra and himself. At this point he made a bold stroke with excellent effect. "I suppose," says he, "you think you are going shares with Harris, I suppose you think you will see to that yourselves; you would naturally not think so flat a rogue could cozen you. But have a care! These half idiots have a sort of cunning, as the skunk has its stench; and it may be news to you that Harris has taken care of himself already. Yes, for him the treasure is all money in the bargain. You must find it or go starve. But he has been paid beforehand; my brother paid him to destroy me; look at him, if you doubt—look at him, grinning and gulping, a detected thief!" Thence, having made this happy impression, he explained how he had escaped, and thought better of it, and at last concluded to come back, lay the truth before the company, and take his chance with them once more: persuaded as he was, they would instantly depose Harris and elect some other leader. "There is the whole truth," said he: "and with one exception, I put myself entirely in your hands. What is the exception? There he sits," he cried, pointing once more to Harris; "a man that has to die! Weapons and conditions are all one to me; put me face to face with him, and if you give me nothing but a stick, in five minutes I will show you a sop of broken carrion, fit for dogs to roll in."

It was dark night when he made an end; they had listened in almost perfect silence; but the firelight scarce permitted anyone to judge, from the look of his neighbors, with what result of persuasion or conviction. Indeed the Master had set himself in the brightest place, and kept his face there, to be the centre of men's eyes: doubtless on a profound calculation. Silence followed for awhile, and presently the whole party became involved in disputation: the Master lying on his back, with his hands knit under his head and one knee flung across the other, like a person unconcerned in the result. And here, I daresay, his bravado carried him too far and prejudiced his case. At least, after a cast or two back and forward, opinion settled finally against him. It's possible he hoped to repeat the business of the pirate ship, and be himself, perhaps, on hard enough conditions, elected leader; and things went so far that way, that Mountain actually threw out the proposition. But the rock he split upon was Hastie. This fellow was not well liked, being sour and slow, with an ugly, glowering disposition, but he had studied some time for the church at Edinburgh College, before ill conduct had destroyed his prospects, and he now remembered and applied what he had learned. Indeed he had not proceeded very far, when the Master rolled carelessly upon one side, which was done (in Mountain's opinion) to conceal the beginnings of despair upon his countenance. Hastie dismissed the most of what they had heard as nothing to the matter: what they wanted was the treasure. All that was said of Harris might be true, and they would have to see to that in time. But what had that to do with the treasure? They had heard a vast of words; but the truth was

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just this, that Mr. Durie was damnably frightened and had several times run off. Here he was—whether caught or come back was all one to Hastie: the point was to make an end of the business. As for the talk of deposing and electing captains, he hoped they were all free men and could attend their own affairs. That was dust flung in their eyes, and so was the proposal to fight Harris. "He shall fight no one in this camp, I can tell him that," said Hastie. "We had trouble enough to get his arms away from him, and we should look pretty fools to give them back again. But if it's excitement the gentleman is after, I can supply him with more than perhaps he cares about. For I have no intention to spend the remainder of my life in these mountains; already I have been too long; and I propose that he should immediately tell us where that treasure is, or else immediately be shot. And there," says he, producing his weapon, "there is the pistol that I mean to use."

"Come, I call you a man," cries the Master, sitting up and looking at the speaker with an air of admiration.

"I didn't ask you to call me anything," returned Hastie; "which is it to be?"

"That's an idle question," said the Master. "Needs must when the devil drives. The truth is we are within easy walk of the place, and I will show it you to-morrow."

With that, as if all were quite settled, and settled exactly to his mind, he walked off to his tent, whither Secundra had preceded him.

I cannot think of these last turns and wriggles of my old enemy except with admiration; scarce even pity is mingled with the sentiment, so strongly the man supported, so boldly resisted his misfortunes. Even at that hour, when he perceived himself quite lost, when he saw he had but effected an exchange of enemies, and overthrown Harris to set Hastie up, no sign of weakness appeared in his behavior, and he withdrew to his tent, already determined (I must suppose) upon affronting the incredible hazard of his last expedient, with the same easy, assured, genteel expression and demeanor as he might have left a theatre withal to join a supper of the wits. But doubtless within, if we could see there, his soul trembled.

Early in the night, word went about the camp that he was sick; and the first thing the next morning, he called Hastie to his side, and inquired most anxiously if he had any skill in medicine. As a matter of fact, this was a vanity of that fallen divinity student's, to which he had cunningly addressed himself. Hastie examined him; and being flattered, ignorant, and highly suspicious, knew not in the least whether the man was sick or malingering. In this state, he went forth again to his companions; and (as the thing which would give himself most consequence either way) announced that the patient was in a fair way to die.

"For all that," he added with an oath, "and if he bursts by the wayside, he must bring us this morning to the treasure."

But there were several in the camp (Mountain among the number) whom this brutality revolted. They would have seen the Master pistol'd, or pistol'd him themselves, without the smallest sentiment of pity; but they seemed to have been touched by his gallant fight and unequivocal defeat the night before; perhaps, too, they were even already beginning to oppose themselves to their new leader: at least, they now declared that (if the man was sick) he should have a day's rest in spite of Hastie's teeth.

The next morning he was manifestly worse, and Hastie himself began to display something of humane concern, so easily does even the pretence of doctoring awaken sympathy. The third, the Master called Mountain and Hastie to the tent, announced himself to be dying, gave them full particulars as to the position of the cache, and begged them to set out incontinently on the quest, so that they might see if he deceived them, and (if they were at first unsuccessful), he should be able to correct their error.

But here arose a difficulty on which he doubtless counted. None of these men would trust another, none would consent to stay behind. On the other hand, although the Master seemed extremely low, spoke scarce above a whisper, and lay much of the time insensible,

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it was still possible it was a fraudulent sickness; and if all went treasure-hunting, it might prove they had gone upon a wild-goose chase, and return to find their prisoner flown. They concluded, therefore, to hang idling round the camp, alleging sympathy to be their reason; and certainly, so mingled are our dispositions, several were sincerely (if not very deeply) affected by the natural peril of the man whom they callously designed to murder. In the afternoon, Hastie was called to the bedside to pray: the which (incredible as it must appear) he did with unction; about eight at night, the wailing of Secundra announced that all was over; and before ten, the Indian, with a link stuck in the ground, was toiling at the grave. Sunrise of next day beheld the Master's burial, all hands attending with great decency of demeanor; and the body was laid in the earth wrapped in a fur robe, with only the face uncovered; which last was of a waxy whiteness, and had the nostrils plugged according to some oriental habit of Secundra's. No sooner was the grave filled than the lamentations of the Indian once more struck concern to every heart; and it appears this gang of murderers, so far from resenting his outcries, although both distressful and (in such a country) perilous to their own safety, roughly but kindly endeavored to console him.

But if human nature is even in the worst of men occasionally kind, it is still, and before all things, greedy; and they soon turned from the mourner to their own concerns. The cache of the treasure being hard by, although yet unidentified, it was concluded not to break camp; and the day passed, on the part of the voyagers, in unavailing exploration of the woods, Secundra the while lying on his master's grave. That night they placed no sentinel, but lay all together about the fire, in the customary woodman fashion, the heads outward, like the spokes of a wheel. Morning found them in the same disposition; only Pinkerton, who lay on Mountain's right, between him and Hastie, had (in the hours of darkness) been secretly butchered, and there lay, still wrapped as to his body in his mantle, but offering above that ungodly and horrific spectacle of the scalped head. The gang were that morning as pale as a company of phantoms, for the pertinacity of Indian war (or, to speak more correctly, Indian murder), was well known to all. But they laid the chief blame on their unsentinel'd posture; and fired with the neighborhood of the treasure, determined to continue where they were. Pinkerton was buried hard by the Master; the survivors again passed the day in exploration, and returned in a mingled humor of anxiety and hope, being partly certain they were now close on the discovery of what they sought, and on the other hand (with the return of darkness) were infected with the fear of Indians. Mountain was the first sentry; he declares he neither slept nor yet sat down, but kept his watch with a perpetual and straining vigilance; and it was even with unconcern that (when he saw by the stars his time was up) he drew near the fire to waken his successor. This man (it was Hicks the shoemaker) slept on the lee side of the circle, something farther off in consequence than those to windward, and in a place darkened by the blowing smoke. Mountain stooped and took him by the shoulder; his hand was at once smeared by some adhesive wetness; and (the wind at the moment veering) the firelight shone upon the sleeper and showed him, like Pinkerton, dead and scalped.

It was clear they had fallen in the hands of one of those matchless Indian bravos, that will sometimes follow a party for days, and in spite of indefatigable travel and unsleeping watch, continue to keep up with their advance and steal a scalp at every resting-place. Upon this discovery, the treasure-seekers, already reduced to a poor half dozen, fell into mere dismay, seized a few necessaries, and deserting the remainder of their goods, fled outright into the forest. Their fire, they left still burning, and their dead comrade unburied. All day they ceased not to flee, eating by the way, from hand to mouth; and since they feared to sleep, continued to advance at random even in the hours of darkness. But the limits of man's endurance is soon reached; when they rested at last, it was to sleep profoundly; and when they woke, it was to find that the enemy was

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still upon their heels, and death and mutilation had once more lessened and deformed their company.

By this, they had become light-headed, they had quite missed their path in the Wilderness, their stores were already running low. With the further horrors, it is superfluous that I should swell this narrative, already too prolonged. Suffice it to say, that when at length a night passed by innocuous, and they might breathe again in the hope that the murderer had at last desisted from pursuit, Mountain and Secundra were alone. The trader is firmly persuaded their unseen enemy was some warrior of his own acquaintance, and that he himself was spared by favor. The mercy extended to Secundra he explains on the ground that the East Indian was thought to be insane; partly from the fact that, through all the horrors of the flight and while others were casting away their very food and weapons, Secundra continued to stagger forward with a mattock on his shoulder; and partly because, in the last days and with a great degree of heat and fluency, he perpetually spoke with himself in his own language. But he was sane enough when it came to English.

"You think he will be gone quite away?" he had asked, upon their blest awakening in safety.

"I pray God so, I believe so, I dare to believe so," Mountain had replied almost with incoherence, as he described the scene to me.

And indeed he was so much distempered that until he met us, the next morning, he could scarce be certain whether he had dreamed, or whether it was a fact, that Secundra had thereupon turned directly about and returned without a word upon their footprints, setting his face for these wintry and hungry solitudes, along a path whose every stage was mile-stoned with a mutilated corpse.

(To be concluded in October.)

DROUGHT.

By A. Lampman.

From week to week there came no rain,
The very birds took flight,
The river shrank within its bed,
The borders of the world grew red
With woods that flamed by night.

No rest beneath the fearful sun,
No shelter brought the moon;
Lean cattle on the reeded fen
Searched every hole for drink, and men
Dropped dead beneath the noon.

And ever as each sun went down
Beyond the reeling plain,
Into the mocking sky uprist,
Like phantoms from the burning west,
Dim clouds that brought no rain.

Each root and leaf and living thing
Fell sicklier day by day,
And I that still must live and see
The agony of plant and tree,
Grew weary even as they.

But oh, at last, the joy, the change;
With sudden sigh and start
I woke upon the middle night,
And thought that something strange and bright
Had burst upon my heart.

With surging of great winds, a lull
And hush upon the plain,
A hollow murmur far aloof,
And then a roar upon the roof,
Down came the rushing rain.

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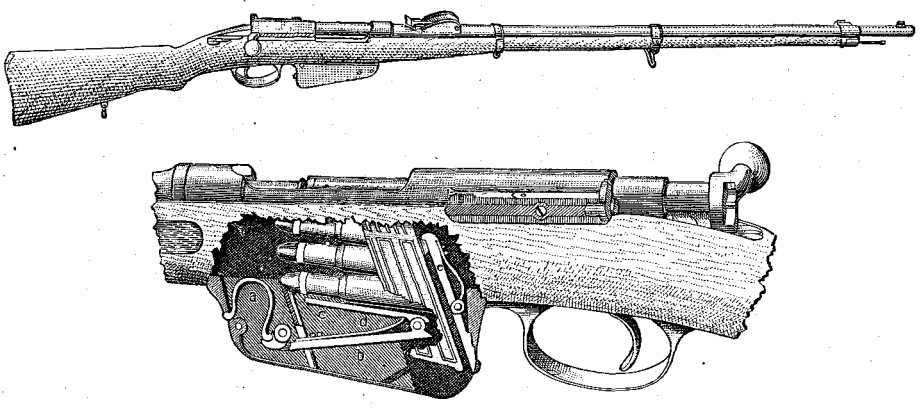

Mannlicher Rifle.
Fixed, under-breech, box, spring-fed quick charging magazine system. Magazine holds five cartridges.

THE SMALL ARMS OF EUROPEAN ARMIES.

By W. W. Kimball, U.S.N.

IT is now more than a quarter of a century since the value of magazine rifles was proved in the War of the Rebellion; it is but now that European armies generally are arming with them; and it is even now that American military people are fairly content with an obsolete single-loader.

In acquiring the military trade, "in learning how to kill and how to die," it would seem that there is always absorbed into the mind an intangible something which heartily prejudices the craftsman against the use of improved tools, no matter how superior they may be shown to be.

The English bowmen made a gallant stand against the ignominy consequent upon the use of the brutal musket; the French bravely rejected the breech-loader in the Napoleonic wars; the Americans did nobly in refusing to use percussion-lock guns in Mexico, and in greatly preferring wonderfully bad muzzle-loaders to comparatively effective arms with which to kill each other during the Rebellion; but all these heroic attempts at stopping military progress fade into insignificance when one contemplates the glorious resistance to the utilizing of magazine mechanisms upon the rifle.

In seeking to account for these repeated anomalies one finds that the selections of arms are usually made by experienced soldiers, and that there are always excellent reasons given for preferring the less efficient weapons—reasons invariably based upon experiences of seemingly necessary conditions of service, which have been so indelibly impressed upon the memory that it becomes almost impossible to conceive that such conditions can either be avoided or the preparations for meeting them neglected.

When a man by doing nothing to evade the operation is, to all intents and purposes, being killed—when the soldier is following the "how to die" part of his trade by not running away from an action—he receives a most vivid impression of the circumstances and surroundings under and in which he must restrain his natural instinct to attempt to preserve his life; and if he be afterward asked for an opinion upon a new weapon, he will judge of its serviceableness from a point of view determined by considering whether it would have been easy to manage while he was holding himself up to be killed, rather than by its inherent efficiency as a tool for killing other people, when used under conditions favorable for bringing out its power. This is all very natural when one considers how very much more difficult it is to let one's self be killed properly than to attempt to kill effectively; and, consequently, how comparatively insignificant it is to the individual subject to military discipline whether

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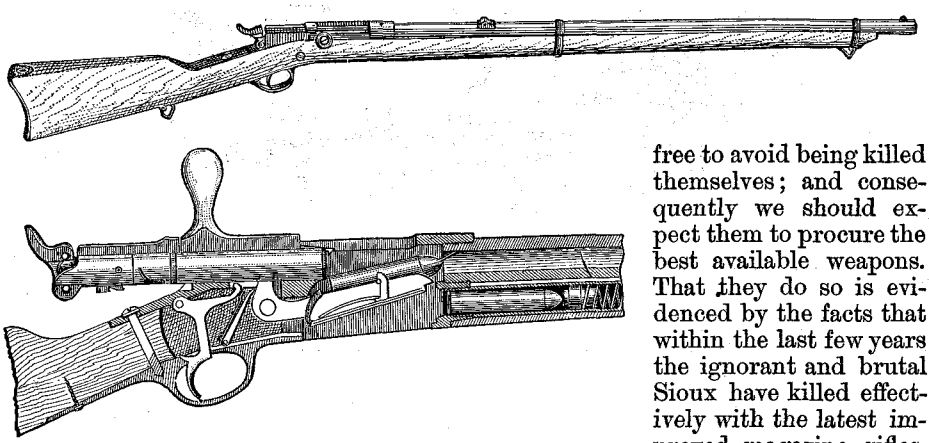
he has the most effective weapon or not, provided he has a habit of confidence in it and is habituated to its use.

Military authorities the world over take this view of the question, as is apparent from the fact that in teaching the military trade so much time is spent in the exercises which, in some inscrutable way, are supposed to inculcate discipline that but little is left for training in the effective use of arms—too little, if effectiveness can only be had, as with all other improved tools, at the expense of obtaining an intelligent idea of their capabilities and requirements.



Remington-Keene Rifle.

Fixed, under-barrel, tubular, spring-fed, slow-charging, magazine system. Magazine holds nine cartridges.

Long after breech-loading rifles had come into general use a gallant old officer proved that they were inferior to muzzle-loaders for real service, under conditions that he had experienced: "We were in a tight place, a very tight place, and not a cartridge in the line. None to be had. But I managed to get a keg of powder and a keg of nails. Served 'em out, sir, and ordered the men to tear up their shirts for wads; and when those fellows charged we peppered 'em with nails, sir, with nails! What would you have done with breech-loaders, that must have brass cartridges made in a blessed factory, I'd like to know?"

There was no answer to that question. There is no answer to the objections made to improved arms, when based upon experiences of conditions arising from the use of obsolete ones.

Non-military people, when they fight, are usually intent upon killing their enemies, and, at the same time, are perfectly free to avoid being killed themselves; and consequently we should expect them to procure the best available weapons. That they do so is evidenced by the facts that within the last few years the ignorant and brutal Sioux have killed effectively with the latest improved magazine rifles, while the educated American soldiers have gallantly died with their highly affectioned and obsolete arms in their hands; and the highly disciplined French infantrymen, armed with their inefficient Gras guns, have bravely fallen under the fire of fine Lee rifles in the hands of the stupid Chinese "Black Flags."

In order to have an approximately clear idea of the development of the magazine rifle it is necessary to define it, and then take a retrospective glance at the hard and painful road over which it has advanced to the favor it enjoys to-day.

A magazine arm, then, is one having a single firing chamber, into which, from an attached magazine, several cartridges are successively loaded, and from which, after firing, the empty cartridge-cases are successively extracted by the action of the breech mechanism. All magazine arms are "repeaters," because their fire can be repeated without recharging the magazines; so are revolvers; but these last are not magazine arms, because to repeat their fire they must use a number of chambers equal to the number of times that the fire can be repeated without recharging.

It is difficult to conceive of a magazine gun designed to load at the muzzle,

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and, as a matter of fact, there is no record of a successful device of the kind, although there are numerous reports of attempts at producing "repeaters" that were not revolvers, by loading a number of charges in at the muzzle, one on top of the other.

The "greate brasse hande gonne" of Porta's "Natural Magick," and the "gun to discharge seven times, the best of all devices that ever I saw, and very serviceable, and not a bauble; for it is much approved of and many thereof made," of dear, pottering, old Pepys, were guns of this class, and were expected to repeat their fire, shot after shot, beginning with the last charge rammed down, instead of going off all charges at once, as they naturally did, because, like so many gun inventors of the present day, their designers possessed a beautiful faith in themselves, based upon an utter ignorance of the materials and forces they were working with.

Although the idea of and desire for breech-loading is almost as old as Friar Schwartz's much-quoted mortar pestle, it was never satisfactorily applied in small arms till metallic-cased ammunition came into use, because the making of the breech sufficiently gas-tight was so difficult before there were cartridge-cases to act as gas-checks. To be sure, several kinds of breech-loaders, designed to fire uncased ammunition, were used in the War of the Rebellion, and the Prussians conquered the Austrians in "'66" with an arm of the same class, and one inexcusably awkward at that late date —the far-famed needle-gun; but good breech-loaders did not exist before gas-checking cartridge-cases, and since magazine arms are essentially breech-loaders, they had no earlier existence as such.

Just as there were endeavors at making single-fire breech-loaders to use paper-covered cartridges, so there were like attempts to produce magazine arms to take the same kind of ammunition—attempts wonderful in the ingenuity wasted upon them, and failing only for the lack of a proper gas-check.

After the metallic-cased cartridge was allowed to take its rightful place, the single-fire breech-loader was readily made effective, and the magazine rifle was quickly ready to follow; but it required half a century of time after its invention for the cartridge to get its merits generally acknowledged, and a quarter of a century more for the magazine rifle to get its usefulness recognized.

The metallic-cased, self-primed, gas-checking cartridge of to-day should properly be credited to Napoleon I., a man who, as shown by his favorite maxim, "In battle fire is everything; the rest is of small account," wished his own side to do a deal of killing, and no more dying than need be, and therefore naturally desired his armies to have breech-loaders. He encouraged and aided an artillery officer named Pauly to experiment, till, in 1812, a cartridge was produced having nearly all the essential features of the modern one, and being objectionable for all the reasons that were brought against magazine arms in later years. Had Napoleon not found it necessary to retire to St. Helena, and withdraw from the trade of an arms-user, it is quite possible that he might have forced the cased cartridge to the fore, and with it breech-loaders and magazine guns; but under the conditions that actually existed Pauly learned that his cartridge was particularly bad because it enabled men to shoot rapidly—just as magazine rifles do; for if a soldier can fire fast, he can waste his ammunition quickly, and always will, because "'tis his nature to"—a nature that the utmost amount of drilling in all kinds of pretty marchings to and fro cannot change so that he will become a cool hand and a straight shooter. And since ammunition is to be wasted, it is best to arrange for the enforced slowness of this waste by compelling the soldier to use a deal of time in getting a slow-firing gun ready to shoot.

This is, practically, the argument against magazine guns; it was the argument against breech-loaders; it will be the argument against automatic arms worked by recoil when in the near future they come forward.

But the threadbare old assumption is not advanced with that confidence of assertion that accompanied it a few years ago. Meantime most of the armies of the world are arming with magazine weapons of one kind and another.

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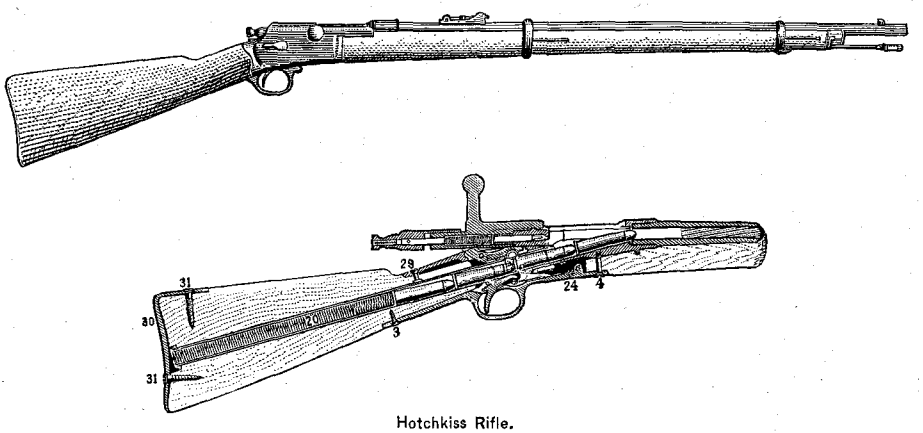
In order to understand the main points of difference in the arms now coming into use, it is necessary to classify them in at least a general way; and it is, perhaps, as clear a method as any to divide them into two general classes, *fixed* and *detachable*, and into four sub-



Hotchkiss Rifle.

Fixed, butt-stock, tubular, spring-fed, slow-charging magazine system. Magazine holds six cartridges.

classes, *under-barrel tubular*, *butt-stock tubular*, *under-breech box*, and *over-breech box*, as regards the salient features of their magazine systems.

There are, of course, many magazine-gun devices not properly covered by such a general classification, but it will answer every purpose for the non-technical reader, and will be readily grasped after a glance at the illustrations of four typical American military guns, the fixed under-barrel tubular "Remington-Keene" (p. 364), the fixed butt-stock tubular "Hotchkiss," the detachable under breech box "Lee," and the detachable over-breech box "Franklin" (p. 376). The tubular is the earlier, the box the later development in form and in manner of carrying the cartridges placed in the magazine.

The fixed under-barrel tubular form has the apparent disadvantages of placing the centre of gravity of the charged magazine outside the rest hand when the gun is being fired, of allowing a considerable longitudinal change of position of this centre of gravity as the magazine is exhausted, of being slow and awkward to recharge, of requiring a change in direction of one hundred and eighty degrees in the movement of the cartridges as they pass back along the line of the tube, up to the level of the chamber, and forward into it, and of making the piece an awkward and ill-balanced affair at all times; and still this form has been the favorite one among magazine-arms users, civil and military, for the last quarter of a century; it was the form adopted for her army by Switzerland twenty years ago; by France, Austria, Italy, Turkey, Norway, and many other countries, for the cavalry or the navy, within the present decade; it is the form adopted by Switzerland, Italy, France, and Germany for recent small-arm armaments of the line of the army; and, moreover, it is the form in use on the most popular and most widely known rifle in the world, the Winchester.

The non-shooting person who might wonder why the poorer form of magazine is so very much more popular than the better, should remember that "for guns, boats, and saddles, there are no reasons why;" that in the use of those three articles people who use them most differ most in their preferences, upon which many words are wasted and many able arguments made to prove exactly opposite conclusions from identically the same premises.

The butt-stock tubular form places the weight of the charged magazine between the shoulder and rest hand in firing, and requires but little change in

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direction in the forward and slightly upward movement of the cartridges from the butt to the chamber; but it has been looked on with little favor, and has been but little used since the days of the Spencer carbine during the Rebellion.

In the box magazines the cartridges lie against each other laterally, and are thus free from the dangerous shocks to which they are liable in the ordinary spring-fed tubulars, and against which they can only be guarded by mutilating the bullets, by squaring off what should be a round point, so that there is no point on the bullet of a cartridge in rear to impinge on the primer of the one next in front.

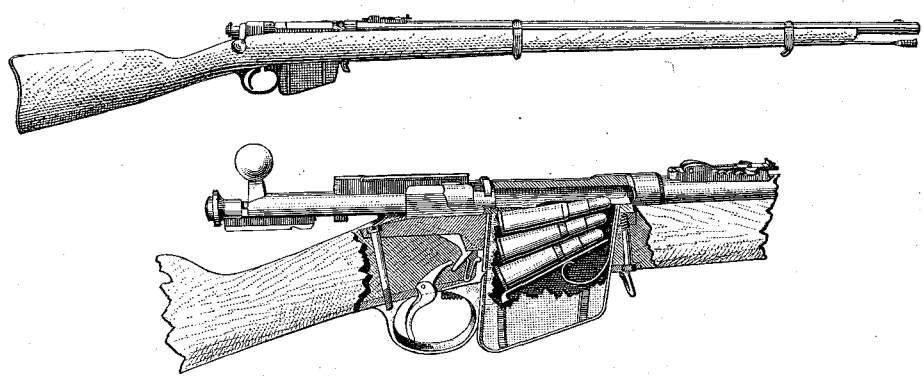
The movement of a cartridge from a box magazine to the breech is equal in distance only to its diameter instead of to its length; the centre of gravity changes but little as the magazine is exhausted, and that little only in the vertical plane; the whole weight of the magazine, charged or empty, is, when firing, between the shoulder and rest hand, and it offers a convenient form when made detachable.

After a ten years' struggle for consideration the box form of magazine is beginning to win for itself the favor which its apparent advantages merit; as is evidenced by its adoption in Austria upon the Mannlicher gun, and in England upon the Lee; by the favor with which it is regarded in Germany, Belgium, and Holland on several experimental guns, and by the inclination toward it on the Schulof gun in several Sclavonic countries.

The sequence of events that have led to the present impetus in adopting magazine arms in the over-manned and under-armed armies of Europe is more or less amusing to the looker-on from this side of the water. Innumerable boards, committees, and commissions have been sitting for years, in almost every capital in Europe, upon the magazine gun in general; and nothing in particular has been hatched because the miraculously perfect arm has always been demanded, while it has never by any chance been defined.

One gathered from official reports that the gun wanted was one to be made of a single piece of non-corroding, unbreakable material, capable of accomplishing all the results that, in human mechanics, depend upon complex mechanism, and having the faculty of delivering fire with the utmost rapidity for any length of time, without in any way depleting the supply of ammunition.

Some four or five years ago, the German Commission on Small Arms had been sitting in secret session for months and had determined upon nothing; while, curiously enough, all its doings were fully reported to the intelligence offices of all important countries, especially to that of France, when, one fine morning, the rumor was bruited abroad that enough marvellously novel and wonderfully deadly magazine rifles



Lee Rifle.

Detachable, under-breech box, spring-fed magazine system. Magazine holds five to eight cartridges.

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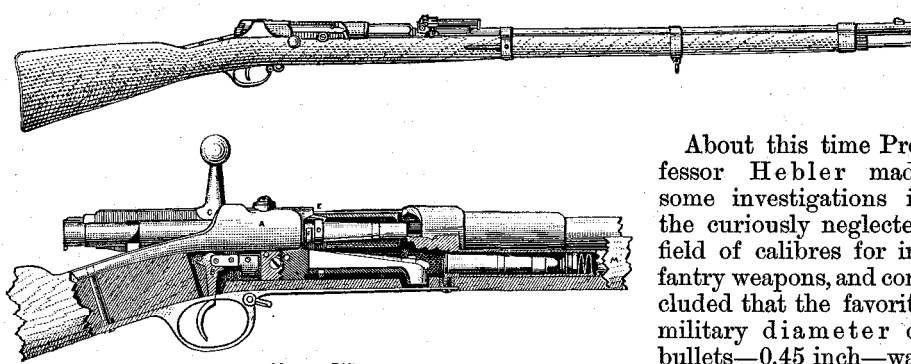
to arm a German army corps were nearly ready for issue. In military circles there was at once great interest expressed in the new German gun; but details were, at first, not forthcoming. There was an air of mystery connected with the weapon that could not at first be penetrated.



Mauser Rifle.

Fixed, under-barrel tubular, spring-fed, slow-charging magazine system. Magazine holds eight cartridges.

It was known that Mauser, the inventor of the single-loading rifle of the German army had devised it; but what it was and how it operated the military public could not find out. With even more than the customary tantalizing vagueness with which they always treat technical subjects, newspaper reporters gave out the number of men that could be killed in a minute by the fire of the new gun, and harrowed our feelings by picturing the slaughter grim and great of those misguided ones who should rashly face the new arms.

Gradually the fog of mystery cleared away, and the famous weapon stood revealed in cuts and illustrations. It was a fixed under-barrel tubular magazine rifle of the Remington-Keene type, with the same awkward, inefficient magazine system; the same position of bolt-handle which prevents continuous magazine fire from the shoulder; the same old flip-flop carrier; the same old everything; in fact, it was a new arm of an already obsolescent type, and is even now spoken of by Germans as "the gun of transition"—transition to an effective arm one supposes.

The Mauser magazine rifle had, however, a value in its great moral effect. Germany possessed magazine rifles. France felt that she must possess them, and proceeded to provide herself.

About this time Professor Hebler made some investigations in the curiously neglected field of calibres for infantry weapons, and concluded that the favorite military diameter of bullets—0.45 inch—was one-third larger than it should be. And shortly after the publication of the results of his work the famous French Lebel gun began to be heard of. It was even more mysterious and more marvellous than the Mauser. It was a "jewel" of an arm; it was frightfully and fearfully deadly; it used a miraculous smokeless cartridge; a specimen of it was sought for by German officers at the utmost bodily and financial risk; the secret of it was jealously guarded; the military mind was full of it—and at last it became known. Like the Mauser it is a most inefficient type of magazine rifle, having a fixed under-barrel tubular magazine, and an old-fashioned mechanism; but ballistically it is a superior arm, *i.e.*, it shoots well after the cartridge is gotten into the firing chamber, because the calibre is good —8 mm.—because the bullet is fairly well proportioned, because the rifling is good, because the recoil is light, and, above all, because the charge makes the bullet go fast. But all these shooting qualities have absolutely nothing to do with the merits of the breech mechanism and the magazine system, which are those of the Kropatschek rifle used in the French navy for ten years. A gun with a good barrel and cartridge would shoot well, even if it had the absurd Springfield breech-mechanism attached to it.

But by Germany's move with the Mauser, France was forced to get some kind of a magazine arm, and get it at once; and she took the Lebel for some

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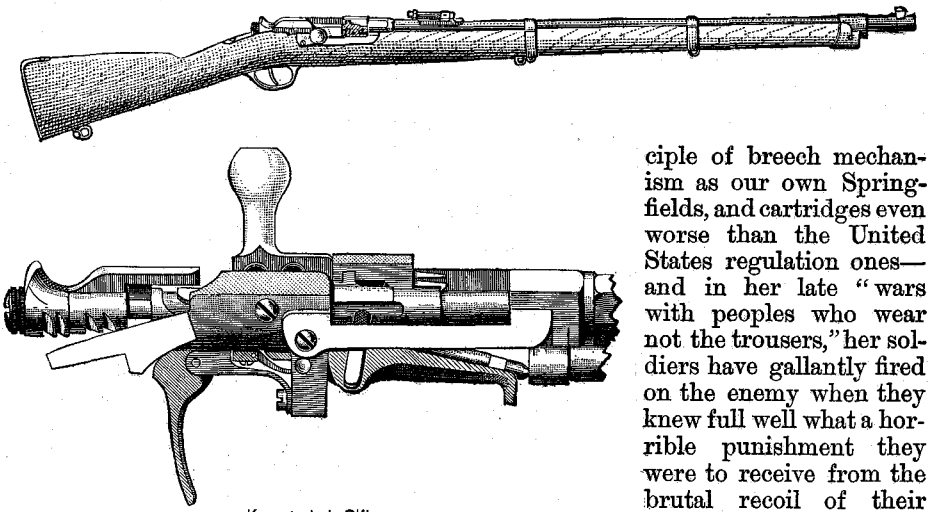
incomprehensible political reason, took it to her affections, and delights in it, apparently on the principle that to her 'tis "an ill favored thing, sir, but mine own." However this may be, she has made Lebel rifles by the hundred thousand, and has thus committed herself to the use of them.

Meanwhile Austrian committees, like those of other countries, had been experimenting with magazine arms; but, unlike those of other countries, they had —*mirabile dictu!*—really accomplished something. They decided to adopt the Mannlicher, a gun embodying many really common-sense ideas.

The magazine is of the fixed under-breech box type, in which, when charged, the cartridges lie laterally, one upon the other, and from which they are fed up by springs as the bolt, in its reciprocating motions of loading and extracting, disposes of them. The charging is accomplished, not as is usual with fixed magazines, by tediously prodding in the cartridges, one by one, but by the use of a tin packet containing a charge of five cartridges, which fills it by a single motion of the hand, and which is ejected from it by the mechanism when the cartridges have been fired.



Kropatschek Rifle.
Fixed, under-barrel tubular, spring-fed, slow-charging magazine system. Magazine holds seven cartridges.

The Austrians have rid themselves of the absurd idea of the necessity of a "cut off" (*i.e.*, a device by which the charged magazine can be held in reserve while the arm is used as a single-loader), and always fire from the magazine, as they should if they decide that the fixed type is preferable to the detachable, a matter that will be lightly discussed hereafter.

In the matter of calibre Austria has fallen into line with the other small-bore countries, and adopted 0.315 inch, practically the same as that of England, France, and some other countries (the same that Germany is contemplating for the gun to supersede the Mauser, which will be of the Mannlicher type), and there is but little difference in the ballistics of her arms and those of the other countries mentioned.

England has lately adopted a small-bore—0.303 inch calibre—modified Lee magazine rifle—a Lee with most of the strong points of the mechanism modified out—after making a long series of most amusing steps of development in order to reach the conclusion that this arm was suited to her needs. For some years she has been more than content with her famous 0.45 inch calibre single-loading Martini-Henry rifles and Boxer cartridges—guns almost as bad in principle of breech mechanism as our own Springfields, and cartridges even worse than the United States regulation ones—and in her late "wars with peoples who wear not the trousers," her soldiers have gallantly fired on the enemy when they knew full well what a horrible punishment they were to receive from the brutal recoil of their weapons, and have borne their torture with true English grit. An English officer informed the writer that the practice was a great aid to gallantry in

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battle in South Africa, for "when a fellow has been so brutally pounded by his own rifle half a hundred times, he don't so much mind having an assegai as big as a shovel stuck through him; it's rather a relief, don't you know."

But the idea of the small-bore magazine rifle was bound to find its way across the Channel from the Continent, and, aided by the hard work of the more advanced English military men, it slowly forged ahead to the position of adoption it now holds. The same objections to the type of arm were made in England that are now heard in the United States. The conservatives asserted that with a magazine rifle the man would fire away all his cartridges. It was explained that if the fire was made to tell, as it might, with the use of proper guns, it was not half a bad idea to fire away cartridges; that, indeed, some people thought cartridges should be fired from guns even if it soiled them with powder grime. Then it was objected that the small bullet would make only a little hole in a man, and that it was much more satisfactory to literally let daylight through one's enemy than to puncture him in such a *dilettante* fashion. This is an article of good old Anglo-Saxon military faith that is hard to abandon when one has been bred in it. To-day we like the idea of putting big holes and ragged ones through our enemies, even as did that ingenious Englishman, Puckle, who, a couple of centuries ago, invented a machine cannon provided with two sets of chambers, "*onne* withe *rounde* holes for shooteynge rounde bulletes agaynst ye Chrystiannes, and ye other withe square holes for shooteynge square bulletes agaynst ye Turkes."

The argument, which has not yet been felt in the United States, was efficiently made in England to prove that all one really needed to do in battle, in the way of hitting an enemy, was to deliver a blow of sufficient force to drop him in his tracks, and make him stop being disagreeable with his shooting, and that if one could hit him hard enough, it was just as well to do it with a fast-flying small bullet, as with a slow-going big one, while it was a much easier, surer, and simpler thing to do.

At last the Lee rifle, with its detachable magazine, was tried, and, being found wanting, was improved backward into the Lee-Burton, an arm with a Lee bolt and a fixed under-barrel tubular magazine. But this arm was too absurd even for the conservative men who recommended it, and finally the small-bore Lee was regularly adopted. Then the conservatives had their innings. The magazine was detachable and might be lost. So it was chained to the gun, and the arm was thus prevented from having the chief merit of the system—facility for being made a true single-loader or a real magazine arm at will. The reason for chaining the gun and magazine together is excellent, but the idea is not thoroughly carried out; if it were, all the detachable parts should be chained together: the bayonet and cleaning-rod by a couple of small chains, and the cartridges by a hundred very little ones to the gun; the gun by a stouter one to the man, and the man by a good strong one to his comrades.

The magazine of the Lee system is designed to carry the cartridges one above the other, so that the spring which pushes them up can be sure to serve them to the receiver without jamming; but the system was put aside in England because it was held that not enough charges could be stowed in that way without carrying the bottom of the magazine too low down, and a curious wide affair adopted, which holds three cartridges more, by making them lie in quincunx order, and thus destroys all certainty of feed. In the magazine offered, the feed-up was so sure that by quickly reciprocating the bolt all five of the contained cartridges could be thrown out before the first had fallen to the ground; in the one adopted, the recoil from firing is needed to help the feed, and even then the only sure thing to be predicted about it is that the cartridges will jam and refuse to feed up sooner or later. The arm was designed to be used normally as a single-loader, which, in an instant, by the application of a charged magazine, could be changed to a magazine arm. By the chaining on of the magazine the British authorities have changed it to a weapon on which the magazine must always be carried,

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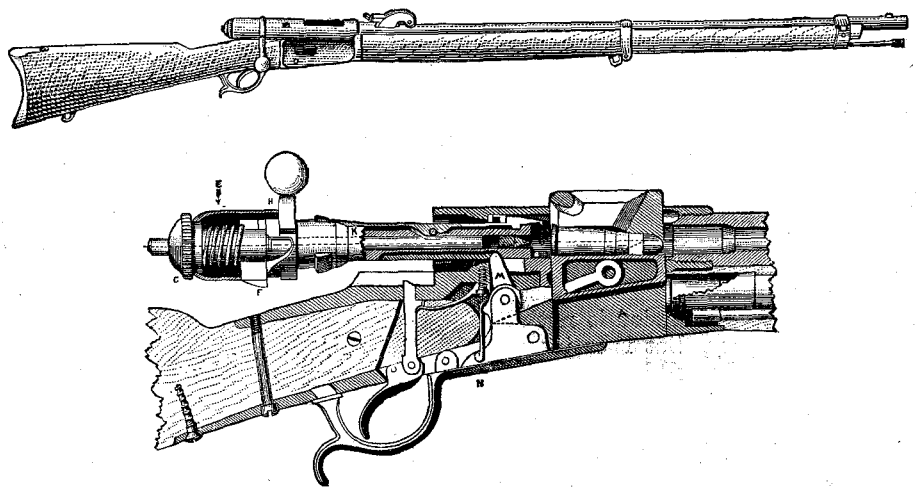
and since this last is not arranged to recharge quickly, it must in action be carried charged and cut off, so that the single-loading feature can be used for the greater part of the firing. This makes a "cut-off" nuisance necessary. Apparently the British authorities want-

their saddles and opening them as one would oysters. She leads in military matters, in that she is able to produce the most effective fighting units, as regards both the man and the material of which such a unit consists, each at the least expense in money and with



Vetterli Rifle.

Fixed, under-barrel tubular, spring-fed, slow-charging magazine system. Magazine holds eleven cartridges.

ed the bad features of a fixed magazine, and insisted upon having them.

They have gotten them at the expense of nearly all the good points of the mechanism they have chosen, and have missed the best features of a fixed system.

Ballistically the English Lee is good, and by accentuating the fact that the guns shoot well, and that the new cartridges are excellent, while carefully avoiding the question of why there is any magazine at all, the authorities can doubtless make the brave British soldier as proud of his curious weapon as is the gallant French warrior of his old-fashioned arm, the Lebel.

Little Switzerland has led the world in military matters ever since she so greatly astonished it at Sempach by proving that the then despised infantry (which for centuries had been in the habit of being ridden down and leisurely spitted by the men-at-arms) was quite capable of coping with iron-clad cavalry, and even of pulling the armored knights out of

the least loss of productive labor. She adopted magazine rifles twenty years ago, when other nations were quibbling about the waste of ammunition that would follow the use of single-fire breech-loaders, and she reduced the calibre of her guns while other countries were still fixed in their adhesion to big bullets. These things, coupled with the fact that within three days from the call to arms seventy thousand terribly straight-shooting and fully equipped Switzers were trooping over the mountains, led Germany, flushed with the conquest of France, to conclude that the sovereignty of the German cantons, which she had imperiously demanded, was not so necessary after all. In fact, upon consideration it was found that the Empire did not want any Swiss cantons, and that Switzerland might keep them just as well as not.

The Swiss Vetterli when it was adopted was a magnificent arm, and to-day it is very good for an arm of a fixed under-barrel magazine system, and answers its purpose of making people very unwilling to have it pointed at them while the new

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arm is being decided upon. This last will of course have a box magazine. Perhaps it will be the Rubin, a fine gun of the Mannlicher type, with a bolt closure like the Vetterli, with which the Swiss are familiar. Switzerland is too poor to change her arms often, and she is searching rapidly but surely for the best gun and cartridge for her purposes.

Italy has converted her single-fire Vetterlis (guns like the Swiss, but made without magazines) into magazine arms by fixing to them a box magazine—the Vitali—something like the Mannlicher, and like it charged from above with one motion by the use of a packet of cartridges.

The packet of the Vitali is card-board, instead of the tin one of the Austrian weapons. This conversion is not altogether satisfactory, but it is inexpensive and will fairly well bridge over the period of transition to something better.

In Russia there is at present an apparent reaction against the magazine-gun idea; but, if one may trust reports, a real search is being made for a better arm than has thus far been brought forward. It is said that Russia is demanding a recoil-actuated, automatic rifle, which will require only a pull of the trigger to fire as long as there are cartridges in the magazine, and a smokeless high-power cartridge, before she rearms; and, meantime, her soldiers are called upon to trust to their single-loading rifles—"to still have faith in their splendid Berdans"—and to depend upon the bayonet as the real weapon with which to settle an affair.

In a recent work on tactics General Dragomirov strongly favors the free use of the bayonet, and points out the necessity for training men to handle it properly. In his instructions for training the individual soldier or the battalion, it is always the bayonet that must be considered as the best killing tool. "But special attention must be paid to the prompt withdrawal of the bayonet immediately the blow is delivered," he says in his "Individual Instruction." The bayonet must be withdrawn quickly, so as to be able to stick it through the next enemy without loss of time. This would be very disagreeable for the enemy and very amusing for the Russians, when they arrived at a place where such diversion could be indulged in; but so very few could ever get there, if they advanced in the face of moderately good magazine-rifle fire, that what they might do seems hardly worth the consideration of anyone.

The Turks have found the Mauser large-bore magazine rifle sufficiently good for them, and have bought 300,000 —calibre 0.433 inch.

But the Turkish selection of arms does not count for much, because it is always so very much more a question of who makes the bargain for weapons than of what the guns are wanted for.

Spain and Portugal are both working toward a small-bore rifle with the box form of magazine, but no decision, if made, is as yet made public.

Norway and Sweden, after trying several large-bore tubular magazine guns, and putting the Krags-Petersen and Jarmann into service, are now falling into line with the other countries, and selecting an arm of the favorite type.

Belgium has adopted the Nagant, a gun of the Mannlicher type; and Denmark has chosen a small-bore rifle, but of just what kind the writer is unable to say.*

From this glance at the condition of the magazine-rifle question in Europe it is evident that nearly all the countries of that continent have arrived at the conclusion that they need small-bore maga-

*The rate of delivery of fire from the charged magazines of bolt closure, right hand worked guns adapted to repeat without bringing the piece down from the shoulder—such as the "Lee," "Mannlicher," and "Vetterli"—is practically one shot per second for all of them. The times of making ready the pieces to renew magazine fire differ widely, as is apparent from the differences in the devices.

Such fire, when gunpowder cartridges are used, is, of course, delivered through smoke, and its accuracy depends upon the nicety with which the firer can point at an object that he saw before the smoke cut off his view.

The great advantage of detachable or quick recharging systems lies in the possibility of quick renewal of magazine fire, not in quicker delivery. An increase in speed of the Mannlicher over the Lee is claimed from the fact that the bolt is locked as it is pushed forward, and does not require, as does that of the Lee, a quarter turn to secure it.

With charged magazines at hand, the Lee has been fired sixty times a minute.

In proof firing—not bringing the pieces to the shoulder—the writer usually fires one thousand rounds in twenty-five minutes from one hundred guns, ten rounds from two magazines, from each piece.

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zine guns, and that the weight of preference is with the box form of magazine fixed to the piece. The small-calibre rifle is superior to the big-bore one, simply because it shoots straighter and hits harder. If a big heavy bullet could be made to go as fast as a small light one, it would, of course, hit harder; but this cannot be practically accomplished because there are two very stringently limiting conditions to be taken into account—the amount of recoil a man can stand and the weight of the gun he can conveniently carry about. If the Springfield rifles were provided with cartridges of such powder charges as to make the United States bullets go as fast as modern ones do, and if they were fired by men in line, then most certainly every man would be knocked flat on his back by the recoil of his own gun, and would feel a certain hesitancy about letting off his piece a second time; if the gun were made heavy enough to absorb so much of the recoil that the rest could be borne, then the man could hardly carry it at all. Now, the weight of a gun that can be conveniently handled by the average man is between eight and ten pounds, and the amount of recoil he is expected to stand up against varies from 2.40 mkgs. in the English Martini-Henry to 0.97 mkgs. in the Swiss Vetterli; and the problem is to make the bullet strike the hardest possible blow and fly in the least curved trajectory under such restrictions of weight of piece and work of recoil. The old idea that the energy of the bullet leaving the muzzle was equal to the energy of the gun in recoiling has been found upon investigation to be very erroneous indeed; and that among other things the diameter and weight of the bullet must be considered. According to old rules, if the energy of the bullets were equal, the recoil from guns of the same weight would be equal, whether the bullet energies were derived from a fast-flying small one or a slow-going big one, the energy being, of course, the combination of weight and velocity.

In ballistics there are many quantities connected with the pressures of the powder gases and the times that a projectile is in the bore that cannot be satisfactorily measured at present, and some of these very quantities are functions of recoil; but enough is known of them to practically determine the advantage of a small calibre in reducing recoil. For example, the small bullet leaving the muzzle of the French Lebel gun strikes a blow one-third heavier than does the big one of the Springfield, while the recoil is more than one-third less.

When small-calibre guns were first advocated, it was supposed that their small bullets would not have sufficient "stopping effect" for horses even if they did for men; but experiments have shown that cavalry would fare no better under their fire than under that of the big bores. If the small bullet finds a bone or a vital part the shock is in proportion to the weight of blow struck, which has been shown to more than equal that of the big one; if a flesh-wound is made, it is of course less serious.

With the flat trajectory of the small bullet the "danger space" is increased; *i.e.*, a man may be hit when the distance he is away is not so exactly known, a thing extremely difficult to know if he be running toward or away from the firer. The Mauser and Hebler cartridges may be compared to illustrate this point. If both guns were properly sighted and properly aimed at the belt-plate of a man supposed to be 600 metres away, the Mauser bullet would go over his head or fall short of him if he happened to be twenty-three metres nearer or twenty-three metres farther away than the supposed range. The Hebler bullet would strike him if he was really within forty-nine metres of the supposed distance, nearer or farther.

A great many target-shooters do not like small bullets because pretty targets cannot be made with them; they are more easily affected by wind and slight differences in shooting conditions, and consequently do not strike so near together on the vertical target placed at an exactly measured and known distance.*

To the target-shooter it makes no difference whether or not his bullet would have struck the target had it been at a

* That the small bullet is capable of making a good showing on a vertical target is put beyond question by the fact that with steel-jacketed bullets in Lorenz ammunition a target of five hundred shots was made at four hundred metres range, which showed that eighty per cent. of the bullets struck within a rectangle 1.60 inch × 2.15 inch.

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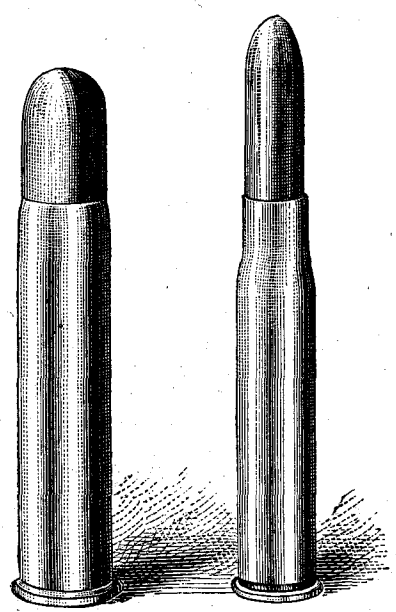
greater or less distance, because he always knows exactly how far away it is; to the soldier it makes all the difference



U. S. Cartridge. Modern Cartridge.

in the world, because he rarely knows with any exactness the distance to his enemy.

An army officer expressed the conditions when he said, "Our gun will hit well enough when you know where your mark is and shoot right; but we want a small bore that will hit when you don't know where your mark is and shoot wrong."

It is not to be supposed that there were not many difficulties to be overcome before the small-calibre gun and cartridge could be made to work satisfactorily. The fast-flying bullet needed great speed of rotation, and lead was not hard enough to stand being pushed so fast and spun around so fast. It would not keep the rifling and would "lead" the bore when the twist was made as sharp as was necessary, and so recourse was had to enclosing it in an envelope of harder material.

In England and France ferro-nickel and nickel are favored for this envelope because they are considered hard and tough enough for the purpose, and do not corrode easily. In Switzerland and Denmark copper is used, while in Austria and Germany steel is preferred.

Steel seems to best answer the purposes of giving the bullet a good hold on the rifling, and of keeping it in shape for extreme penetration, but it must be covered with an objectionable outside lubricant or it will rust badly. Copper is apt to fly off. Nickel gives good results, but is not so readily attached to the lead as the steel. The method of making these bullets with different jackets is much the same. The jacket is drawn to shape as is a cartridge-case, and tinned; the lead is then put in place and the whole raised to a heat high enough to solder the jacket and core together. The compound bullet is then swaged and cut to size.*

The least satisfactory element in the modern cartridge, as it was in its predecessor, is the powder.

It is difficult to get a gunpowder that will give the required high velocity without making the pressure in the chamber too great. But Rubin, in Switzerland, got very fair results with compressed powder, and England and Austria use it in their cartridges.

France made up a supply of cartridges charged with Brugère powder—a compound of ammonium picrate and potassium nitrate—which were very satisfactory in giving high velocities with very little smoke or sound. But there is a strong presumption that the Brugère does not keep well, and that when deteriorated by time it gives dangerously high pressure. At any rate, France is now trying gun-cotton pellets in her search for a smokeless powder.

The German Duttenhofer powder is semi-smokeless and is supposed to be a

* A couple of years ago, in Austria, hardened lead unjacketed, steel-jacketed, nickel-jacketed, and copper-jacketed bullets were fired against a target composed of three and a half inches of beech-wood in front of a steel plate nine-tenths of an inch thick, the whole supported on beech-wood backing. The steel and nickel-jacketed bullets passed through the target with but little deformation, and penetrated three inches into the backing. The hardened lead and copper-jacketed bullets were stopped by the steel plate. At two hundred and twenty yards the Lebel bullet penetrates fifteen inches of solid oak. The new German bullet has perforated (made a clean hole through) a steel plate 1.2 inches thick. These great penetrations are primarily useful in giving the bullets capability for passing through several men or animals when massed, as in a charge, and secondarily, in giving them greater "searching" power when used against light shelter-trench parapets, walls of wooden houses, sides of unarmored ships, and the like.

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chemical compound carried in a vehicle of paper pellets. Whatever it is, it gives good velocities with controllable pressures, but whether it will keep well has not been satisfactorily proved.

With the small-calibre rifle came the active search for a chemical compound which would give higher velocities and less fouling of the bore (for the smaller the bore the more objectionable the fouling) than does any gunpowder mixture, and it is more than probable that a satisfactory smokeless and almost soundless chemical powder will soon be found, and that "the sharp crack of the rifle and the light puff of smoke" will soon be things of the past.

In regard to the question of whether a magazine should be fixed or detachable when the box form is used, there are as wide differences of opinion as upon all other matters pertaining to magazine arms.

With the Austrian Mannlicher the fire is always delivered from the magazine, when it is charged. This is greatly preferable to the old method of carrying the magazine charged and "cut off," until wanted for a critical moment, because it could not be quickly recharged—the method now in use upon the Lebel and the English Lee—but it is objectionable in that it does not help the man to think as a detachable magazine might. Men need all the assistance that can be had from the mechanisms of their guns to tell them, in the excitement of a fight, whether they are firing or only pulling trigger. It might be supposed that one would always know when his gun went off, but twenty-five thousand men at Gettysburg thought they were firing on the enemy when they were not at all, as was shown by the twenty-five thousand guns picked up on the field, with from two to ten cartridges rammed into them. With the Mannlicher gun there is nothing to prevent a man from pumping away on his bolt long after the magazine is emptied, and the tin packet case ejected; nor is there on the Lee as made in England; but it can be made so that when the last cartridge is fired the bolt is locked back, and a positive notice given that the magazine must be removed, either to attach another or to work the arm as a single-loader. Now, as nine-tenths of the firing done in battle will be amply fast enough from a single-loader, it would seem that the gun wanted is a good single-loader which can, when necessary, be instantly changed to a magazine arm.

Of the guns mentioned in this paper the Kropatschek-Lebel is a magazine arm which is charged as such, and then changed to a single-loader by cutting off the magazine. The Mannlicher is a magazine arm, always used as such, when the magazine is charged, and the Lee and Franklin are single-loaders which can be changed to magazine arms by attaching the magazines.

The writer is strongly in favor of a detachable magazine system, so arranged that the gun cannot be used as a single-loader with the magazine on, because, when the magazine is detached the piece is as simple, as strong, and as light as any single-loader, and cannot be disabled by derangement of the magazine, as it can when this last is an integral part of the gun; and because it aids in the "control of fire," which increases in importance with attainable rapidities of delivery, by showing a change of form to the man using the arm, to his group leader, and to his company officer, to indicate whether the piece is being used as a single-loader or as a magazine gun.

The number of rounds that the magazine will contain should never exceed five, for a detachable system like the Lee or a quick recharging one like the Mannlicher, because that number, properly delivered at a critical moment, is sufficient to check an advance or to shake a defence as the case may be; because it is as great a number as can be delivered continuously between the pauses necessary to the control of fire; and because, when the comparatively small number of cartridges that can be borne upon the person is considered, it is as great a number as can be afforded for an unchecked expenditure.

For slow-charging fixed systems like the Kropatschek-Lebel, the greater the number that can be stowed in the magazine the better, since there is practically no method of recharging it, or of renewing magazine fire in a critical mo-

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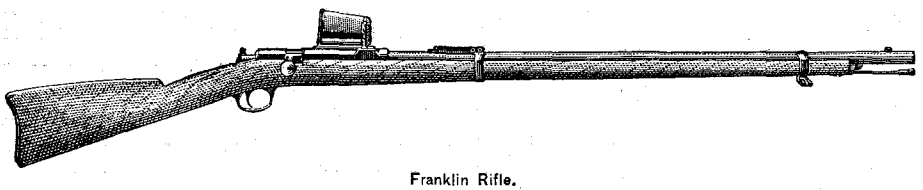
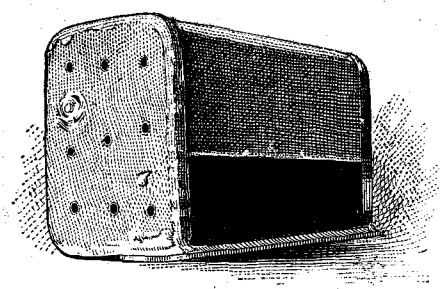
ment. The number of rounds carried in detachable magazines should not exceed twenty per cent. of the whole number borne on the person; with fixed quick-recharging systems all the cartridges should be put up in magazine charge packets; with fixed slow-charging systems the magazine must, of course, be carried charged and cut off, and the rest of the ammunition arranged for single-loading fire.



Franklin Rifle.

Detachable, over-breech box, gravity-fed magazine system. Magazine holds nine cartridges.



Magazine Detached.

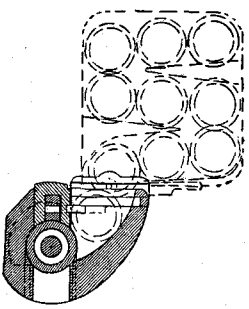
As regards form of magazine, there would seem to be no question but that the "box" is preferable. The place upon the piece would seem to be the under-breech, like the Lee and Mannlicher. The over-breech location, like that of the Vitali and of the Franklin, is objected to as interfering with the field of view, and as throwing the piece out of balance, though, as matters of fact, the field is but little hidden, and the bolt handle on one side balances the magazine on the other.

This question of arms is a live one in Europe, where fighting may be expected at any time; but we, the very warlike and extremely unmilitary sovereign people of the United States, can afford to view it with indifference. We know that we have millions of fighting men ready to spring to arms at their country's call. The arms they would spring to may not be of the best, but the men are splendid.

We have Springfield rifles for a few thousands of the millions, and have provided by the law of the land, in force in the year of grace 1889, that each man of all the rest shall have "a good musket or firelock, two spare flints, a sufficient bayonet,"* and other warlike gear, except in the case of officers, each of whom must have "a spontoon, and a sword or hanger," as he may elect.

Our criterion of military excellence is very different from that of Europe. There it is the capability of men to get into position to shoot, and to shoot straight and quick; here it is the prettiness with which soldiers, under police escort, can march up the main street of a great town.

We consider it the part of wisdom to prepare for more peace, in time of peace; but should a foreign foe suddenly attack us, the pulse of the patriot would thrill at the spectacle presented by our armies



Sectional View of Magazine, Attached.

springing to their arms and marching down Broadway—under the protection of the Broadway Squad—each man of

* Vide Revised Statutes of the United States, sec. 1628 et sequitur.

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the rank and file bravely bearing along his firelock, his two spare flints, and his sufficient bayonet, and every officer gallantly brandishing his hanger and flourishing his spontoon, while the cowering and cowardly enemy was pitching two-thousand-pounder shell among them from a safe position off Coney Island.

THE DOMINO.

By Edith M. Thomas.

I MET a pilgrim clothed in hodden gray;
E'er any greeting word I found to say,
He cried in accents masterful and stern,
"My name Indifference, I pray you learn,
Nor bar the way when I am passing by."
"You look like Love," quoth I.

I met a lording in a purple cloak
Most bravely garnished; yet like churl he spoke,
And bade me heed he came of courtly strain,
Somewhile called Pride, and otherwhile Disdain,
Whose favor none might hope to beg or buy.
"You look like Love," quoth I.

I met a wight arrayed in martial red,
And on his shield a heart shaft-bitten bled.
"I Anger am, I bear both sword and fire;
At my approach all men affrayed retire.
They forfeit life, who will not turn and fly!"
"You look like Love," quoth I.

I met a damsel, drooping-eyed and sad,
And like a holy sister she was clad.
Some cordial from a slender flask she poured,
And smiled, and bade me drink;—'twas Pity's hoard,
To succor wounded ones that else must die.
"You look like Love," quoth I.

I met a fugitive distraught, undone,
Who sometimes stayed for dread, and sometimes run.
Though lord of all that sweetest bards have sung,
Not one poor word supplied his halting tongue,
But all his soul he lavished in a sigh.
"So, you are Love!" quoth I.

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THREE DREAM HEROINES.

By Justin M'Carthy.

A MUSING argument has sometimes been started on the question whether a man can be in love with more than one woman at one time. There can, I think, be no need of argument as to whether a man can be in love with several heroines of romance or poetry at the same time. I know he can; for it has been, and it is, my own experience. I am very much in love with Viola, and with Imogen, and with the peerless Duchess of Malfi, and with "The Roaring Girl," and Massinger's "Maid of Honour," and with Diana Vernon and Clara Mowbray, with Sophy Western and Jane Austen's Elizabeth, with Bianca in George Sand's "Dernière Aldini," and with ever so many other delightful creatures. It is such a happy thing to love these women! They never change; they never grow old or cold; one can be with any one of them at any time; they never hint to us that they would rather just then have the company of somebody else. Even when they happen to be married they receive our attentions and our devotion with the same sweet and pure simplicity; they know that we adore them, and they do not frown or look shocked. Their influence over one is always exalting, always purifying. Far away as they are, our yearning for them is not the desire of the moth for the star, or the night for the morrow. They come to us whenever we choose to call for them; they come as readily as Aladdin's genie, who came whenever the child of destiny chose to rub his magic lamp.

Just now I am thinking especially of a group which I have arranged for myself—a group of three; three heroines taken from song. I believe they might be allowed to stand as types or allegories of the joys, the yearnings, and the laments of Love. My three heroines taken from song—Dream Heroines I have chosen to call them—are "Sally in our Alley," "Fair Inez," and "Annabel Lee." One might say that they represent the Real, the Ideal, and the Never More. I have spoken of them as a group; but that is only in so far as they are taken out from among all the other women of song. We could not imagine them standing all three together with enlacing arms, like Canova's feeble prettinesses, the Three Graces. No; that would never do. We can understand them all, but they could not understand one another. Poor little Sally would be greatly intimidated by the glory of Fair Inez, and they would both be sent into melancholy by the pale, sad face of Annabel Lee; and she is the eternal past, and they two, differing in

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all things else, are alike in this, that they are the eternal present. They have not alone the gift of immortal youth themselves, but they have the power of conferring it on every mortal—at all events on every man, so long as he is in their sweet companionship. While we are with them—we men—we are young again; we feel as though we never could grow old; we are in the mood for carving initials on the bark of trees, and lingering outside gates and doors and round corners; and the world is not too much with us any more; the wind that blows is for us the west wind—although just a little while before we felt certain it was the dry, keen, unwholesome east; and we have senses for the scent of the flowers and the song of the birds, and we are inclined to take the moon and the stars into our confidence again, and, following the wild fancy of Heine in one of his ballads, we feel quite equal to writing the story of our love on the face of the midnight heaven, with a giant pine-tree torn from the earth and set ablaze in the crater of a volcano.

It is not, however, this fiercer mood of love that is suggested by the story of "pretty Sally." She and her lover have their ideal joys and their realistic troubles; but their life and their love flow, on the whole, in a quiet and steady channel. His master is a very hard man; a London apprentice in certain trades in those days, and even now, had sometimes little better treatment than a slave; at all events, was almost as much at the mercy of a master's caprice as a slave could be. So the cruel master often banged poor Sally's lover most severely; but the lover did not much care. He could bear it all, he said, for Sally; "She is the darling of my heart, and she lives in our alley." He could bear it all for her and for the sake of that one day in the week which he dearly loved—"the day that comes betwixt a Saturday and Monday." On that longed-for Sunday he was dressed in all his best to walk abroad with Sally. How the poor youth yearned for that day through the long and dreary week! The first ray of hope begins to shine on him when Thursday morning looks in upon his garret bedroom. Then the first half of the week is definitely over, and he may begin to feel the certain coming of the Sunday. Up to that day it seemed hopeless to look forward to happiness so far remote. Friday is almost happiness in itself; it is happiness so near of its coming; and Saturday—why, Saturday is painful for its very raptures. The bliss is so near that its closeness is hardly to be borne—like that of a sun. Yet a few hours, and after a night half-sleepless for anticipation, our young lover gets up, and it is Sunday.

I know Sally and her lover so long! I have studied them so often! I know them so well! They are very little changed now, except, perhaps, in costume, from what they were in the day when Henry Carey first cast eyes on them and made them immortal by his song. That is why I say that I know them. Of course I know them. I can see them every Sunday; they are the same Sally and the same lover still, for Henry Carey made them immortal. I wish I could make them and their lives and their loving companionship quite clear to readers who do not know London, and its streets, and its Sunday aspect. Sally is a short girl; her lover is an undersized man. The lives of such a class in London make undersized men and women. She is a pretty little girl indeed, though not so pretty as her lover thinks her; and we ought all to be glad of this, for if he did not idealize her where would be his love? What sort of a lover would that be who only saw in his sweetheart just such charms as you and I can see in her? He gazes tenderly, fondly, into her upturned face, as if it were the face of an angel. But decidedly she is a pretty girl, with small features, and ripe red lips, and dark brown hair, crisp and curly, and white teeth. Her hands? Well, yes; a little large, perhaps; and when she takes off her gloves—which she will not often do when she is out for a walk with her lover on the Sunday—one can see that the hands are not of the very whitest, and the tips of some of the fingers show the tattoo-marks of the needle—for it does not need to be told that Sally is a sempstress of some humble order. I hardly know of anything

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which speaks to me with keener pathos than that needle-pierced finger with its marks that will never go off. It tells somehow of long working hours, often until the dawn has come and after. Perhaps poor Sally had to work an extra hour or two into the Sunday morning, in order to earn her afternoon walk abroad with her faithful lover. I take it that it is almost always an afternoon walk. Sally could not well get away before her family's early dinner. She would have to help her mother, and to look after the younger children, and to fetch the dinner beer from the neighboring public-house. After the dinner is over and the dinner things have been cleared away, then impatient Sally hies forth to meet her lover. He does not call for her; he is well conscious that her ill-tempered parents do not like him; he knows that they sometimes scold her because of him. The lovers have a fixed place where they always meet; and as she approaches the spot she sees him already there waiting. Oh, how her heart beats, and her eyes droop, and her cheeks burn! She is as much excited when she sees him now, as if she had not been in the habit of seeing him every Sunday for the last twelve months and more. See—he is but a plain, commonplace-looking little man; rather a scrubby little young man, some people might call him. Why does this pretty girl so blush and tremble when she sees him waiting for her? Sweet and sacred magic of love, that can thus transfigure the homeliest creature into a form of heroic symmetry and beauty! To pretty Sally her little lover is all a hero—and as to his height, why he is just the height of her heart. Then they come together and they shake hands, and, ten to one, he greets her with no words more poetic or impassioned than, "Well, Sally;" and it is very likely that she only modestly answers, "Well, John," or "Tom," as the case may be. But this shyness of the first meeting after a long, whole week's separation will soon wear off, and they will get deep into talk. He will give her his arm, of course; Sally and her lover always thus walk arm in arm; and perhaps she will cross her hands upon his arm, and he will feel a faint and tender pressure there, and he will take any chance he has of laying his hand over both of hers every now and then. But our modest little Sally is very particular about demonstrations of affection in the public thoroughfares. She does not like to have their love proclaimed in that way. There are lots of other girls, and good girls, too, mind you, who will walk complacently with their lover in the open Sunday, with the lover's arm openly, and even ostentatiously, surrounding their waist. I have often thought, with a curious contemplative interest, of that large class of lovers in London who have to do all their love-making in the open air, and in the streets and squares. In the parks they will find a seat and sit there for hours, with their arms round each others' waists or necks, making love as complacently as a German artisan and his sweetheart at a beer-garden in Berlin or Dresden.

Sally has her little prejudices and prides, like other little maids. She will not do what so many other girls out for the Sunday with their lovers will do—she will not enter even the quietest-looking public-house and have a glass of beer with her sweetheart. So they go into a little shop where ices and iced drinks and a few kinds of cakes are sold; and they have some penny ices—the most delightful of all drinks to a girl like Sally; and the lover is quite free to smoke a cigar; indeed, Sally likes to see him do it; she thinks it looks manly, and makes him seem quite a gentleman. No; I'll not put it that way; that would wrong Sally's constant feeling toward her lover—I will say it makes him look more of a gentleman than ever. One of her prejudices is against the servant-girls who walk abroad on Sundays in the parks with the tall soldiers. Sally thinks these girls make their adoration of their heroic lovers too conspicuous; and she hears that it is the servant-girl, and not the hero, who stands the cost of each day's treat, and Sally thinks it is not quite nice for a woman to do such a thing. But, after all, let us be just, dear Sally. That towering gorgeous warrior, resplendent in his red jacket and his stripes, and with his clanking spurs—he does not probably have left of his pay, when

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all the regimental deductions have been made out of it, more than fourpence a day for all his wants and all his pastime; and how much would be left to him wherewithal to treat his sweetheart when they go, let us say, for a Sunday on the river? Still, one is well pleased that pretty Sally should have her distinct, well-defined notions of what is maidenly and what is not, and her lover, we may be sure, will like her none the less for her pretty little innocent pruderies.

There are many of our London lads and lasses who cannot often get the chance of doing their courting in one of the parks. They live too far away; they do not want to lose too much time in wandering through mere streets. They make for the nearest square. Many of my readers are acquainted, no doubt, with that austere, not to say mournful, expanse called Lincoln's Inn Fields. It is a huge square, with lawyers' offices and chambers on every side of it, and some medical institutions; and in the middle of the square there is an enormous garden. At one time, some years ago, I used to have occasion to go very often to and through Lincoln's Inn Fields. At that time the gates of this huge garden were always kept rigidly locked against the general public. I believe that since those days a more liberal policy has been adopted, and that Sally and her lover, if they chose to walk that way now, would be free to enter the garden and linger there all the day. But in the time I speak of, things were not so; and yet the square was a great resort of loving pairs on Sundays. They would come there and sit on the low wall that girdled in the garden, and lean their backs against the iron railing that rose above the wall—they had, of course, to sit with their backs to the trees and the grass and the flower-beds; but that could not be helped, and there they would sit, and talk, and interchange confidences the whole day long. To the ordinary observer nothing in the world could look more unutterably dull, doleful, and depressing than the London central streets and squares on a Sunday. But Lincoln's Inn Fields does not look dull, doleful, or depressing to Sally and her lover. It is all brightness to them; it is a very Paradise garden. Even when it rains—and, indeed, it generally does rain on the Sunday in London—they do not take much heed. Perhaps they take shelter under one of the high, deep doorways of some ancient and stately house in the square; some house in which a great noble family lived for generations, now turned into sets of chambers for the use of Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz, and Mr. Perkins, and Mr. Tulkinghorn, and other learned or legal gentlemen. There they take shelter from the rain, and they tell each other of all that happened to them in the long week; and Sally's cheeks glow with anger when she hears how her lover's master has treated him; and the lover's fists clinch when he hears of some indignity which has been put upon his pretty Sally. They talk of the happy coming time, the ideal time of both their lives, when they are free of master and of parents, and are married, and are living in their modest little home—but not in our alley, oh, no—and can see each other every day. So the happy afternoon fades away.

No one can get so far into the details of the daily life of Fair Inez, as anyone can into the details of the daily life of our pretty, earthly little Sally. Even Thomas Hood, who dreamed of Fair Inez in a bright morning-dream, and straightway described her in verses that will never die—even he could not tell us much about her. She flashed upon him like a ray of the early summer sun, and then was gone back to the land of romance and song, the fairy-land from which she had come to show herself to him for a moment. "She's gone into the West;" "she took our daylight with her, the smiles that we loved best;" she has "morning blushes on her cheek, and pearls upon her breast." Not for her the narrow, rigid life of poverty and struggle. She knows nothing about such lives; it would be a pity if she did know anything, for she has a tender, kindly heart, and it would pain her to learn of such things; and what could she do that could in any way relieve a world "bursting with sin and sorrow," as Sydney Smith says? No; Fair Inez was created only to be happy, "to dazzle when the sun is down and rob the world of rest." As she goes to the ves-

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sel that is to bear her away, she is surrounded by bands of noble gentlemen and banners and beautiful maidens and snowy plumes, and "with music waiting on her steps and shoutings of the throng." There are some sad hearts amid that glittering crowd. Some

> "felt no mirth
> But only music's wrong
> In sounds that sang—Farewell, farewell
> To her you've loved so long."

Yes; we do all of us envy that gallant cavalier who rode so gayly by her side as they came down to the ship, and who whispered in her ear. He it is who takes her away, and we ask rather bitterly, with Hood, "Were there no loving dames at home," that he must cross the seas, to fall in love with our fair Inez, and carry her away from us? Farewell, fair Inez, and alas! and alas! "for pleasure on the sea and sorrow on the shore," when we have to reflect that "the smile that blest one lover's heart, has broken many more." But even with sad recognition of that fact, what a vision of brightness and beauty it all is, and how fittingly is Fair Inez its central figure! Was there ever in such small compass such a picture of brilliant youth and divine beauty and charm and love? It is all a dream; we know it. There could not be on earth a Fair Inez like that; she could not tread the commonplaces of life; she could not marry any mortal cavalier; no man would be half good enough for Fair Inez. So she has simply gone back to her home. Where is her home? Why, don't you know? Unimaginative, unromantic, prosaic, unloving, unloved creature—we are now addressing a man, of course—we are sorry for you. The home of Fair Inez is in the heart of every man who could be a true lover. There she lives; inspiring us always with the longing, the yearning, desire to see her in the outer and living world! She is the ideal woman—the peerless princess of our youth's fondest and wildest dreams. We associate her always with summer-time, and flowers, and music, and perfume, and color, and soft moonlight falling on the trees and undergrowth and the clearances of a pleasaunce, and the song of the nightingale, and the murmur of waves that break—no, not break—that sounds too harshly for Fair Inez—that melt, along some foamy shore. She is the ideal woman we longed for, and prayed for, and dreamed of, in the romantic, audacious days of absurd youth, when it still seemed not impossible that if such a woman came in our way she might actually fall in love with us. Now we know better; the world and its ways have knocked that nonsense out of us. We now entertain sad or cynical doubts as to the possibility of any Fair Inez existing anywhere but in the imagination of Tom Hood, and in the hearts of all of us; and we are well convinced that if such a being were to come upon our horizon, she would not care one straw about *us*.

So, in a sort of way, we are content that Fair Inez should live in dreams and in our hearts. The song of the nightingale, according to Théophile Gautier, is the story of the love that was never given to us. So, too, is the story of Fair Inez. A youth grows from boyhood into manhood, looking out before him for his Fair Inez, his ideal woman. She has every perfection of form and mind. She was made for him—preordained for him since before the beginning of years. He will carry her off from every rival; he will do great things for her; he will be ambitious for her; she will encourage and inspire him in his generous ambition—for, after all, is he not striving for the triumphal wreaths merely that he may lay them at her feet? He will fight for her—he will die for her. Oh! sweet and happy time of youth, when nothing seems so entirely delightful as to die for the loved one and in her sight, and to be mourned for by her forever after! Years go on, and nothing in particular happens, and he suddenly becomes conscious that the ideal is no longer in front of him, but is behind him; if he would see her he must not press forward looking eagerly before him, but must pause and look back. The wild hope has become the tame and melancholy memory of a hope. Happy, after all, is the man who can treasure the memory of that hope; the memory of that faith in the Fair Inez. Is there any possession that even the most prosaic among us ought to prize

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more highly than the faculty of loving that Fair Inez always; of carrying her forever in our heart; of being made young forever by the sympathetic bounty of her immortal youth?

But stay—what of the lover of Annabel Lee? Think of the priceless love he once possessed, a love that the winged seraphs in Heaven went envying her and him! She never had the radiant and splendid beauty, the dazzling youthfulness of Fair Inez. In her youth's very spring-time, the shadow of an early death had cast a tinge of sweet melancholy over her pale, clear, beautiful face. Though now she is as an angel, yet when on earth she was a very woman; a sweet, tender, loving woman—a "not impossible she." She made her poet-lover's home. They lived for each other. We somehow cannot imagine Fair Inez making a home for any man. She would not know what to do, how to set about it. She could sit upon a throne in a palace and make herself adorable to all men; but she could not undertake to make a poet's home. Annabel Lee did this. The poet-husband never cared to quit her side. She was his world; her smile of praise was his ambition. He read her his poems in their stages toward completion, and sometimes when he had struck on something which she knew to be strong, and original, and good, she suddenly raised herself from the sofa on which she was lying, and put her arms round his neck, and drew him down to her and kissed him—kissed him with a rewarding kiss of love and triumph! We speak of her as lying on a sofa; yes, for she had begun to grow weakly, and loved to lie down and to have him come and sit close to her; and although neither he nor she fancied that the end was so near, it had become a recognized part of their household ways that she should pass her evenings lying on the sofa, while he read to her the poems of himself and of other singers far more great than he, but whom yet, perhaps, in her secret heart, Annabel does not find that she admires quite as much as she does him. She is to him all sympathy, as he is to her. When sometimes they sit silent, and he close beside her sofa holds her hand in his, he feels every now and then a little tender pressure on it, which tells of love, and faith, and happiness, better than eloquence of words could do. Those evenings—oh! they can never be forgotten. They were divinely happy, until the truth began to be borne in upon the pair that one of them was to be taken and the other left.

"In her sepulchre there by the sea?" Yes; for he had taken her to the sea in the hope that its breeze might breathe new life into her. She had loved the sea and its shores; and he—well, every poet loves the sea. At first they thought she was getting better; but the season was against her, the weather was chill and stormy; and he will never forget some cold, gray, misty days by the sea, days that seemed like those of winter. The physicians, when he talked of removing her, told him, with a sad shake of the head, that it did not matter; that she loved the sea even in such weather, and might as well be indulged in her desire; that it could do her no harm. Once or twice he feigned to have some business out of doors—something about asking for letters at the post-office—and he went out for a few moments, and stood choking in agony by the cold, gray, wintry-looking sea. The skies seemed to crush down on him like a falling pall. He broke into a very storm of sobs. Then he went back—to try to seem hopeful and happy with her, to tell her of the things they were to do—when she got well.

She is well now—in her sepulchre there by the sea. And he—how is it with him? Is he well? Perhaps in one sense he is better off—aye, vastly better off—than many men whom the world calls prosperous, and envies. He has his Annabel Lee; he loved her, and was loved by her; married her, lived with her for long and happy years—long years that their happiness made, nevertheless, all too short. The past is always secure. He has had his day; has had his time of happiness. Nothing can alter that. He has still his Annabel Lee. Better, far better, to remember her, than to mingle in the living society of most others. Her memory will keep his soul pure, and sustain him above the commonplaces of life. Which is the better for a man, in the higher sense of the word—to have yearned for his Fair Inez and never

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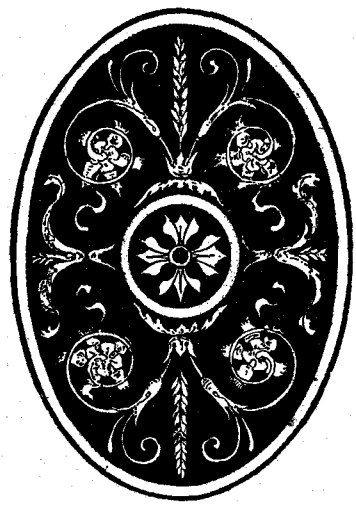
found her, and gone through all his life hoping for her coming and hoping in vain; or to have found his Annabel Lee, and loved her, and been loved by her, and married her, and lost her? or to have never dreamed of a Fair Inez, nor found and lost an Annabel Lee? I am not sure about the answer to the first and second questions; I am quite sure about the answer, so far as my own feeling goes, to the third. I would rather, ever so much rather, have dreamed of Fair Inez, and yearned for her, and never found her—of course, I never should have found her, and it would not have been any good to me even if I had—or have found my Annabel Lee and lost her, than have gone through the world without the passion and the pain. But as to the first and second questions, I am not so sure. Is it better to seek the unattainable ideal, to have the eternal longing eternally unsatisfied, or to have the ideal found, realized, and lost, and then the long and lonely lament? I am not able to give an answer. Ask me something easier.



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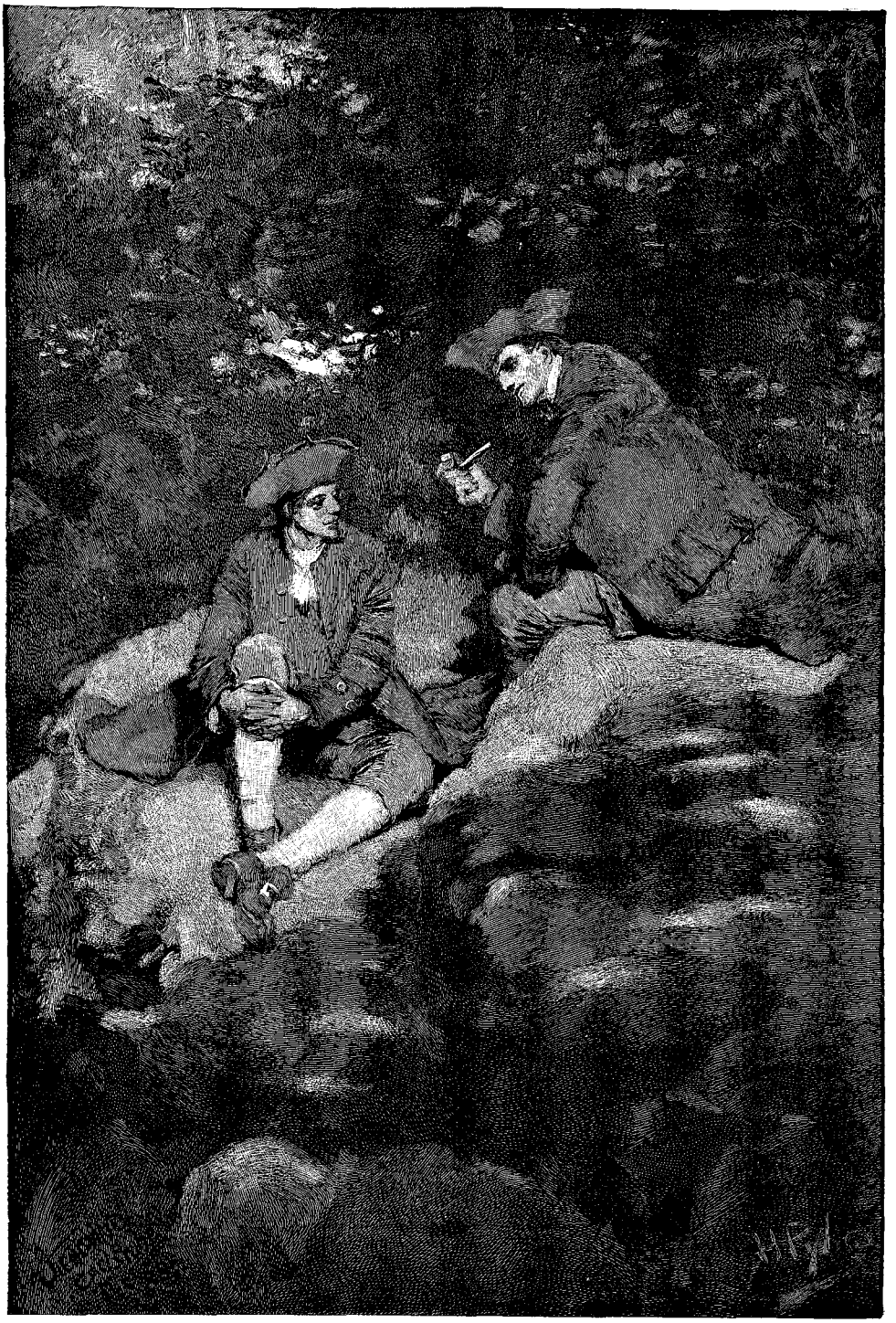

WITHIN SOUND OF THE SHOUTING WATERS.

—*In the Valley*, page 442.

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